WEEK ENDING APRIL 30, 1927

5c

Liberty

Weekly for Everybody

Beginning

THE STORY OF BOBBY JONES, SUPER-CHAMPION *by* **O.B. KEELER**

also **BOOB CRIMINALS** *by* **GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY** *and* **THE PAINTED ALIBI** *by* **FRANK R. ADAMS**

Baking Day—*Now a holiday!*

More time free each week for yourself and your children . . . . and household expenses cut

Why Not Now?

Women used to bake at home because they had to. What a lot of time it took! But it was the only way they could be sure of getting the purity—the wholesomeness—they demanded.

The modern baker has changed all this. He has joined hands with the scientific world to study your wants. Today he makes his products your way. He uses the same fine ingredients—the same care—you would use at home.

It is this type of baker that has turned baking day into a holiday for more than 10 million women. Every day he has the same pure, wholesome products—only a minute to buy—right around the corner or delivered at your door. And fresh daily!

Let your baker give you freedom

And now your baker opens new doors of freedom to you—freedom from worry in planning your meals and parties—freedom from the time and cost of baking dainty breads, cakes and pastries at home. More and more, women are turning to their baker for delicious rolls and cakes and pastries.

Cinnamon rolls . . . delicious cookies . . . coffee cakes . . . raisin breads . . . muffins . . . your baker makes them all—special breads and cakes of every kind to add spice and variety to your meals. They are made of the finest ingredients—with the same care he makes your bread. When you buy bakers' products today, you are getting only the most pure and wholesome. You are saving time and effort and money.

More than 15,000 bakers in the United States and 10,000 in foreign countries use Gold Medal Flour. Because it "acts" the same perfect way in all your baking. At least 50% of baking success depends upon the way a flour "acts" in the oven. But the average flour may not always act the right way. Although the same chemically, a flour often differs in baking results.

The one sure way a miller can tell how his flour will act, is to bake with it himself first. That is why we bake from samples of each run of Gold Medal Flour at each mill—in one of our Test Bakeshops every hour in the day. In this way each batch proves its uniformity and stability before it leaves the mill. Bakers who use Gold Medal Flour are sure of serving you the same high quality products each day.

A special word to bakers

If you are not receiving the Gold Medal Bakers' Service, write for details or ask the Gold Medal man. This service is free. Many hundreds of bakers use it regularly. It is worth looking into. No obligation.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY: GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS. MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL

Oven-tested

Copyr. 1927, Washburn Crosby Co.

Add them up

Emergency antiseptic
Dental cleanser
Mouth wash
Nasal spray
Sunburn relief
Body deodorant
Dandruff corrective
Shaving lotion
Water purifier

total = Zonite

A SINGLE trip to the drugstore—a single bottle of Zonite on the bathroom shelf. And yet the whole family, through that one purchase, comes into possession of a well-equipped medicine chest plus a whole regiment of toilet necessities. Such a family may well feel thoroughly barricaded on all sides against disease.

* * *

Not that Zonite pretends to do many *different* things. Its wide range of usefulness simply means it does one thing extremely well, and that is: *it kills germs*. These germs naturally differ in character. Some enter through a cut or break in the skin, causing blood-poison. Some exist in drinking water. Others colonize on the mucous membranes that line the cavities of the body. For instance, the lining of the throat and nose is the favorite breeding ground for the germs that accompany colds, grippe, influenza and more serious respiratory diseases.

2 important statements

***Zonite* is not a poison**

***Zonite* does kill germs**

Besides its power to kill germs, Zonite has another important quality: *it is harmless to human beings*. And this is really what sets Zonite apart as the Great Family Antiseptic. Before its discovery, nobody dreamed of a powerful antiseptic-germicide that could actually be held in the mouth, if need be, without injury.

In a household containing little children, the harmlessness of Zonite amounts to a godsend, as contrasted with the caustic, poisonous nature of the old-time germicides such as bichloride of mercury, carbolic acid and iodine.

Fortunately, Zonite is now obtainable everywhere. Its fame as the Great War Antiseptic spread so rapidly that even in the smallest hamlet scarcely a druggist can be found who does not have the green-and-black label on display in his store.

For certain uses you can now buy the new Zonite Ointment, which gives a *continuing* antiseptic action; very grateful to the skin in cases of sunburn, and after shaving. Keep both Zonite and Zonite Ointment on hand at all times; you will find they are household friends. Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Ask your druggist what he uses *himself*

Tested and Approved by Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Zonite
the Great *family* Antiseptic

In bottles:
25c, 50c and $1
Large tubes, 50c

Full directions with every package

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream.

Zonite Products Company
250 Park Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
☐ Feminine Hygiene

11-D *Please print name*

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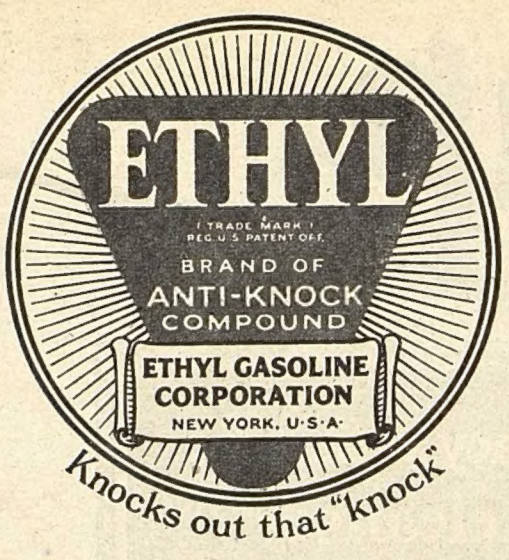
Address _____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)



ETHYL

It is important that you differentiate between Ethyl Gasoline and other "anti-knock" gasolines.

Ethyl Gasoline is the *only* fuel which eliminates "knocking" under *all* conditions, thereby making present day automobiles perform more efficiently throughout their years of usefulness.

It was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories after eight years of scientific research which resulted in these two important discoveries:

1 That "knocking" is an inherent characteristic of *all* gasolines. What had previously been called a "carbon knock" or "ignition knock" or "engine knock" is in reality a *fuel knock*, due to the too rapid combustion of gasoline in the cylinders as heat and pressure increase.

2 That "knocking" could be completely eliminated in gasoline by the addition of *Ethyl Brand of anti-knock compound.* This ingredient was discovered by General Motors research engineers after experimenting with more than 33,000 chemical compounds.

So superior is Ethyl Gasoline to other so-called "anti-knock" fuels that it has been adopted wherever unusual performance by a gasoline engine is required. That is why the United States Navy uses Ethyl Gasoline in its latest types of airplanes. That is why Ethyl Gasoline is used by the racing car drivers who are setting up new records.

It *knocks out* that "knock"

GASOLINE

What Ethyl Gasoline will do in your own automobile

1 **It will end all carbon trouble and make carbon formation an asset.**

As carbon forms, both temperature and compression (pressure) are increased. Ethyl Gasoline neutralizes the higher temperature and the increased compression becomes increased power.

2 **It will give you more power, particularly on hills and heavy roads.**

3 **It will make your engine operate more smoothly.**

4 **It will reduce gearshifting.**

5 **It will increase acceleration, making your car easier to handle in traffic.**

6 **It will eliminate "knocking" under all driving conditions.**

7 **It will reduce vibration and engine wear and tear.**

8 **It will save the expense of carbon removal.**

9 **It will give you more power from each gallon of fuel that you use.**

In short, the advantages of Ethyl Gasoline over regular gasoline are so marked as to make the small premium it costs a real economy.

Who sells Ethyl Gasoline?

ETHYL Gasoline is now available throughout the United States and Canada through the following leading oil companies, together with hundreds of responsible jobbers:

Associated Oil Company · Atlantic Refining Company · Beacon Oil Company · Continental Oil Company · Hearn Oil Company · Humble Oil & Refining Company · Imperial Oil Limited (Canada) · Pennzoil Company · Refiners Oil Company · Spears & Riddle Company · Spokane Oil & Refining Company · Standard Oil Company (Indiana) · Standard Oil Company (Kentucky) · Standard Oil Company of Louisiana · Standard Oil Company of Nebraska · Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) · Sterling Oil Company · Union Oil Company of California · Walburn Petroleum Company · Waverly Oil Works.

NOTE

Not all red gasolines are Ethyl Gasoline. The red dye in Ethyl Gasoline is to identify it for use as a motor fuel only. The color has nothing whatever to do with its performance.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York

Turns *carbon* into *power*

Buy Hinds Cream in the 50c and $1.00 sizes. You get more at less cost.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In your desk drawer —HINDS CREAM

"I FIND it easy to keep my hands nice and smooth," says the business woman, "because I always have Hinds Honey & Almond Cream right in my desk drawer."

And that's a hint other business women can use. Every time you wash your hands, smooth in Hinds Cream. This simple, ten-second care keeps the skin soft, the hands supple—takes the curse off office soap and scratchy towels.

Also, for a quick clean-up, go over your face with Hinds Cream. Refreshing!

Hinds Cream protects the skin—indoors from dust and grime—outdoors from sun, wind and cold. Keeps it velvet soft, gloriously young. Try it too as a base for your powder. It makes the powder cling—for hours.

The coupon at the left will bring you a generous bottle to try.

LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 277, Bloomfield, New Jersey

SEND *me a sample bottle of* HINDS *Honey and Almond* CREAM, *the protecting cream for the skin.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN, STATE.....

[This coupon not good after April, 1928]

Try HINDS CREAM—Prevents sunburn, prevents windburn, prevents chapping, softens skin, protects skin, cleanses skin, soothes skin, softens cuticle, makes powder cling to face, smooths "catchy fingers," after shaving, protects against alkali, protects from hard water, for children's skin, makes enlarged pores normal.

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a division of LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS COMPANY

APRIL 30, 1927

Liberty

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

NOW ARGUE ABOUT THIS!

A writer takes LIBERTY severely to task, charging that many of the articles printed therein are controversial. He points accusingly at several articles and declares they should not have been printed, because they may stir up disputes and start arguments. LIBERTY pleads guilty, accompanying the plea with a grin of satisfaction.

Controversy, argument, furnish the seeds of progress, and the 'shush-h-h method of dealing with problems—social, religious, political, or personal—never resulted in anything but stagnation or degeneration. Does the writer stop to think that Christianity itself was founded upon controversy, and how many centuries the civilization of the world would have been retarded had Christ and His disciples said: "'Shush—we mustn't say anything; it might start an argument"?

America was discovered through controversy. It was settled because of controversies, by those who insisted upon arguing and fighting for ideas and ideals. The United States itself is the result of controversy. If Adams, Franklin, Washington, and their fellows had said: "We mustn't talk about the right to tax without representation; King George might not like it," there would not have been any United States.

The emancipation of the slaves was delayed for at least one generation because of the 'shushers who insisted that it was wrong to discuss the slavery problem, because someone might differ with their ideas.

The element of humanity that will not fight for a principle for fear of creating discord is a drag on progress. To adopt the attitude of 'sh-sh-shush when a vital principle is involved is as futile as it is cowardly.

Business itself is based upon controversy—and competition. Life itself is controversy and competition. The publication that is confined to the 'sh-sh-shush school of thought gets nowhere. It is contributing nothing to advancement, to progress, to constructiveness in this world. The yes-man of business, politics, church, or society merely seeks the easy way that the panderer and the court clown followed in older days.

If a matter of principle is involved, if factions, parties, or individuals honestly differ on any problem of public or private policy, the best way is to thrash out the matter openly. The fact is that the 'shushers have been the most fertile cause of wars in the past, because, by their own attempts to keep quiet and force others to keep quiet, they have created an atmosphere of doubt, distrust, and suspicion.

Test it yourself: How often, after nourishing a hatred or enmity for years, have you discovered some fact that altered the whole situation and caused you to say: "If I had known that I would have acted differently"? We all do it.

We cannot avoid controversy. Even the writer who criticizes us is guilty of indulging in the very thing to which he objects. Since controversy is unavoidable under any circumstances, we prefer frank, open discussion, because in every controversy a thinking person may gain something of value from the other fellow, even if he does not admit himself wrong.

MR. LEWIS LIES

A wise man said that belief in God was like belief in Santa Claus. Very young children believe literally; older children are shocked when they find there is no Santa Claus; and still later, when they have children of their own, they know that Santa Claus is true after all: that without the spirit of Santa Claus in the air there is no Christmas for the children of men.

So with belief in God. When the high-school boy comes to the conclusion that the whale didn't swallow Jonah and that our grandpas lived in trees, it's the same shock as the seven-year-old gets about Santa Claus. But most folks later recover. They learn that without the spirit of God about them the earth is a crueler place for humans.

Some folks do not so soon recover—if they ever do. They remain in high-school condition spiritually. They like to deride God publicly. It gives them a great kick. Sinclair Lewis is one of these. He seems to have a feeling of venom for the God of Christianity.

This feeling inspires his latest book. In it he conveys the impression that clergymen in general, and Baptist and Methodist clergymen in particular, are hypocrites, liars, disbelievers at heart. In order to make his point stronger, he shows his principal character, a Methodist and Baptist minister, as a drunkard, a glutton, and a chronic libertine. If Mr. Lewis means that most or many Christian ministers are as he pictures *Gantry,* Mr. Lewis lies.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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Clubs don't make the golfer

No sir! A pro can beat 80 with a duffer's clubs. The secret is ease, relaxation, timing. Any man will tighten up on his shots if his underwear tightens up on him.

"Whooo-eee! 225 yards! It's a beaut!"

Do you get that thrill? It's a matter of ease, relaxation and *freedom* which a golfer must have to acquire the rhythm and timing for perfect shots. *Freedom!* That's the secret in all sports, and you'll never get it with underwear which pulls, binds, and twists!

The new Lewis Golf Suit has put new freedom into all sports. You lose all consciousness of underwear, it's so light and airy. Gives with every motion; fits every figure. Tall men don't need to buy "balloon" sizes; stocky men don't have surplus length to bother them. Absorbs perspiration readily. It's a new sensation in underwear—*a new freedom.*

As cool and comfortable in the office as on the fairway. All better stores sell

Certainly! Underwear must be as free as your swing. Look for the Lewis label and the little picture of a golfer on every *genuine* Lewis Golf Suit.

If you cannot secure the Lewis Golf Suit from your local merchant, send us your measurement from top of shoulder, through crotch, up the back to top of same shoulder, state height and weight, and we will send you postpaid two suits, no sleeves, knee length for $5.00; or two suits, no sleeves, ¾ length for $6.00. Lewis Knitting Co., 110 Main Street, Janesville, Wisconsin.

The New **LEWIS GOLF SUIT**

The NEW UNDERWEAR *That Gives NEW FREEDOM*

Bobby Jones Super-Champion

The Story of Golf's Greatest Amateur and His Bag of Tricks

As Told by Himself to

O. B. KEELER

SOME way, autobiography and memoir always have been words associated in my mind with persons who were dead, or at least very old. And certainly I am not yet sufficiently reconciled to the suggestion that I write a memoir to go about it in any familiar way.

I continue to feel that I ought to be old, if not actually dead. And I'm not so old—twenty-five on last St. Patrick's Day. Still, as Georgie Low said, golf is an 'umbling game. And I can add earnestly that it is an aging game. Tournament golf, I mean.

You may take it from me that there are two kinds of golf: there is golf, and there is tournament golf. And they are not at all the same.

It took me a good many years to learn that, and perhaps it cost me a few tournaments. I've been in quite a number, you see—twenty-one national championships, counting only the biggest ones, and more than a hundred smaller tournaments, exhibition matches, and lesser competitions.

Twenty - one national championship matches in ten years seem a lot, considered all at once, especially when you've won only five of them. But the ten years seem to have been very long years, looking back across them to the Merion Cricket Club near Philadelphia—odd name for one of the finest of golf courses—where in 1916, as a kid of fourteen, I was in my first national tournament, scared stiff at the end of the first qualifying round when I found myself leading the field. I struck a proper average by leading the field at the other end, in the afternoon round.

Ten years ago—but I suppose memoirs should extend farther back than that. So I will go back as far as I can remember, when I was just about as unpromising a prospect for a golfer, not to say a champion, as you may well imagine.

Judging from certain photographs, I must have been an odd-looking youngster. I started out with an oversize head, a spindling body, and legs with staring knees, and some serious digestive derangement that caused my parents and six or seven doctors a deal of distress. Dad says I didn't eat any real food until I was five years old.

I don't remember any playmates while we lived on Willow Street in Atlanta—except Ca-

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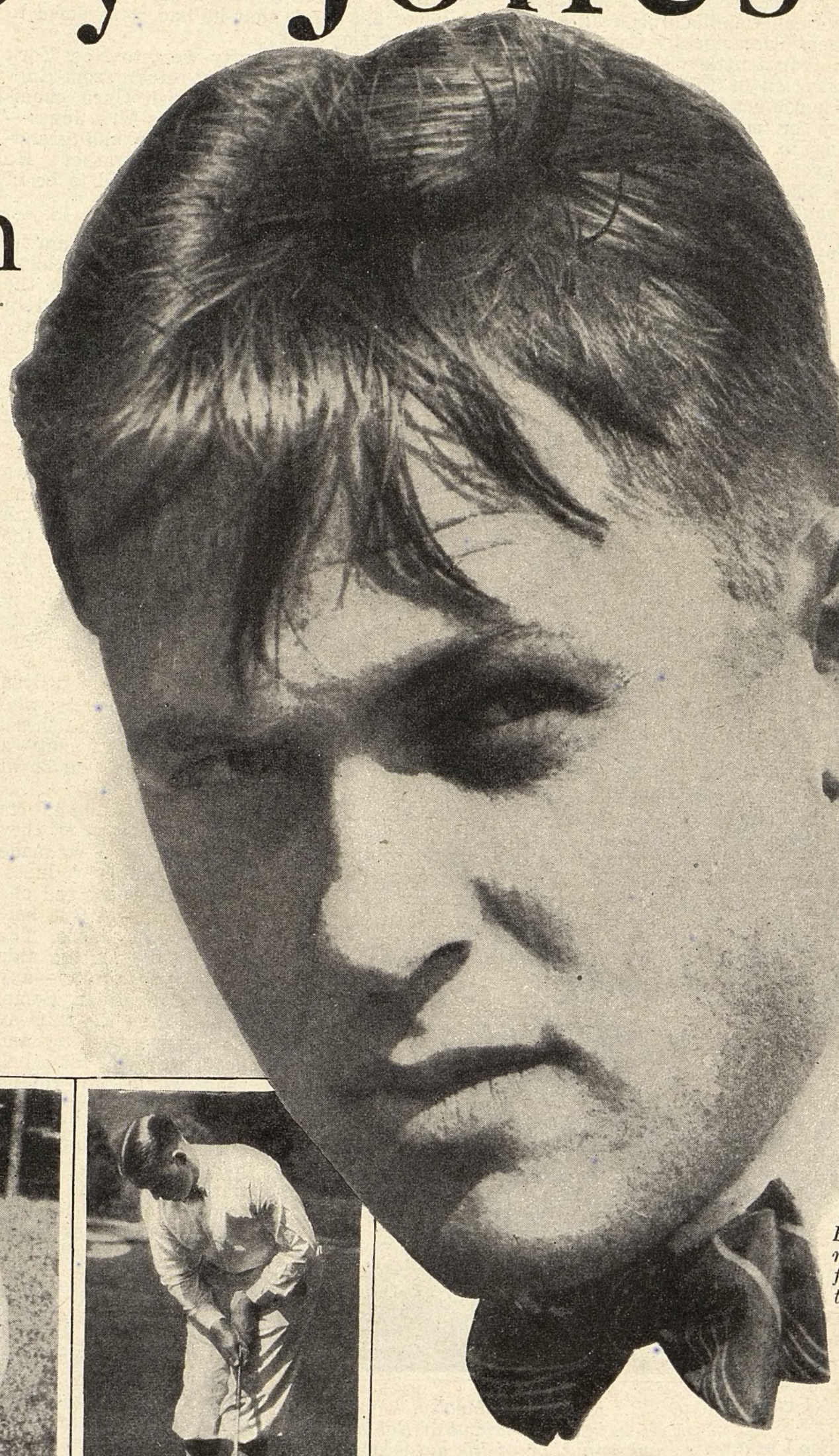


Winn photo

Bobby's face reveals perfect concentration on his shot.

Bobby Jones Collection

One of the earliest pictures of the champion practicing at home and—

O. B. Keeler Collection

—the final development of a perfectly co-ordinated form.

[BOBBY JONES, SUPER-CHAMPION
Continued from Page Nine]

milla, our fat cook and nurse; and her fat brother, who was blacker than Camilla; and Camilla's beau. I used to enjoy the visits of Camilla's brother, who sat on the back veranda while I rode my velocipede there, and taught me to swear and call Camilla's beau all kinds of curious names. Occasionally Camilla took me to her home for a little visit, and I have a distinct recollection of falling off the rear veranda of her house head first into a garbage can. It is lucky for me that I do not have to trust everything to memory, for I have no recollection of ever getting out of the can.

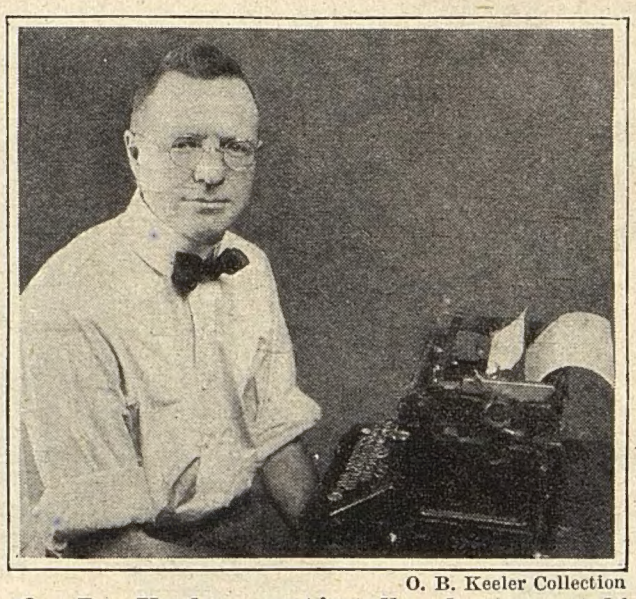
I had a big black-and-white collie, named Judge, which caused me a lot of trouble by following people away from our house. He would follow anybody, and I would have to go and bring him back. I liked the iceman, too—that was Camilla's beau—and when he came to deliver ice I would get out in the street and hold my hands under the block as he sawed it, catching the ice sawdust (I thought it was that) and eating it.

The only memory of other children at this time is a vague recollection of a party where we tried to pin tails on a donkey's picture. I won a prize for pinning a tail just under his nose—an award that puzzles me to this day.

When I was five years old, we went to live at the Corinthian Apartments in West Peachtree Street. I must have perked up a bit, for I was playing baseball most of the time in a vacant lot across the street. I must have been deeply interested in baseball, because I remember with peculiar vividness an organ-grinder who came around with a monkey, and the accuracy with which the monkey could catch a ball. I envied that monkey. Indeed, I had a hazy wish to be a monkey and astonish the boys by my skill at catching the ball.

In those days I used to catch behind the bat without a mask—our appliances were limited—and was rather proud of the position, which was regarded as dangerous. One day Bob Ravenel swung too hard at a pitched ball, and the bat came all the way round, slipped out of his hands, and cracked me on the side of the head. I ceased to be a hero at once; I never went behind the plate again.

IT was about this time that I started to school, the Woodbury School, populated mostly by girls — very large girls, it seemed to me. There were only three or four boys in my department, and they were very small boys, and inconspicuous. I always had a sort of oppressed feeling there, besides which I had whooping cough, measles, and other juvenile ailments in rapid succession, and couldn't attend regularly. One day dad asked me whether I would rather keep on going to school or stop and play ball. As a choice, this was the easiest I can remember.



O. B. Keeler Collection

O. B. Keeler, nationally known golf writer, intimate friend of Bobby Jones, and co-author of his autobiography.

Up to this time I never had heard of golf. There was no golf tradition in our family. Dad had been a crack ball player at college, but he had never taken up golf. He was not encouraged parentally to play baseball. My grandfather, Robert Tyre Jones, for whom I was named, was—and is—an old-fashioned, sturdy business man of Canton, Georgia, who set his foot down solidly when he learned that dad, on being graduated from the University of Georgia, had signed a contract to play with the Brooklyn club of the old National League.

Dad's budding career as a big-league ball player was nipped right there. He told me once that grandfather never would go to see him play ball. That was when grandfather came down to Atlanta to watch me play in a Red Cross golf match in 1918, with Perry Adair against Jimmy Standish and Kenneth Edwards. Dad said I ought to feel highly honored, because grandfather never before had shown the slightest interest in sports. And he never did admit that he had come down to watch me play golf!

When the Atlanta party went to New York to meet me last July, on my return from England after winning the British Open championship, of course Mary—that's Mrs. Jones—was there, and dad and mother and grandmother, too. And there was grandfather! He told the newspaper men he happened to be in New York on business.

I NEVER shall forget the first telegram he sent me, when I was away playing in a championship match. It was at Inwood in the American Open of 1923. "Keep the ball in the fairway," it said, "and make all the putts go down." I can tell you, I found my eyes stinging when I read that.

It was at Inwood that I finally managed to break through, winning in a play-off after a tie with Bobby Cruickshank.

Golf began for all of us—mother and dad and me—in the early summer of 1907, when we moved out of the city to board with Mrs. Frank Meador in a big house about a mashie pitch from what was then the second fairway of the East Lake Golf Course of the Atlanta Athletic Club, five miles from town. There was plenty of interest out there in the country—a big stable, a garden full of raspberries, a fair supply of snakes to kill, and a creek for hypothetical fishing purposes.

Frank Meador, two years older than I, lived there, and several young men boarders who played golf at East Lake. It was one of these, Fulton Colville, who gave me my first club—a cleek that he had discarded and had cut down to my size.

Frank already was making hesitating efforts at playing this queer new game, and as they wouldn't allow children on the course, we made a course of our own. It consisted of two holes, exactly the same in length, as we played one and then played back to the other. One hole was in the roadway in front of the house. The other was the deep ditch on the farther side of the main road, a hundred yards away—any part of the ditch. Sometimes, when the fairway (roadway) was dry and hard, we could hit a ball that would go rolling into the ditch from what constituted the tee.

It is a matter of rather general opinion that I never have made a hole in one shot. I made that hole several times in one shot before I was six years old. True, it was not the orthodox hole of four and a quarter inches. Most golfers would regard it as a hazard rather than a hole. But it suited Frank and me well enough and kept our medal scores down.

I wish I could say here that a strange thrill shot through my skinny little bosom when I swung at a golf ball for the first time; but it wouldn't be truthful. I do not remember the first time I hit a golf ball, or hit at one. As I recall it, the game did not make much of an impression on me, except that I used to get mad enough to dance in the road when a wild shot went under a little brier-covered bridge across the ditch that was *not* the second hole. I liked baseball much better, and played golf, or what we called golf, because of a dearth of boys in the neighborhood with whom to play baseball. Mother and dad played regularly on the East Lake course.

Jimmy Maiden was the professional there at the time and he gave them lessons. Nobody paid much attention to Frank and me, and I am sure neither of us entertained any profounder ideas about the game than that golf balls were easy to lose and hard to come by. When mother and dad moved back to the city in the fall of 1907, I reverted to baseball at once. Also that winter I learned to drive my first automobile—a Glascock Racer, it was called, operated by pumping a lever. It had brakes, and I loved to pump it at top speed straight for a corner, and then, with mother or Camilla shrieking at me, jam on the brakes and pull up unconcernedly in a couple of yards.

We moved back to East Lake the next summer, in 1908. And here I ought to be able to record another sensation, because soon afterward, Stewart Maiden came to be professional at the club, and that was the very luckiest thing that ever happened to me in golf—which is saying a lot, because my entire career, if it may be called a career, has been lucky.

There were times, during what one writer has called my seven lean years, when I fancied most of the luck was bad luck. But I was wrong. Some people can learn only by having education drubbed into them; and I want to say right now that I never learned anything from a match that I won—not until the seven lean years were over, at any rate.

The best luck that ever I had in golf was when Stewart Maiden came from Carnoustie, Scotland, to be professional at the East Lake club. So I'd like to record a sensation here, when I went with mother to meet dad at the suburban car one evening just at dusk, and we went over to the gate of the club and joined Jimmy Maiden and Stewart, who had just arrived.

There was nothing sensational about Stewart. He said very little, and I couldn't understand a single word of what he said—he was not long over from Scotland. Jimmy and dad and mother did the talking, and at first I wondered whether Stewart could talk at all.

Jimmy was leaving East Lake and Stewart, his brother, was taking his place. Carnoustie has furnished the East Lake club with five professionals—Alex Smith, Jimmy Maiden, Stewart Maiden, Willie Ogg, and Charlie Gray, who now is Stewart's assistant.

NO, there wasn't any sensation. Stewart was just another little Scot, like Jimmy, only Scotcher. But it wasn't long before I was following him over the East Lake course and watching him. Mother and dad let me go around with them occasionally, on condition that I would take only one club and keep up with them, which was out of the question if I carried my entire outfit—which now consisted of a brassie of mother's, cut down; a mashie discarded by dad; and the faithful cleek, which I used as a putter, and indeed for most other shots.

I kept up pretty well by simply beating the ball along, rarely getting the chance to hole out. When I followed Stewart I didn't carry even one club. I just watched him. I never was conscious of studying his play, or of trying to play like him. I liked golf pretty well, he was the best player at the club, and I liked watching him perform.

He paid little or no attention to me, and, after tagging along four or five holes, I would leave the match and go back to our house—we had moved into a cottage inside the club property, right by the thirteenth green of the old course—and get a capful of old balls and my mashie and putter, and go out to the thirteenth green and pitch them all on and putt them all out, over and over again.

This was pretty good practice, I suppose. I liked to pitch the ball, and, as I recall, I could get it close to the pin with a fair consistency.

Lately I have caught myself thinking about those long, sunny afternoons, pitching balls at the pin on the old thirteenth green, and wishing I could get the ball up there as accurately now, from proportionate distances. The short

Winn photo

Bobby at the top of a perfect swing with the brassie (above).

Bobby Jones Collection

How that swing looked when he was seven (right).

pitch has been the weakest spot in my game these last few years. Maybe I've got away from Stewart Maiden's method, which was so clearly before me in those days when I had little else to think about.

STILL, I am not sure of that, either. I don't remember any glimmering thought of form in golf or any consciousness of a method in playing a shot. I seemed merely to hit the ball—which possibly is the best way of playing golf; certainly it is the easiest on the mind. Besides, I was interested in other things—tennis and fishing mainly, now that I had access to a regular lake and the club's tennis courts. Golf still was incidental.

If I have any genius at all, it must be a genius for play. I love fishing and hunting and trap shooting and ping-pong and chess and pool and billiards and driving a motor car, and at times I love golf, when I can get the shots going somewhere near right. It seems I love almost any pursuit except work.

I even like going to school, which I am doing again right now. But I didn't like going to school at the time of which I am writing. I even evolved a wicked habit of walking in mud puddles on the way to school, to get my feet impossibly wet so I would be sent home. Then I would go fishing or to play golf or tennis. But not often—only when I felt I could not stand that particular day in school.

It was one of these excursions that got me my only whipping from dad. I had been sent home from school, and dad happened to be late going to town. He suspected my ruse and expressly forbade me to go fishing that day, or even to go near the lake. As soon as he departed, I went down to the boathouse and began to fish from the little dock.

I hooked a fish and yanked it up in the air. It was the biggest fish I ever had caught, and in my excitement, instead of swinging the fluttering prey inward, I stepped right out into water about six feet deep. I couldn't swim a stroke, and these memoirs are possibly due to the fact that Ed, the boathouse attendant, was near and hauled me out. That gained me my first and last licking from dad.

Now, I suppose that all the time I was watching Stewart play golf the imitative faculty that seems inherent in most children was at work, and that I began to hit the ball as he did, as far as my limitations would permit. Dad says I was a natural mimic in those days, and I remember he used to amuse a veranda full of people by inspiring me to get out on the lawn and imitate the swing of this player or that one—usually someone in the gathering.

One of our good friends, Judge Broyles, never seemed to get so much fun as the others out of my imitation of his style. He used to carry his own clubs; and when he was preparing to play a shot he would lay the bag down carefully beside his left foot, take his stance, address the ball, swing, and, with his eyes following the flight of the ball, release the grip of his left hand from the club, stoop, grasp the bag of clubs, and set out at once at a slow trot after the shot. I could go out and show you Judge Broyles' "follow-through"—as they called it—right now. He was a whimsical character.

AT our house we always had a midday dinner on Sunday, as there invariably was a lot of golf played and the players spent the day there—the late George Adair, Tick Tichenor, Dowdell Brown, and others. Perry Adair, the first boy wonder of Dixie, and Frank Meador and I always played golf too, and we had a small table to ourselves at dinner.

I remember how I used to wonder at Judge Broyles' custom of bringing with him a supply of goose-liver sausage and rye bread, which he would eat for his dinner instead of the fried chicken, rice and gravy, and hot biscuits prepared by the faithful Camilla as the conventional Southern repast for Sunday dinner.

It was at one of these dinners that I caused more than a ripple of laughter by calling out from our small table during a lull in the conversation:

"Dad, what do people do on Sunday who don't play golf?"

Yet, when I was eight and nine years old I was playing more tennis than golf, and at ten Frank and I got into a regular competition—the club championship. We had been playing together a lot, and somebody suggested as a joke that we enter the tournament. We took the suggestion seriously, our entry was accepted, and we were duly paired for the first round with Carleton Smith and Eston Mansfield, one of the greatest teams Southern tennis ever produced.

The ensuing match must have been edifying; certainly the little knot of gallery on the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BOBBY JONES, SUPER-CHAMPION
Continued from Page Eleven]

small green grand stand—we were playing on No. 1 Court—was appreciative enough.

Carleton Smith had an odd serve—a sort of half-Lawford, which bounded high and crankily—and if I stood in the usual position to receive, at the base line, the ball invariably bounded so high over my head that I couldn't reach it. So I received Carleton's service with my back against the wire netting of the backstop, at a distance where it required a hard swing to get the ball back over the net.

My own serve was modeled—as I fondly believed—on that of Ed Carter, a tall, powerful player with a full-arm, slashing American service. When I confronted Carleton and began to toss the ball well up in the air and unwind my idea of the American serve, I could hear shouts of encouragement from the gallery.

"Hit it hard, Bob—knock him down!"

I hit the ball as hard as I could, and Frank and I worked like mad, and Carleton and Eston and the gallery had a wonderful time while it lasted. Our tenure in the tournament was fervid, if brief. And that is about my farthest north in tennis.

REMEMBERING childhood is rather confusing; so many things happened, and their chronology is sort of flat. It was as if everything had happened pretty much all at once, as things do in dreams. I have got away up to where I played in the Atlanta Athletic Club tennis championship, and here I am recalling a pony I used to ride when I was living in the Meador house outside the East Lake club, which was at least four years earlier.

Bobby Jones Collection

I guess that pony must have been thirty or forty years old, and she was set in her ways, one of which was to start off always in the wrong direction as she trotted out of the gate. She would turn to the right every time, and when I mounted her, our hired man, Wiley, would go to the gate and get ready to catch her and turn her back toward the club. I loved that old pony and named her Clara, after my mother—a compliment mother seemed not to appreciate properly.

The first competitive golf I played was at the age of six years, when I won my first cup. I have it today, and I'll keep it always—a tiny cup three inches tall, and a cup that I'll always feel I am not entitled to keep.

There was a party at Mrs. Meador's when our family was living there.

Alexa Stirling, who later won the Women's National championship three times in succession, lived in the neighborhood, and Frank Meador, of course, lived at the same house where I did. Perry Adair was invited, and Mrs. Meador arranged a medal competition: six holes on the old East Lake course, with this little cup as the trophy.

If Mr. Maeterlinck is right, and if the past, present, and future really are coexistent, I'd love to go over that round of six holes again and check it up, because I'll always believe Alexa won that cup. Frank Meador, however, figured it out that I won it; and, as his mother was giving the cup, we regarded Frank as having something like a plenary connection with it, so it was awarded to me. I took it to bed with me that night.

I've a hundred and twenty cups and vases now, and thirty medals; but there's one little cup that never fails of being kept well polished. And I never slept with another one.

Then, a little later, Mrs. E. G. Ballenger promoted another tournament: a match-play affair this time, and we were handicapped according to age, so Perry had to give me one stroke a round, and we met in the finals, which were thirty-six holes—the same distance as the finals of a national championship today. We played our match on Sunday, and I remember how important I felt, with the four-ball matches all over the East Lake course giving way to Perry and me because we were playing a tournament match! I'll say this for us—we didn't hold up anybody.

Our method in golf was simple and rapid. We walked up to the ball and socked it. We didn't

Winn photo

The family group, taken last year. (Left to right) Bobby, Mrs. Bobby, Mrs. Robert P. Jones, and "Big Bob" Jones. Here also is Clara Malone Jones, the third generation.

(Left) When Bobby was five, with Stewart Maiden, golf professional (left), and his mother and father.

sock it far. I suppose we could drive slightly more than a hundred yards, but we rarely got off the line. And on the green we didn't squat down and line up our putts. We walked up to the ball and knocked it at the hole. And (if memory is at all reliable) it is amazing, the proportion of putts that went into the hole.

Now and then, when I'm playing behind some slow match, and watching the members lining up a three-footer from both ends, and picking up gravel along the supposed path of the putt, I think of George Duncan's suggestion as to putting.

"The best system," says George, "is to go up to the ball and knock it into the hole!"

And Alex Smith, who was always a good putter, never fooled around over a putt.

"Miss 'em quick!" was Alex's motto.

He didn't miss so many, at that. Also, he never bothered about picking up little impediments along the path of the putt.

"Won't those things throw the ball off the line?" he was asked, once.

"Just as likely to throw it on the line!" rejoined Alex.

I never have believed in hanging over a shot, and until the last two years I was as prompt on the putting green as with any other shot.

They say now that I am studying my putts more carefully. That is not all of the truth. I do study them a bit more. Until I can see the "line," I won't putt.

In the old days I didn't like the idea of slowing up the round, and if I couldn't see the line I'd putt anyway.

Seeing the line is a curious thing, and I am free to confess I do not well understand it. In some rounds, when I am scoring well, the line of every putt is as plain to me as if someone had drawn it in whitewash, and I can see just how much to "borrow" from a slope and exactly where the door to the cup is. On other days the line is dim.

But most of the time I take on the green today is not looking for the line or cleaning off the path of the putt. At Merion, in 1924, when I first won the United States Amateur championship, eight years after I started in that fixture on the same course, I found that I was walking rapidly up to a green and putting, while my breathing still was hurried and irregular. Up to the last two years they said that George Duncan and I were the fastest players in the world.

Today I don't take a great deal of time, I think. But at Merion I resolved never to make a putt in an important round while my breathing was hurried. So I'd look over the line of the putt, and maybe even sit down to consider it, apparently. But my object was to get my breathing and heart tranquilized. It's a small thing, but it's the small things, down to the single blade of grass, that turn your ball off from the cup; that make up the margin between first-class players.

They said I putted well at Merion. One of the dearest compliments I've ever had paid me was when Grantland Rice told me that Jerry Travers, that master putter, had watched me in the final match and said he never had seen a more beautiful putting stroke. Maybe the tranquilized breathing helped.

PERRY and I didn't bother about our breathing in that thirty-six hole match; we continued to walk up to the ball for every shot and sock it. I suppose we got around that course twice in about two hours—no more. I won, 2-1, at the thirty-fifth green.

What a wonderful thing it is now to think of that time when golf meant only to go up to a ball and sock it; when golf was only a game, and a match was only a match, with dear little Perry to beat if I could—not all cluttered up with silly notions of championship!

One of these days I'll hang up the old clubs, as far as championship golf is concerned, and I'll be happier. But it never can be again what it was when Alexa and Perry and I played.

The first big cup I won—comparatively big—was the Junior championship cup of the Atlanta Athletic Club. I was nine years old, and it was a formal tournament. Howard Thorne, who was a big boy, sixteen years old, beat Perry Adair in the semifinal round, and I beat Howard, 5-4, in thirty-six holes.

My picture was printed in the *American Golfer* at the time. The same magazine printed the same picture last year, after the United States Open championship; a scrubby, tousled-haired kid with skinny arms and legs and a finish indicating a flatter swing than I have now. With it was printed a picture of Jess Sweetser as a youngster.

"They hold all the major championships there are," said the caption.

I was prouder the first time that picture was published than after my biggest victory.

The next year, in 1912, Howard beat me in the semifinals of the same championship, and Perry beat him in the finals.

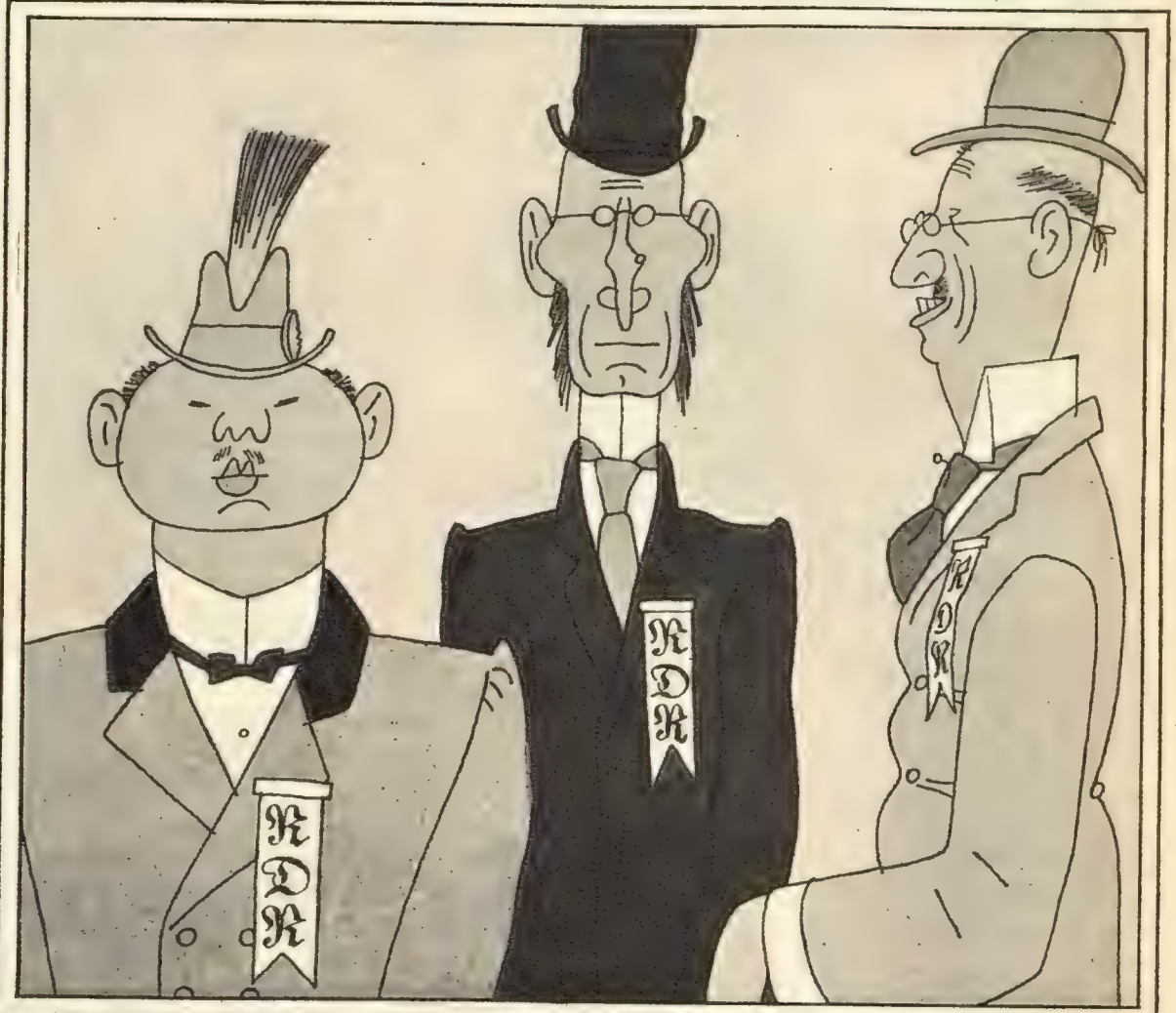
In next week's LIBERTY Bobby Jones tells of his early contact with great golfers and a milestone of his career—his first 80.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

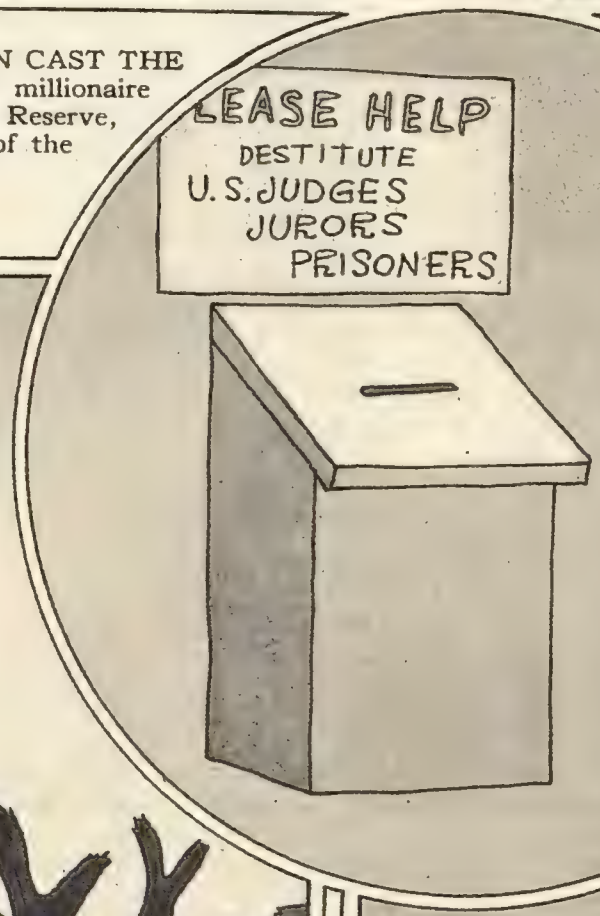
By RALPH BARTON

LET HIM WHO IS WITHOUT SIN CAST THE FIRST STONE: Harry F. Sinclair, millionaire lessee of the Teapot Dome Naval Oil Reserve, who was found guilty of contempt of the Senate.

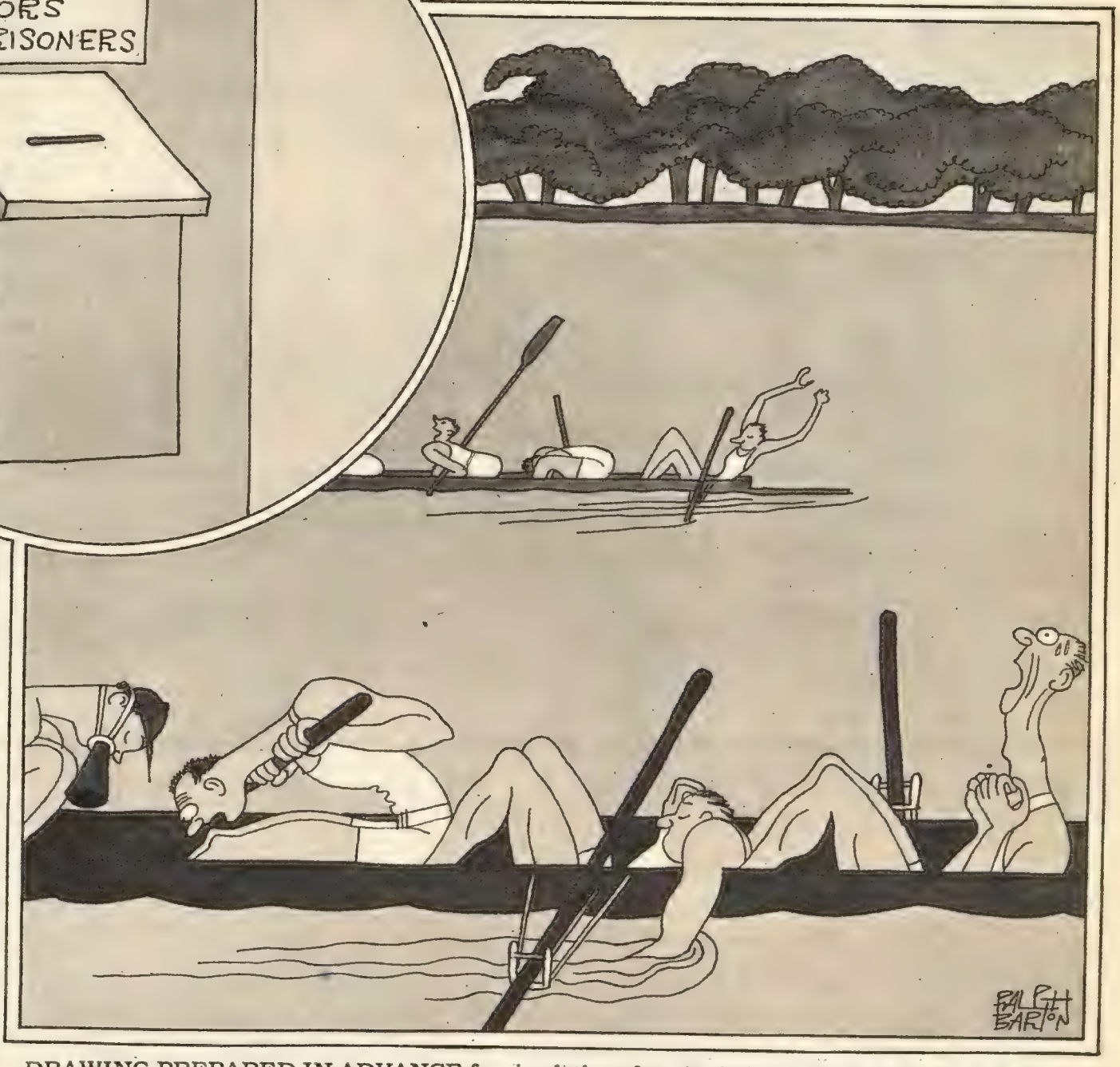


(Left) POOR-BOXES for contributions to judges, jurors, and prisoners left unpaid by failure of Congress to pass deficiency bill, placed in Federal courts.

HEINRICH LIEDERKRANZ, OSKAR OHRSCHAUFEL, AND WILLI RAUDE, German branch of Knights and Ladies, who have suppressed a dozen fine books.



DEVASTATED SALTIS SECTOR of the Southwest Front in the Chicago liquor war, showing the havoc wrought by heavy artillery and air bombs. The civilian population has been removed to the United States and other neutral countries.



DRAWING PREPARED IN ADVANCE for circulation after the Oxford-Cambridge boat race, showing how both crews collapsed at the beginning of the race because they had trained on beer and port.

COME To My

The Story of One Mad Hour and a Girl's True Love

A New Serial by

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

THE strangest night in Joan Century's life began with nothing more exciting than a bridge game. Murtaugh Pell was her partner, and Renée and Jimmy Parsons her opponents. The talk, between rubbers, turned upon marriage. She knew that the Parsonses, in asking her and Murtaugh to stop with them, were visualizing their lovely Long Island home as a stage set for a proposal. Murtaugh, rich, perfect husband material, was to propose and she, Joan (or Johnny, as her friends called her), was gratefully to accept. Everybody expected it. But the girl's restless spirit cried out against a situation so rigidly diagramed.

The bridge game was followed by a dinner. Guests streamed in. Among them was a daring flapper, Elenor Doyle, and Floyd Bennings, a strange young man with eyes of liquid black. When he was presented to Johnny he drew her off and said, amazingly:

"You're perfectly beautiful, and I would rather kiss you than any woman I ever met."

Johnny stared her astonished resentment, but a moment or two later Floyd Bennings was saying:

"Listen—after this stupid party is over, I'm going straight home. I live on the crest of the New Danite Road. Whitewashed paling fence. You can't miss it. I'll be waiting for you." Then he turned away. During dinner the flapper absorbed him.

After dinner, Murtaugh did propose to Johnny, crushing her in his arms. She found she liked the experience, and accepted him. But when she lay tossing in bed it was a pair of swimming black eyes she saw. Why shouldn't she have a spin in her car to Floyd Bennings' house, if she wanted to? After all, she wasn't married to Murtaugh.

She rose and feverishly began to dress.

Part Two

DESPITE the mad impulse that was making her toss sanity to the winds, Johnny did not snatch from her closet the first dress her fingers touched. Instead, she made a careful selection, finally choosing a green crepe Roma, a sports dress that she had never worn. And she did not jam carelessly upon her brown bobbed hair the black felt hat which she decided went best with the dress. On the contrary, she stood before her mirror and adjusted the closely fitting cloche until it was sitting at the most fetching angle. She smiled mockingly at her reflection in the mirror and tiptoed toward the door.

Golf, bridge, and bootleg liquor had taken their toll tonight. Perhaps Murtaugh Pell lay awake and pondered on the so recent avowals exchanged between himself and Johnny, but the rest of the people in this house were sound asleep. At least, so Johnny hoped, as she passed swiftly down the hall.

The roadster in which she had driven out here from New York was fortunately standing right by the well oiled door of the garage.

As she rounded the curve of the driveway, with the car running noiselessly, she glanced back over her shoulder. There was behind her no sudden illumination of the house. No surprised cries were wafted to her ears.

She chuckled as she rode away. This was adventure, of a sort. To go, after midnight, to keep tryst with a man whom one had met for the first time at dinner that evening, was at least alluring. She wondered, as she crossed the Post Road, if he would seem as romantic at this second meeting as he had seemed when he had surprised her with his unconventional, to put it mildly, first greeting of her.

And then, quite suddenly, she realized that she had also become engaged this very night to Murtaugh Pell.

The specious arguments she had advanced to herself before she dressed for this jaunt no longer seemed valid. Of course, she had a *right* to visit Floyd Bennings at his house; but when one became engaged to a man one surrendered certain rights for certain privileges. That was it: one gained the privilege, in engagement or marriage, of limiting the actions of one's fiancé or husband and in return consented to limitations of one's own actions.

But this was to make love a jailer. Resentment swayed her again. The roadster, which had slowed down, spurted forward, to slow down again uncertainly.

HOUSE

"YOU have the loveliest throat I ever saw," said Renée. She lifted a playful finger.

Pictures by
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

Noblesse oblige—this was what would restrain her from keeping the engagement which, when Bennings had told her that he would be awaiting her, had seemed so ridiculous.

Her resentment of a moment ago no longer was centered upon a social convention, but was directed at the dank-haired, swimming-eyed man who had dared assume that Johnny Century was any man's at his bidding.

The vanity of him! The insolence! The complacence! He hadn't *suggested* that she should go to see him. He had assumed she would. Well—and her laugh held a jeer that was self-directed—this was one time at least that his unique method with women would fail. And one must concede him the charm of audacity; for this method of his had almost worked with her.

The car's progress was not uncertain now. Around the curve of the white New Danite Road she raced. The headlights, cutting through the darkness, showed with the unreal clarity of a stage setting the white paling fence at the crest of the road. She was tempted to toot her horn in contemptuous triumph as she passed by.

The next time she saw him she would put him in his place so utterly that never again would he dare to suggest meeting her.

Behind her the white palings blended into the darkness. Only in front of her was light. How perfectly wonderful if life could be like that: if the past, the moment it was behind one, could be blotted out and if only the bright future were illuminated. Ah, but who knew that the illuminated future would be bright?

Her chin set stubbornly. Well, she knew. She had accepted this evening the man she loved. Away with the doubts that the sight of Renée and other married folk aroused in her! Her moments of rebellion and of madness were over. Here, ahead of her, was a crossroad in which she could back and turn her car, turn it toward life as it was lived by decent, normal people.

The cobwebs had been blown out of her brain by the cool night air; nothing would ever cause them to form again. It was with a feeling of victory, not merely over another, but over herself, that she slowed down once again at the crest of the New Danite Road. The white palings became symbolic of the border line which, despite all her brave talk to Renée and to Murtaugh, she now knew she would never cross. As an ex-drunkard might look at the bottle which is no longer his master, so she stared at the white paling fence and the little old-fashioned farmhouse just beyond it.

And then, acting upon dictates quite beyond her own volition, dictates strong enough to overcome her will, as the drunkard suddenly reaches for the bottle, so Johnny Century stopped her car, stepped out of it, and slipped across the road to the gate. Here for a moment she wavered, as the drunkard's hand pauses in midair; then she was through the gate, upon the veranda, and knocking on the door.

IT OPENED instantly, and Bennings was greeting her.

"You're rather late," he stated.

She stepped past him into the little living-room, whose furnishings, a quick glance told her, were authentically early nineteenth century. The great copper kettle in the fireplace, the clock on the mantel, the highboy in a corner, the maple chairs—if they were not genuine, they were cunning copies. It was a charming room, and somehow its owner, as she turned and faced him, seemed completely out of place here. He would have fitted better, she thought, exotic surroundings.

"Late? Are you always as confident as this?" she asked.

"Don't talk that way; you know that you're the first," he told her.

"I know that you say so," she retorted.

"Words, words, words!" he exclaimed. "Sit down."

It was as though he issued a command. Yet she obeyed. Opposite her he placed a chair and sat in it. He was still wearing the dinner suit he had worn earlier that night. She noticed that his tie was awry, and that a stud was missing from his shirt front. There was an air of careless untidiness about the house. These matters seemed to add a graceful charm to house and master equally.

"So you're going to marry Pell," he said.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COME TO MY HOUSE Continued from Page Fifteen]

She looked at him. "Who told you that?"

"No one."

"Was it as plain as all that?" she demanded angrily.

"With Pell? Of course it was. Moon-eyed, ready to bleat like a calf—certainly. Anybody could read it. With you? Well, you're a woman, aren't you? Your friends the Parsonses had set the trap, and you, the bait, had stepped prettily inside. What were you there for, if not to become engaged to Pell? That's your obvious job, your plain purpose in life: to marry some Pell or other. If not this particular Pell, then one who differs from him only in slight externals. A flat on Park Avenue, or perhaps—it depends on the Pell—a little house in the East Sixties; a country place on the Sound; cocktails at six instead of tea at five; Biarritz in August and Palm Beach in February." He shrugged disdainfully. "It takes little to cast the horoscope of a girl like you when she steps into a moonlit garden with a Pell."

"Then why, if I'm as obvious as all that, invite me up here?"

"Heavens, you don't think I *wanted* you, do you?" he cried. "I couldn't help myself. Any more than you could help coming. Don't tell me you wanted to come. How could you? Girls who step placidly into gardens with Pells, who go to love as they go to breakfast, don't *want* to come to see a man like me at this hour of the night."

"Then why did I come?" she asked.

"Because, like me, you couldn't help yourself."

Uneasily she stared at him. He was stranger now than he had been before dinner. For a moment a dreadful thought slipped into her mind: Could he be one of those strange people who, finding the burden of life itself too stimulating, ease their tortured minds with drugs? But she dismissed the thought as swiftly as it came. His eyes denied it too absolutely.

She rose to her feet; she tried to laugh easily. "Well, I've paid you the visit that I couldn't help paying and you couldn't help receiving. That's that. Now I think I'll go home."

HE rose, too. "I think I told you that I'd rather kiss you than any woman I ever met," he said. "Don't you pay your debts?"

"Debts?"

"Certainly. You owe me that for guessing what you really are: for recognizing that you deserve better than a Pell."

"You think you're better?" she asked.

"Oh, let's not quibble over words. Not better—different. You'll go back to your Pell; you'll marry him; your sons will go to Princeton or Yale; they'll take riding lessons when they're four years old; they'll grow up and marry girls like yourself. You can't be different from what you are, can't dodge the fate ordained for you. But for the glimpse I have given you of a different Johnny Century—of a different life—do I get paid for that?"

She was suddenly her sane, cool self, playing the game of flirtation as she had played it many times before. This, after all, was a man like all the other men she knew, who talked daringly, but acted cautiously. This was no *combat à l'outrance*, but a mere fencing match with carefully buttoned foils.

And a certain resentment, a feeling of having been defrauded, crept into her attitude. She had thought of romantic adventure and had come upon the commonplace. He was like a callow freshman, pleading for a kiss instead of taking it.

And so, laughing at him, she started past him. She felt a trifle absurd—silly—as she had once felt when, from the curbstone, she, with some other girls of sixteen, had watched a romantic actor pass from the stage entrance to his automobile, and learned that he was a man of fifty.

Then the laughter left her lips as, without warning, his arm went about her and drew her to him, and his mouth found hers.

THE caress was brutal. For a second she fought against it. Hers was the mouth that had been given tonight—was it tonight? Was it ever?—to Murtaugh Pell. Tonight, for the first time in her life, in the Parsons garden she had kissed a man in passion. She had thought herself stirred; had responded to Pell—or thought she had.

But that had not been like this. She was always, when kissing Pell, herself, Johnny Century. But now she wasn't anyone, wasn't anything. She was simply the kiss itself. And the man who kissed her—he had no identity; he also was the kiss itself. As though they were disembodied, drifting away somewhere.

"Well?" he said as he released her.

She shook her head helplessly.

"You have paid me," he told her quietly. "Now you may go back to your Pell."

"I think I told you that I'd rather kiss you than any woman I ever met," he said. "Don't you pay your debts?"

"Suppose I don't want to?" she challenged.

He laughed. "But *he* has the things you want: the home, the country place, the trips abroad, marriage, and all that goes with it."

"Sometimes a girl doesn't care about those things, but only wants marriage," she told him.

"And I'd not give that," he said.

"I haven't asked it," she told him.

Then once again she was in his arms.

What was loyalty to a Pell as against the blinding, poignant ecstasy of the moment? What was tradition? What was anything?

They seemed silly, trifling questions now. But an hour later, as she drove down the road away from the house within the white palings, they were questions that assumed terrific importance. They overcast the moon, these questions, darkening the road, seeming to smother her and the car. So it was that she was unconscious of the machine coming from a cross-road, although its driver sounded his horn three times. There was an agonized shrieking of brakes, and a grinding sound of skidding.

"Why in hell do you drive if you don't know where you're going?" demanded an angry voice.

The collision had jolted Johnny out of her seat and she was leaning over the door of her roadster. The driver of the other car twisted his searchlight until it rested full upon her face.

"Sorry; didn't know it was a lady." The voice became apologetic. "Probably as much my fault as yours. Not hurt, are you?"

Johnny shook her head, blinking in the fierce glare of the light.

"And I guess the only damage done is a little paint knocked off a fender," said the man. "Nothing that five dollars won't repair. Give you my card if you want to send me a bill. I don't want to send *you* one."

Johnny shook her head. The man started his engine, shoved the clutch into reverse, and with a little bump backed away. Her own engine was still running and she started her car.

Wasn't it an evil chance that she should have to run into someone at this hour of the morning? Her disheveled hair, the tear at the throat of her frock—and the look upon her face. She *knew* that expression on her face would never leave it. What must the man have thought? But she didn't know many people up here; he probably hadn't recognized her. But perhaps his companion had. Blinding though the lights had been, she sensed that he had someone else in the car with him.

But this was sheer hysteria. Suppose she *had* been recognized: there was nothing scandalous in taking a night ride in her own automobile. The wind could have disheveled her hair, and the disarray of the neck of her frock would not be noticed five feet away. And as for the expression in her eyes—this was too ridiculous! Experiences such as she had gone through didn't mark people's faces. Maybe the soul—

But this was ridiculous! She was mistress of herself as, again without waking anyone, she slipped into the Parsons home. But it was hours before she slept.

II

A TUGGING at her shoulder awakened her. It was Renée, and Johnny felt the blood rush into her face as she met the eyes of her hostess. Almost involuntarily she pulled a coverlet up about her throat; it was as though by hiding her body she could hide the sense of guilt which kept pace with consciousness, flooding her brain.

Renée sat down on the edge of the bed. She looked archly at Johnny. Renée was a dear, sweet thing, a loyal friend, and all that, but she practiced her arch coquetry upon everyone she met. She shook a playful finger at Johnny.

"Don't you blush, Johnny," she chided. "It's only me; not Murtaugh."

Johnny hid the contemptuous distaste which her visitor's words aroused in her. She forced herself to meet the other's curious

She was mistress of herself when the Doyle girl flopped into a chair beside her. "So it was you who ran into me?" she asked.

glance. With complete artistry she yawned.

"Is it late?" she asked.

"Late! I should say it is," laughed Renée. "I've been in twice before to wake you up, but I didn't have the heart to do it."

Again her manner became arch. "I remember so well the night Jimmy proposed to me. I didn't sleep a wink. And I know just how you feel. A girl is completely worn out by such an emotional crisis."

Emotional crisis! Good God! Why didn't Jimmy teach Renée the value of occasional silence? Her hostess' chatter would drive her mad if she were compelled to listen to it for long. Murtaugh! She didn't want anyone to mention him to her until she had had opportunity to adjust herself, to come to some understanding of herself.

"I think I'll run in to my tub," she said. She sat up in bed and the unbuttoned pajama jacket fell away from her throat.

"You have the loveliest throat I ever saw," said Renée. She lifted a playful finger once again. "If Murtaugh could see you now—"

Johnny did her best to hide a grimace of disgust. She swung both feet to the floor and started for the bath. Renée, chattering, followed her—talking about Murtaugh, about luncheon, about a foursome in which Jimmy and Murtaugh were at the moment engaged.

Her talk fell unheeded on Johnny's ears. If only the woman would give her a moment to herself! But, with an injunction to hurry up, and a promise that coffee and rolls would be waiting in her bedroom as soon as she emerged from the tub, Renée left. At least, then, Johnny could bathe alone.

She stepped into a warm bath, lay back in it, luxuriating. Well, what was she going to do? She was no coward; she was not one to dodge an issue. But there were many ways to meet a situation, and it was not cowardly or dishonest to ponder the best way.

Of course, she must break her engagement to Murtaugh Pell at the first opportunity. And as she arrived at this decision her eyes clouded. Oddly, she felt a surge of almost maternal tenderness toward Pell. A great desire to avoid hurting him took possession of her.

OF course, he would be hurt when she broke the engagement; but she must see to it that there were no circumstances that bruised his pride unduly. Murtaugh was all right; a darned good scout; decent and on the level and everything like that. Whereas she, Johnny Century, was a little rotter. But wait a bit; no reason to exaggerate her own faults. After all, she was perfectly mad about Bennings, and if being mad about a person didn't justify anything one did, then there was no justification possible on this earth.

Mad about him, yes. But did she love him? Hadn't she thought last evening in the garden that she loved Pell? Was she one of those unfortunate women whose love was loose? Nonsense. Why depreciate herself? Why pretend shame for last night's happenings when she gloried in what she had done?

Or did she love Bennings? Was this mad, overwhelming desire to be in his arms—was this love? Was it love because she could visualize his startlingly pale face, his liquid eyes that somehow should, she thought, have been set in the face of a woman?

But this wave of tenderness that the thought of Pell evoked: what was it? How could a person say which was love? Or were either of them love?

But if one played the game one must abide by the rules. Now it must be Bennings. *But* hadn't she told Murtaugh Pell, in so many words, that she would consider herself free now or at any future time to do just as she pleased? Ah, but having done just as she pleased, wasn't it due her own sense of honor to tell Pell what she had done? Again color swept over her face, suffusing her throat and bosom. After all, Pell had not become, by virtue of kisses or pledges exchanged in the garden last evening, her father confessor.

Another thing: both of these men stirred her, both of them aroused emotions in her that no other man or men had ever aroused in the past or could ever arouse in the future. Of this she was positive. Happiness—and oh, how she wanted to be happy!—could be given to her by only one of these men. She must marry one or the other.

She climbed from the tub, dried herself, and, clad in a dressing-gown, peeped into her bedroom. If Renée were there, she would climb right back into the tub and stay there until her hostess departed. But the room, thank heaven, was empty. And Renée had amply fulfilled her promise of a few minutes ago. Coffee and rolls were there and fruit and boiled eggs. Johnny shrugged as she sat down before the breakfast.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COME TO MY HOUSE
Continued from Page Seventeen]

She supposed she ought not to be able to eat; that the mere sight of food should nauseate her. But if man did not live by bread alone, no more did he live by his emotions alone. She felt as hungry as an animal. Well, perhaps that was the answer to the puzzlement that befogged her: perhaps she was merely an animal.

But she wasn't going to give way to self-recrimination. Let her accept herself for what she was or might be, and face the situation as well as she could.

She ate the last strawberry and then attacked the more substantial part of her breakfast. She ate two rolls, both the eggs, and drank two cups of coffee. Then, lighting a cigarette, she felt better able to arrive at a sane decision.

Which one of these two men did she want to marry? She must delay any consideration of whether or not Murtaugh Pell, in common honesty, should be told of her visit to Bennings—postpone any thought of her own honor or lack of it until she knew which one of these men she wanted as her husband.

Fragments of last night's talk with Bennings came back to her recollection. Hadn't she said that sometimes a girl didn't care about material things, but wanted only marriage? And hadn't Bennings replied that marriage was something he wouldn't give to a woman? And hadn't she capped his statement with a denial that she wanted marriage?

Oh, but this was silly! Bennings had been as mad about her as she had been about him. There could be no doubt as to his wish, much less his willingness, to marry her. Yet, how could one be sure of people?

SHE hadn't known herself yesterday. She had thought herself possessed of a coolly detached attitude toward life and people, incapable of being mastered even momentarily by any emotion. Then she had found out that the portrait of Johnny Century which was in her mind resembled in no detail, save physical ones, the real Johnny Century.

Perhaps one didn't learn much of a man in one mad love scene. The mere idea frightened her, made her, for a moment, almost ill. She threw her cigarette into the fireplace and then she determined to resolve her doubts instantly.

The Parsons ménage was as well equipped for the entertainment and comfort of guests as any she had ever visited. On a little table by her bed was an extension telephone. Sitting upon the bed, she held the receiver to her ear. No one else was using the phone, so she flipped the pages of the suburban telephone directory and found Bennings' number, which she gave to the impatient Central.

Almost immediately a queerly metallic voice spoke to her. "What you want?" it demanded.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Bennings," she said.

"He not in," came the answer.

She guessed that it was a Japanese servant, and past experience had convinced her that it was rather useless to deliver any message to an Oriental. Nevertheless, she persisted.

"How soon will he be in?" she asked.

"He not come back," said the servant.

The receiver at the other end of the line clicked with finality.

She had barely hung up when Renée entered the room without the formality of knocking. Perhaps this informality came from marriage. Johnny wondered resentfully.

"We're not lunching at home," announced Renée. "The Darrows have invited us to lunch with them. And I have a terrible blow for you." Her eyes twinkled with teasing mirth. She waited for no question from Johnny. "The boys telephoned that they were going to play thirty-six holes, so you won't see your hero-man until tea. Murtaugh was frantic, Jimmy told me, at not getting back to see you, but they really needed him to make up a match, and when I told Jimmy that we really ought to go to the Darrows', he said that Murtaugh would feel less badly. Do you mind, or should I have told Jimmy not to drag poor Murt into a golf match when he'd much rather be billing and cooing with you?"

"Anything's jake with me," said Johnny.

"I think myself that when a girl's just become engaged, she ought not to see her sweetheart every minute. She should have time to herself to appreciate her new-found joy," declared Renée. "Hurry up and dress, there's a dear."

LEFT alone, Johnny went to the closet to select a frock. Her eyes lighted upon the green dress she had worn last night. Involuntarily she reached forth and touched it. But no, even had the neck not been torn, she'd not wear it now. Perhaps she'd never wear it again. She selected a frock in wood tones, and slipped swiftly into it. Through her window floated Renée's voice. "I'm waiting in the car, Johnny," she called. "The Darrows want to swim before luncheon, and I have your bathing-suit. Speed it up."

"Coming this minute," replied Johnny.

She walked again to the telephone and called up Bennings. But the Oriental voice informed her again that Bennings was out. Perturbed, she hung up the phone and ran downstairs.

Renée chattered all the way to the Darrows' about the perfectly sweet romance between Johnny and Murtaugh. She was the sort of woman who thinks that she is taking part in a conversation when she is really indulging in a monologue, so she never noticed Johnny's silence. And at the Darrows', a hilarious group was so engrossed in the joys of bathing and drinking cocktails between plunges into the water, that one quiet person was ignored.

Just before they went in to luncheon, Johnny asked permission to use the telephone, and, for the third time, rang up Bennings. This time she was more insistent, and the Oriental servant said to her, "I not know when Mr. Bennings return. He pack bag and leave."

The information was like a blow in the face. Her pride refused to credit it. He had been as enamored of her as she had been of him. But, of course, business might have called him into the city. No other explanation was possible. Yet he had not tried to reach her on the telephone.

Breakfast she had eaten with actual zest; but luncheon was a function at which she was present in the flesh but not in the spirit. And the flesh, having no spirit to guide it, could not touch the food. Luckily, the Darrows and their guests were so exhilarated by alcohol and salt water that no one cared who made the noise as long as noise was made.

After luncheon she made the excuse that her head was splitting, and as someone else volunteered to bring Renée home later, Johnny drove Renée's car.

Pride was forgotten in sudden anxiety. From the Darrows' house she drove to the little house behind the white palings on the crest of the New Danite Road and interviewed a sullen Japanese, who told her that Bennings had packed a bag that morning and, leaving no word as to the nature of his journey or the time of his return, had driven away. Humbled as she had never been before, bewildered, she drove to the Parsons place and went to her room. And now a real headache, induced by anxiety, drove her to bed.

What manner of man was this who could so blindly kiss and ride away?

She had thought she had only to make a choice between the two men. But if Bennings' behavior meant what it seemed to, that last night had been a mere incident to him, then he was not of those from whom she might pick and choose.

She could not lie still any longer, but went downstairs and tried to read. She was sitting on the veranda when Murtaugh Pell and Parsons returned from their thirty-six holes.

Pell's honest face brightened with delight at sight of her. She had not made up her mind what she would say to him; she knew only that much must be said. But with Jimmy Parsons beaming upon them, it was no time to tell Pell that her acceptance of last night was subject to modification. She accepted his kiss, and when, at her unresponsiveness, his eyes clouded, she returned his caress.

She hated herself. But this man was really and truly in love with her. Was it kind to hurt him when she didn't know that she wanted to hurt him? There was a Broadway word, "cheating," which flashed across her mind. That was what she was doing. But whom was she cheating? Pell or Bennings?

If she knew she didn't love Pell, or if she knew that last night's blinding moment with Bennings had been only a moment, whose repetition could never be desired, how much more simple life would be.

The blank, uncomprehending despair that had been in her heart as it finally dawned upon her that Bennings, unconsidering her, had gone away, became replaced by a burning resentment. She wished she could do something instantly to prove to Bennings that, lightly as he regarded her, her own regard for him was infinitely less. And, strangely, the somewhat massive personality of Pell loomed larger, became more stable, by contrast with the man who had last night supplanted him.

PELL and Parsons went into the house to change; she had only a second to consider whether or not she had done wrong in accepting and returning Pell's kiss when Elenor Doyle whirled up the driveway and, with a great skidding of tires on the gravel, came to a halt.

"You'll be riding on the rims if that's the way you always stop your car," said Johnny.

The girl looked impudently yet gayly at her. "And if you drive half asleep you won't always escape without injury as you did last night," she retorted.

Johnny felt herself grow rigid in the wicker chair in which she sat. She cast a glance of apprehension over her shoulder. Suppose that Murtaugh, in his room, could overhear. Love, or whatever emotion it was that had led her to Bennings' arms, was a thing that could hold no evil. But secrecy—there was something obscene in secrecy. And yet she must keep secret the events of last night. She was mistress of herself when the Doyle girl flopped into a chair beside her.

"So it was you who ran into me?" she asked.

Elenor Doyle nodded. "I guess you were asleep and it's no guess that my boy friend was driving with one hand. Would I be out that time of night with a dead one? And I don't blame you for being woozy about what you were doing. Twenty minutes with Floyd Bennings would make mush out of me, and I'm not soft-boiled either."

Johnny stared at her. Her voice, when she spoke, quavered uncertainly.

"Mr. Bennings? What makes you say that?"

The girl shook a forefinger at her. "Naughty, naughty! Get engaged to Murtaugh Pell at ten and pay a visit to Floyd Bennings at twelve. Sure, we saw a car parked outside Bennings' place. And it was the same car we ran into an hour later as we came back another route. I'll say you've got old Murt under your thumb if he'll stand for that."

Unseeingly Johnny stared at the girl. Now, with gossip already in the wind, she *must* tell Murtaugh.

But will Johnny tell? Dare she tell? Having lived through an intense hour, will she be strong enough to brave the strange sequence of events that follows? Read next week's revealing installment, and see.

The pick of the finest tomato fields!

Thousands and thousands of acres of sun-bathed fields, all thickly studded with luxuriant tomato vines, grown from special seed developed on Campbell's great Tomato Farms.

Just those full-fleshed, juicy varieties that yield the richest and most delicious tomato soup. This is the mighty harvest required each season to supply the popular and ever-growing demand for Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Only the luscious "meat" and pure juices of the tomato are saved for Campbell's—a smooth, appetizing puree still further enriched with nutritious country butter and seasoned with utmost skill to make the flavor even more attractive. A treat awaits you!

12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Cleanse TEETH of Dingy Film

Smiles Brighten Quickly

The new way to combat the film on teeth—the source of many tooth and gum disorders—which numbers of leading authorities suggest

As film coats go, teeth whiten and brighten; and as they brighten, smiles become charming. Thus Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is, at the same time, urged as a daily adjunct to beauty, both in Europe and America.

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

A method dentists now are widely urging

WHEN teeth lack gleam and whiteness, it is usually because they are film coated.

By running the tongue across the teeth, this film can be felt. Modern dental science charges it with many tooth and gum disturbances; with most of the clouded teeth one sees, with much of the prevalence of pyorrhea.

Ordinary brushing has failed to combat film successfully. Thus thinking people, chiefly on dental advice, are adopting a new way in tooth and gum care called Pepsodent.

What Film Is— Its Effect on Teeth and Gums

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and Removes Film— Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then removes it in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those contained in Pepsodent.

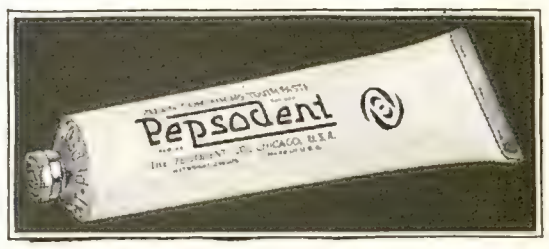
Glistening teeth and healthy gums, according to many authorities, follow as a natural result when film is removed daily this way.

Please Accept Pepsodent Test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better teeth and gums.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



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PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Boob Criminals

A Famous Detective Explodes the Bunk About Master Crooks

An Article by
GEORGE S. DOUGHERTY
Former Deputy Commissioner of Police and Chief of Detectives, City of New York

"IT takes a thief to catch a thief," is an adage as old as the Sphinx; but in the final analysis it is only an adage. A clean-cut, intelligent, keen-witted detective has it 1,000 to 1 on him when it comes to a real test of courage, skill, ability, endurance, and genuine horse sense. The detective works with an open, clear mind, while the thief is dead from the neck up. If he possessed any gray matter he would not be a criminal.

No crook is absolutely in his right mind. In the parlance of today he is a "nut" when he commits a crime, and thereafter blunders follow inevitably.

He leaves loopholes and clews that make it easy for the detective to arrest him and get a conviction in the courts.

Int. photo
Hans Schmidt, electrocuted for murdering his servant girl.

© Brown Bros.
Dr. Crippen (right) hanged for wife murder.

P. & A. photo
Nathan Leopold (left) and Richard Loeb (center), wealthy young murderers, now serving life terms in the Illinois penitentiary.

P. & A. photo
Whitey Tipping, alias Walter Murray, killed while resisting arrest.

Int. photo
Dr. Walter Wilkins, who also murdered his wife.

P. & A. photo
Red Moran, confessed slayer of two policemen.

How often—almost daily—do we read of the extraordinary skill, genius, intelligence, and wit of the crook. The stage and movies depict him as the "master mind" of crime. Every best-seller detective story makes him superior to the detective. He is always elusive and mysterious, and generally shows the police up as boobs before he is captured.

Our human make-up is similar in many ways to the average mechanical device. We run as smooth as silk until we interfere with ourselves. But by one false move we are all out of order, and it takes a long time to get us back again. Even ordinary sins disturb us and unbalance our equilibrium.

THE criminal is perplexed before he begins, and unbalanced after he commits a crime. He will display the most remarkable skill and cunning in the commission of his crimes—and prove himself the prize-winning boob after he finishes. His plans, thoughts, and actions all favor his nemesis, the law.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Announcing for the first time

A sensational improvement in Vacuum Cleaners

NOW a new invention, a three-speed device exclusively on the Sturtevant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NEW

Three different degrees of suction! At the touch of a finger! The only electric vacuum cleaner with a regulating device. A sensational superiority every woman appreciates.

Save $27

Makes Cleaning Three Times Easier

NOW a vacuum cleaner under control! Now, electric cleaning, with new efficiency! Now, three different suctions regulated at the touch of a finger! But *only* with the Sturtevant.

Now, high speed, medium speed, low speed.

The *right* suction for each operation. The motor responds to your demands. Not too powerful, not too weak—but just the precise speed you want. Makes cleaning quicker, saves labor, protects materials. Gets all the dust—but with the *correct* suction.

This new-type Sturtevant offers better cleaning than ever before!

This invention is one of the outstanding achievements of years in vacuum cleaners. One of the finest developments in the use of electricity for cleaning. Now the motor is controlled as never before—a better servant.

This remarkable refinement is a fitting climax to years of perfections created by Sturtevant engineers, the world's foremost group of specialists in air moving machinery.

The Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner is used in thousands of homes. It is the supreme product of a famous concern, 62 years old and with assets of nearly $10,000,000. It is approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and Modern Priscilla Proving Plant. The Sturtevant is light weight (12½ lbs.). It has every refinement, every advancement. Because of its superiority it has long been a favorite. Now it is more wonderful than ever before.

See the new Sturtevant with this simple, unique device which regulates the motor. See how simple it is to control the three speeds for suction—how cleaning is made easier and better than ever. Observe the many perfections of the Sturtevant, the supreme product of a world-famous organization. Note our money-saving plan, explained at the left.

This is our unique plan of selling:

The Sturtevant is sold direct from our factory to you, thus making possible the very low price of $43. Were we to sell it in the ordinary manner we'd have to charge at least $70. Without your sending us one penny in advance, we ship the Sturtevant express prepaid for 10 days' free trial. Use it as if it were your own. Make comparisons. Keep it or return it. You are your own salesman. If you decide to keep it, pay only $3.00 after 10 days, then $5.00 per month until paid for. Free demonstration does not obligate you in the least—you do not risk *one* penny. The Sturtevant must sell itself. The coupon brings it, or further information. Check which.

Deliveries prepaid our nearest plants in Boston, Mass., Camden, N. J., Berkeley, Cal., or Sturtevant, Wis.

FREE TRIAL

B. F. STURTEVANT COMPANY, Dept. 220
Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.

☐ Send me a Sturtevant electric vacuum cleaner for ten days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $43 as follows: $3 at the end of the trial period and then at the rate of $5 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

☐ Please send, without obligating me, descriptive booklet of Sturtevant vacuum cleaner and complete information.

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City ..... *State* .....

B. F. STURTEVANT COMPANY

Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

And how he delights in his imaginary cleverness. He would rather read about how he has eluded capture for his crimes than be presented with a free trip around the world. He gloats over baffling the detectives; and yet, he is usually overcome with fear. His pals regard him as the best in his line; yet at the show-down he can't avoid detection. After his crimes, in spite of all his supposed genius, he leaves the clew that results in his eventual arrest.

Notwithstanding the many bright minds that participated in the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the New York gambler, more than fifteen years ago, the solution of the crime was an open book. I handled the case from start to finish. Why was he murdered? Because he squealed. Squealed on whom? On a police lieutenant. Who were his enemies? Competitors in the underworld—other gamblers. Who killed him? Gunmen, hired to do so.

As well as the crime was planned, a notorious gunman's conspicuous gray touring car was used to carry the gunmen to the scene of the crime and make their getaway after its commission. It was a regular white elephant. Nearly every detective in New York knew that car. We found it, still warm, in a garage two hours after the crime was committed. One of the murdering mob took it from and placed it back in the garage before and after the deliberate assassination of Rosenthal, after midnight, in the very heart of New York's Great White Way.

THE car was the clew that resulted in the cleaning up of the crime. The desperate, simple, and childish methods employed to evade detection and arrest were in many instances ridiculous. A dozen were caught in our net. Five were electrocuted at Sing Sing.

In the underworld they were wonders. In court they trembled with fear. They made it easy for the police because all they did was inadvertently to leave clews leading to arrest and evidence insuring conviction.

I often think of poor old Hod Bacon. He studied to be a minister of the Gospel, and when he deserted the church and became a crook the world lost a wonderful preacher. He was ever a clever thief, but most clever in his declining years. What polish! How genteel! He resembled a retired admiral or general. He was a sleek, faultless, immaculate dresser.

I had him several times, and nearly succeeded in reforming him. He robbed many persons of importance in the theatrical world. Used to follow them from one part of the country to another and, when the chance offered itself, would touch them in hotels for their money and jewels. He talked freely with me about his work.

He never stopped at a hotel where he committed a crime. Not Hod; he knew the way of the "dick." No handwriting on the register for his. No witnesses who saw him loitering in the hall near room 911 on the ninth floor. Hod was always certain his victims were out of their hotel rooms before he made his touch. He used screws (master keys and duplicates).

If there were women's finery, he would purloin some lingerie, silk stockings, kid gloves, and the like, so that the investigators of the crime might suspect it was committed by women—guests or employees. Big hauls were his graft. He robbed Denman Thompson, Lillian Russell, Anna Held, and hosts of other professional people.

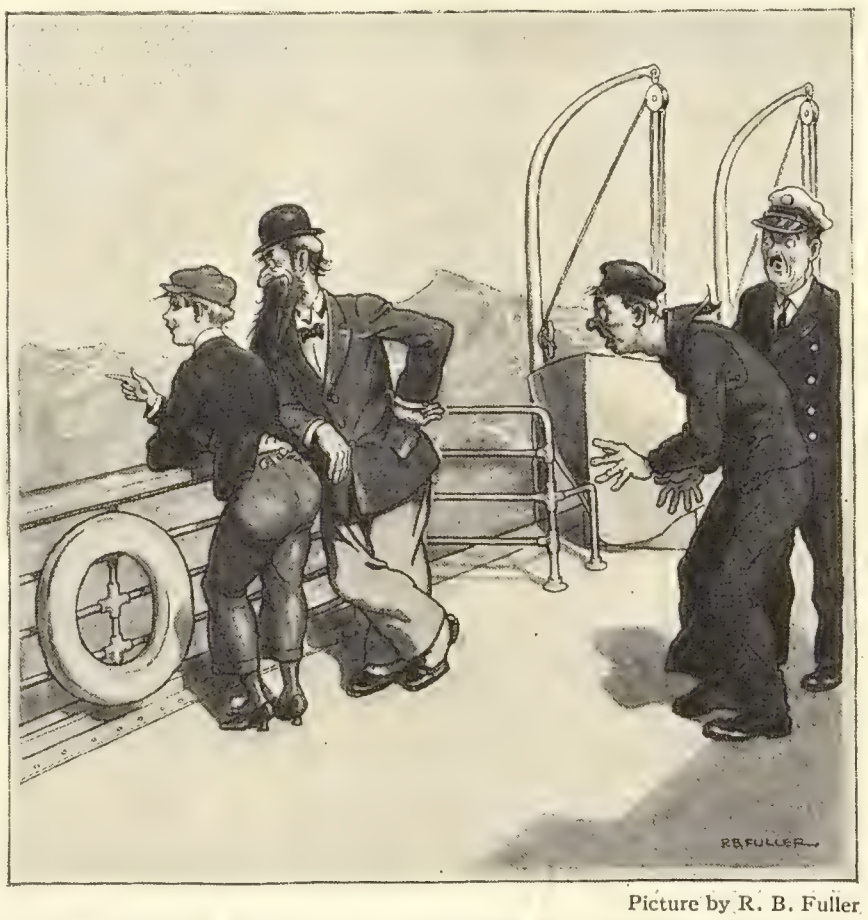
One of his victims was a prominent and prosperous jail-builder. Hod enjoyed this trick more than any other. It handed him a big laugh.

His last fall was a hard one, though. From a wholesale New York jewelry salesman in a Chicago hotel he stole a trunk containing $65,000 worth of samples. He got it out of the room as clean as a hound's tooth; had it removed to the Union Station, and checked it to Pittsburgh on his railroad ticket. Hod also rode in the lower berth of a Pullman sleeper to the same city.

I then was with the "Eye," which protected every member of the Jewelers' Protective Union on the road.

Every thief and detective in the world refers to Pinkertons as the "Eye," because, as the first organized private detective service in America, they adopted the slogan, "We never sleep"—with a wide-open eye on their letterheads and other publications. We were hot on the trail—notified every police department within a radius of 1,000 miles to be on the lookout for the thief and loot.

The morning after the crime was committed, Roger O'Mara, then Chief of Police of Pittsburgh, called me on the telephone and told me they had arrested that morning, as he left a



Picture by R. B. Fuller

Dr. Crippen fled from England to Canada with his sweetheart, whom he senselessly dressed as a boy.

Pennsylvania train from Chicago, a genteel-looking old fellow who had one of my cards in his pocket and who proved to be the Chicago jewel thief of the day before.

"Put him on the wire," I suggested to Roger.

As soon as the old fellow spoke, I recognized the voice as that of Hod.

"It looks to me, Chief," he said, after some preliminary conversation, "like I am in my second childhood. After I nailed the salesman's trunk with that wonderful swag in it, I could not resist the temptation of also stealing his swell silk-lined overcoat, which was in a closet in the room.

"The coat was what caught me. I had it hanging in my lower berth when I left Chicago. The salesman I robbed was on the same train, in the opposite berth. He recognized his overcoat, but didn't bat an eye. First chance he got, he wired the Pittsburgh police, and then kept a sharp eye on me till I was arrested. In my pocket they found the trunk check. I certainly ought to be sent to some institution and have my brain examined!"

Hod ended his days in Joliet Prison. I tried to reform him before his last trick; got him a clerical position where he could do no harm. You might just as well try to make an aviator drive a hack as to set an active thief to work as a clerk. He can't live without thrills.

ON three different mornings, detectives on my staff at police headquarters brought in the same man, always charging him with a loft burglary of silks, furs, ready-to-wear garments, et cetera. In no instance could we hold him for trial, because we lacked proof. Department men shadowed him without avail.

Once, when he was brought in, I reasoned with him in a decent way to cut out the criminal work. I told him that if we ever got him right he'd be sent away for a long stretch; that I would go into court and recommend the maximum sentence for him. He listened attentively. But I figured it was like talking to a clothing-store dummy; actually wasting time and words on Max Marko, which is nearly like his real name. Several weeks after my talk with him, a uniformed policeman brought him in.

"An accidental arrest, if you please, Commissioner," said Officer McCoy. "I was patrolling my post on Eighteenth Street near Seventh Avenue about midnight, when some dagos told me that from their back yard they saw a man dangling on a rope from a twenty-story loft building, and that he was hanging in midair about five stories from the roof. My investigation brought me to two men on the roof, holding the rope, with this lad dangling in the air at the end of it.

"I also have the other two men in custody. Never did you see two happier men than the ropeholders. They had lowered the prisoner from the roof, so he could enter a loft building on the thirteenth floor from the windows. The rope was not long enough to be tied around the chimney or other safe fastening, so they held on from the edge of the roof. But the rope from that point still was not long enough.

"They were in a fearful predicament, for to let go would kill their pal. They did not have strength enough to pull him back up to the roof. My arrival was a godsend. We three pulled the prisoner up to the roof. He was scared stiff. They've confessed to me that they intended to rob a fur loft, and, best of all, they all had revolvers on them. This makes holding them for trial easy."

I ORDERED McCoy to charge them also with attempted burglary. All three pleaded guilty to both charges. Marko, the man who had been let down on the rope, admitted the other crimes of which he was suspected and told me the details of each one. He had bargained to sell the proceeds of each crime before it was committed, and he and his pals lost every cent they received for stolen loot to professional gamblers, mostly shark crap shooters. They were always trying to steal enough money to win back what they had lost.

I see that Marko was recently sentenced to life imprisonment for a fourth conviction, under the Baumes Law. Criminal blunders resulted in his conviction in each trial.

The many bandits who have been arrested recently all over the country, especially in New York, Chicago, and Detroit, made their arrests possible by boob moves. Bum Rogers made himself a suspicious furnished-room occupant, actually drawing attention to himself by his peculiar actions.

George Anderson, notorious bandit and stickup, and pal of Gerald Chapman, was killed in a Michigan town after passing a counterfeit bill and killing a detective. Anderson's fame as a criminal reached every post office in the United States. His photograph, fingerprints, and description were conspicuously posted. He had the reputation of being one of the world's greatest criminals; yet he fell into the clutches of the law and was killed like a veritable amateur.

Chapman, like Anderson, was much sought as a triple jail-breaker. Yet he faced the danger of arrest by blowing a safe in New Britain, Connecticut, and shooting a policeman. This made the trail for him very hot, and resulted in his arrest, conviction, and execution.

The "wild bunch" of Western train-robbers and murderers, former range riders, and bad men who terrorized the West for years, spent

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Costliest to make of all pure unscented Toilet Soaps

If you want a pure, unscented, utterly bland toilet soap, what is there but Castile? And if you want also (as all women do!) a Castile that is a beauty soap, a dainty toiletry that will give you an instant lather, an exquisitely feminine Castile—there is Doña for you. Doña Castile!

We have made Doña modern, feminine, delicious. Molded it in a lovely shape for your hand. Given it a generous lather even in cold water—instant rinsing too, so important for delicate skins! Too, we have put it in a charming dress so that it comes to you lovely—fresh. "Hard-milled" so it will last!

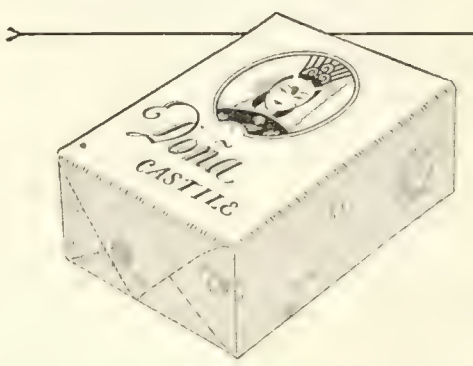
Doña is of course unscented, like all truly fine Castile; the true virtue of Castile being as always the bland cleansing virtue of olive oil. What then could be more out of place than an artificial scent in Doña Castile with its utter purity of bland, sweet, vegetable oil?

A Castile beauty soap! Millions of women call it so. Only they say *the* Castile beauty soap, because there is no other. Naturally it costs more to make Doña—in fact, we could duplicate the finest of imported Castile for less than it costs to make Doña. Our ingredients are the very finest, and of course the firm, lasting cake is costlier. But because millions of women use it we can make it in the saving modern way—and sell it to you for ten cents. Wherever you buy your toilet soap. Armour, U. S. A.

A TRUE BEAUTY SOAP SHOULD BE UNSCENTED

AN ARTIFICIAL SCENT TENDS TO IRRITATE THE SKIN. IT CONFUSES THE PERFUME YOU CHOOSE FOR YOUR OWN. MOST IMPORTANT—IN MANY CASES IT "COVERS UP" THE ODOR OF INGREDIENTS THAT ARE LESS PURE THAN THEY SHOULD BE

Castile was first made in Castilla, in northern Spain, six hundred years ago. It has been used ever since by the beauties of Spain, possessors of the most gorgeous complexions in Europe; and by the aristocracy of the whole world.



PURE OLIVE OIL GIVES DOÑA CASTILE ITS COLOR, FRAGRANCE AND DELICIOUS BLANDNESS FOR DELICATE SKINS

Doña CASTILE 10 Cents

(*Pronounced* DON-YA)

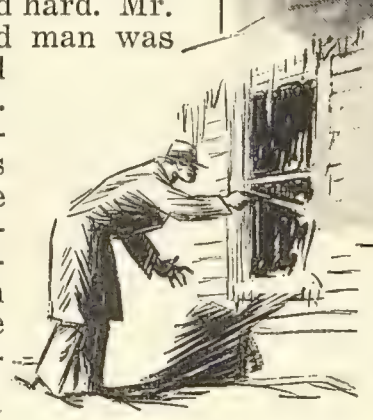
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

a whole winter in Fort Worth, Texas. They dressed in the most modern clothes they could buy and had a group photograph taken of themselves. In New York they had individual pictures taken of themselves in silk hats and Prince Albert coats—making their identification and arrest easier. Everywhere they went they frequented sporting and gambling houses and unnecessarily and foolishly attracted attention to themselves.

Missouri Billy and Black Frank, arrested in Hartford, Connecticut, some years ago by the present Hartford Chief of Police, Garret Farrel, Detective Butler, and me for a $125,000 bank burglary at Union, Missouri, and murdering Pinkerton Detective Charlie Shumacher, were caught because they left some sheets of paper bearing memoranda in an Ozark Mountain shack. Their own clew did the trick and gave them away, and dental work, dancing lessons, and a fondness for fast girls also helped. They were hanged. Many a trick they pulled, all over the West.

Just recently a woman hired a man to kill her husband for $135 in a Chicago suburb. They killed him in the house by striking him on the head with an iron bar. Then they carried him out and laid him on the road to make it appear that he had been hit by an automobile.

But a shrewd Sherlock Holmes constable noticed that the soles of the dead man's shoes were dry. Just before that, it had rained hard. Mr. Sleuth decided the dead man was killed in his house and dragged out on the road. He confronted the deceased's wife with this evidence, and she broke down and confessed, implicating the hired murderer. They are both on their way either to the gallows or to life imprisonment.



Dr. Crippen, who murdered his wife in London, burned her body, and buried the bones in the cellar of their home, was supposed to have committed the perfect crime. But, instead of remaining in London and facing the Scotland Yard detectives, he disappeared. The police soon discovered he'd murdered his wife for the company of a sweetheart who started for Canada with him on a rather slow steamer. He dressed the girl up as a boy—a ridiculous, senseless move—and attracted attention.

Inspector Arrow of Scotland Yard came to New York by a fast ship and went by rail to Canada. He met Crippen and his nifty companion, and arrested them. Crippen was hanged.

NATHAN LEOPOLD and Richard Loeb, who murdered young Franks, accidentally lost a pair of spectacles near the scene of the crime, which resulted in their detection and ultimate conviction. They carefully read every newspaper article printed about their crime, and gloried over the inability, for a time, of the Chicago detectives to unravel the crime.

Father Hans Schmidt, the New York priest who murdered his servant girl, was caught and convicted because he weighted the body and sank it in the North River. The body soon lost its weights and floated on the river surface. Schmidt was electrocuted.

Durant, the youth who murdered a San Francisco Sunday-school girl, was a physiologist—he had studied medicine and surgery. After the murder, he placed the dead girl's body in the cupola of a church, figuring that the circulating air would preserve it for a long time. The deceased girl's companion charged Durant with knowing where the dead girl was, so he murdered her and placed her in the same cupola. Excitement in San Francisco was intense. A fireman found the bodies eight days after the murder.

Durant's perplexed actions after the disappearance of the two girls and clever detective work by Captain I. W. Lees of the San Francisco police sent him to the gallows.

A few years ago a Dr. Wilkins of Long Beach, Long Island, reported to the police that when he and his wife returned home one evening, burglars attacked and beat them unmercifully on the head and body. Mrs. Wilkins was killed. For a long time it looked as if the doctor's story were true. But the detectives discovered that, although there were many bruises on the heads of both, there were no marks or indentations on their hats. The doctor confessed and received a life sentence. He murdered his wife for her insurance.

P. & A. photo

The arrow indicates the window of the shack in the Adirondacks through which a detective shot Tipping.

Killer Cunniffe and Ice-Wagon O'Connor, sought for murder and holdup robberies, quarreled over their loot in a Detroit apartment, then killed a policeman, Cunniffe's paramour, and each other in a gun fight. Murdering the policeman and the woman was unfortunate; but the deaths of the two gunmen saved the cost of their trials.

The Cry Baby Gang, a bunch of cake-eaters, wide-pants Willies, and drug-store cowboys, who committed many holdups and robberies in and around New York, turned out to be the last word in simpletons. They actually testified against one another. All drew life or near life sentences.

The Maiden Lane stickups—the boys who openly defied the New York financial district dead line—made their arrest easy for the detectives of the Old Slip station by throwing a memorandum into a waste basket in a Madison Avenue rooming-house. This led to long prison sentences for the entire gang.

It is curious how many professional criminals put in writing evidence concerning their crimes. And quite frequently they have it on their persons when arrested, or concealed in their living-quarters—all important clews that materially aid in their conviction and often result in the recovery of their loot. It is an everlasting obsession with most of them. Sometimes these records are written in easily deciphered codes, but most frequently they are plainly written memos.

In a number of bomb outrages—resulting in the death of three persons—which I handled while in the New York Police Department, the perpetrator recorded his crimes like an expert accountant in a carefully indexed notebook. His first entry referred to a bomb sent to the apartment of a woman of the underworld which, when she opened it, instantly killed her. After his arrest we found his notebook with the notation: "March 16—Successful."

His second bomb—an infernal machine in duplicate of his first one—was sent to Judge Rosalsky at the Hendrick Hudson apartments. When the Judge opened it, the contact spring to ignite the spark did not work. This saved the Judge's life. An expert from the Bureau of Explosives, while studying it, accidentally exploded it and lost a finger. The criminal recorded this attempt in his book, mentioned the date, and wrote, "Unsuccessful."

The third bomb, which killed two and wounded two others, he entered on the same page as "Successful," with the date. We were weeks in determining how the infernal machines were constructed—analyzing the parts and trying to find out where they came from. After the murderer's arrest we found every ingredient in his room.

JACK BRUSH, the one-time famous forger, always preserved his models and all other paraphernalia in his apartment and kept lists of his crimes in an indexed book. In prison, because he was so methodical, he was appointed a school-teacher.

It is not unusual to find upon the persons of prisoners keys to safe-deposit boxes and others that result in locating stolen property. Sometimes loot is checked in railroad parcel check-rooms. They always have the checks upon them. Lists of victims or intended victims are often found on house burglars when arrested. I have known criminals to refer to their notes in making statements. These are peculiar weaknesses always found in abnormal criminals.

Red Moran, recently tried for murdering two policemen in New York, gloated over the killing and his other crimes. After his last crime he actually frightened himself into a police station.

Whitey Tipping and Peter Seiler, who recently murdered Patrolman James Masterson in a holdup in a New York restaurant, when located in an Adirondack Mountain shack, had the policeman's revolver and two of the stolen watches hidden there. Tipping was killed by one of the New York detectives who was slightly wounded by the murderer. The report of the tracing of these fugitives by Detectives Thomas Martin and Stephen Donohue of the Homicide Squad reads like one of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's stories. This is just a recent demonstration of the abnormal, asinine reasoning methods of the so-called skillful criminal. They kept the incriminating policeman's revolver and watches to insure their identification for, and conviction of, the crime. Seiler is in the shadow of the electric chair.

A rope-ladder night prowler on Riverside Drive, after turning off a big trick in an apartment house, shot at his own shadow in the yard to which he had descended, mistaking it for a policeman. The shot brought a policeman, who arrested him.

Recently there have been an unusual number of arrests in various cities for banditry—the bravado crime. In virtually every instance the prisoners proved to be devoid of reasoning power, weak-minded, bordering on imbecility.

Analyze it from any angle and you will agree that the average crook is in the end a veritable bone-head. He hates to go the route alone and in nine cases out of ten squawks on his pals. Rats—just plain rats.

THE END

This famous picture "THE DOCTOR"

is published because of the helpful part McKesson & Robbins' products have played in such scenes for the past ninety-four years

© The House of Art, N.Y.

WHEN the drama of sickness touches our lives we stop with a sense of helplessness. Despite all that modern science offers, the sick room still carries us back to fundamentals, to the great realities of life and death.

And how few weapons, after all, the physician has to fight with. Even today, nature must still wage the major fight. A sound constitution, a strong body, a confident spirit—what can science do without these?

Prevention of disease by building up these natural resistants is the modern idea. The doctor and the surgeon must still fight the old fight, but we are learning to guard against illness, to check it in its earliest stages by the sensible use of antiseptics, prophylactics and preparations that help us to function normally.

The house of McKesson & Robbins has been in the fight for health since the Company was founded in 1833. It has seen the changes of nearly a century. Its honorable history in the manufacture of medicines of unquestioned purity could be better told by the thousands of doctors who have put their trust in these products, from those hardy men who went their rounds on horseback in President Jackson's day to the physicians and specialists of our own time.

From its unmatched fund of experience this Company calls attention to a number of fine preparations. Some of these products were originated in the McKesson & Robbins laboratories and have since become standard in the drug trade. Every one of them represents a perfected formula and the finest quality of manufacture. On the one hand they stand for "Dependability in time of anxiety." On the other they provide sensible means to keep ourselves fit.

To live keenly and abundantly, to face trials and opportunities with a store of physical and mental vitality each person can, and should, take the fullest advantage of such marvelous gifts as medical science today places within easy reach of every one.

Here are a few of the products used by millions all over the world to prevent and check disease and infection:

LIQUID ALBOLENE—The original Russian mineral oil endorsed by physicians for 30 years.

McK & R MILK OF MAGNESIA—Mild laxative and corrector of acidity in mouth and stomach.

McK & R STEARATE OF ZINC—(Plain, with Boric Acid, or with Balsam of Peru). The original waterproof baby powder.

CALOX TOOTH POWDER—The only oxygen dentifrice—it purifies and cleanses.

McK & R COLD & GRIPPE TABLETS—Promptly effective—mildly laxative.

McK & R ASPIRIN—Scientifically prepared so as to dissolve immediately and give immediate relief. A quality product.

ANALAX—Ideal mild laxative for women and children. Tastes like candied raspberries.

McK & R BLOOD TONIC—The inside is exactly what the outside of the package says it is.

MOSQUITONE—Sure protection against mosquitoes—greaseless—heals bites and soothes the skin.

AGAR-ALBOLENE—(plain and compound)—Enables people who cannot take straight oil to secure the benefits of mineral oil.

CREAM OF TARTAR AND SULPHUR LOZENGES—Just the thing for spring sluggishness.

McK & R CASCARA AROMATIC AND CASCARA TABLETS—Pleasant tasting, mild laxatives.

Your druggist can supply you with these products and will describe to you their use

McKESSON & ROBBINS

INCORPORATED

SERVING THE PUBLIC HEALTH FOR 94 YEARS THROUGH PHYSICIANS, DRUGGISTS AND DENTISTS

He FRONTS for Hollywood

Lew Cody, Film Banqueteer, Worries About Living Down His Reputation as a He-Vamp

An Article by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE schoolgirl and the boulevardier —Norma Shearer and Lew Cody in a scene from The Demi-Bride (right).

MARY PICKFORD has just declared that every one of the first-line stars ought to give an opportunity to a screen newcomer in each new picture. Miss Pickford says she is going to have an unknown as her leading man in her next production.

There is really no occasion to worry over the younger celluloid generation. What about this battery of young actresses: Greta Garbo, Dolores Costello, Clara Bow, Norma Shearer, Greta Nissen, Olive Borden, Esther Ralston, Betty Bronson, and Camilla Horn? Or this coterie of young actors: William Haines, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Charles Farrell, Leslie Fenton, Barry Norton, and Don Alvarado?

Not a double chin in the whole crowd! No need for hazy photography to conceal the approach of age. They aren't doing their best scenes in the night clubs.

The old-timers are going to have hard work holding on, unless they concede the passing of the years with more mature roles. What chance has Thomas Meighan against William Haines, or Mae Murray in competition with Greta Garbo?

Madge Bellamy is an example of the younger generation. Her newest Fox release is Ankles Preferred. This is a pretty weak picture of the villainous vicissitudes encountered by a young lingerie model with snappy ankles. Trite stuff, with the usual peep back into the fashion models' no-man's-land. Miss Bellamy seems just a baby-doll star, although I can still recall her poignant playing of the girl in Dear Brutus, behind the footlights with William Gillette.

Madge Bellamy shows 'em what's what in the no-man's-land section of Ankles Preferred.

Miss Bellamy comes of a musical family. She was born in Hillsboro, Texas, in 1903, her real name being Madge Philpott. She was educated at St. Mary's Hall in San Antonio, and went on the stage as a mere child. In 1920 she made her film debut in a Pathé picture. She was starred by the late Thomas H. Ince, and, after his death, was taken over by William Fox.

Recently Miss Bellamy has been struggling against the screen's classification of her as a dumb flapper. She has tried various methods of doing her hair; she has experimented with wigs. She came nearest to escaping in the Fox film Sandy, but mediocre pictures such as Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl and Ankles Preferred leave her stranded.

Possibly Miss Bellamy has a brilliant future with the right sort of direction. I know of two Famous Players directors who think so—Mal St. Clair and Herbert Brenon. In Ankles Preferred Miss Bellamy has some very inferior direction, J. G. Blystone, recently the director of Tom Mix's horse operas, being the guilty megaphoner.

Turn from Ankles Preferred to The Demi-Bride, the newest starring effort of another charming member of our aforementioned younger set, Norma Shearer. This, in brief, is the story of how a little French schoolgirl captures the pet of the Paris boulevards, no other than Lew Cody. It is labored in its verve, with entirely too many coy shrugs, and it struggles hard to be piquant. Even Miss Shearer seems a little forced, although she is pleasant to the eye.

MR. CODY, who plays the boulevardier harassed by beautiful women, belongs to the older line of cinema entertainers. Mr. Cody, whose real cognomen is Lewis Joseph Cote, was born in Berlin, New Hampshire, in 1885. He studied medicine at McGill University, but his success in college theatricals shifted his interest from pills to make-up. He played French-Canadians in such glorifications of the patois backwoodsmen as The Wolf and Pierre of the Plains.

Back in 1915 he went into pictures in Mating, in which Bessie Barriscale, a star of the moment, was the object of the close-ups.

Cody once was married to Dorothy Dalton; he is at present the husband of Mabel Normand.

A Hollywood wisecracker of the first water is Cody, much in demand as a toastmaster and as a master of ceremonies. All dinners in Hollywood are formal, with many a resounding speech on the Art (capital, please) of the cinema. Hence the need of a Cody.

Cody had one serious crisis in his career. An overzealous press agent broadcast him as the screen's great he-vamp. The reaction from States like Kansas was immediate. The story almost did definitely for Mr. Cody.

However, he still gets a lot of letters from feminine fans. He says that these letters aren't as piquant as one might suppose. Most of the ladies, he declares, want to know if he is related to Buffalo Bill. But Mr. Cody is probably spoofing.

I should note, in passing, some atrocious acting in The Demi-Bride by Carmel Myers, as well as some highly promising work by Dorothy Sebastian.

Do you know that—

Mary Pickford plays a shopgirl in her next film, an original story by Kathleen Norris? . . . Esther Ralston, heroine of Old Ironsides, gets the leading role in Beau Sabreur, sequel to Beau Geste? . . . Gilda Gray has been signed by Sam Goldwyn? . . . She is to play the *Nun* in Marie-Odile? . . . Red Grange is making The Motor Maniac in Hollywood? . . . Gloria Swanson is to make her next picture in the desert of the Southwest? . . . She will play a lady sheik who steals her man?

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

NASH *has the power you need on the* HILLS

Every Nash owner notices that he has very little gear shifting to do on hills, no matter how steep the grades may be.

Nash is a very powerful motor car. There is nothing half-hearted or sluggish about its response—the motor never "talks back" at you—even though you are climbing mountains.

One reason is the more than adequate power designed into every Nash motor car. Nash engineering has provided reserve energy for situations that tax the resources of other cars, and extend their engines to the point of strain.

Another reason for the powerful performance of Nash is 7 bearings. 7 bearings in every Nash model, instead of 3 or 4, means that power is not thrown away by crankshaft "whip." Proper bearing support conserves energy that older motor types waste.

Nash also has the Straight Line Drive—which carries the power from the Nash engine to the rear axle in a straight line, with no angles or deviations anywhere along the route to use up energy.

Quick acceleration—powerful responsiveness—such as Nash provides, is a safety factor you cannot overlook. It is invaluable on the hills, very handy in traffic.

When you select your next car, be sure to see how the power and pick-up of other cars compare to Nash, *before you decide!*

The Painted ALIBI

The Story of a Murder that Tested the Love of Two Women

By

FRANK R. ADAMS

Pictures by W. K. STARRETT

DR. HALEY, with his arm around his fiancée's sister, could not realize that she, too, was grown up.

"MELODRAMA always happens to the wrong people." Dr. Bertram Haley made the statement. It was supposed to be a meeting of the board of governors of the Vandermere Memorial Hospital, but what difference did that make? The routine business was done and Haley, just half the age of most of his associates, was always amusing and revolutionary.

As one of the hastily drafted medical corps at the time of the war, he had done some remarkable work under field conditions, developing a new technique in abdominal operations which had made him famous in his profession. Not that all his older professional colleagues approved of his methods, but they had to concede that he got results.

Outside of the operating-room, where he was an intent and abstracted czar, Dr. Haley was a modest and engaging sort of young man. His gray eyes, rather deeply set, were those of an observer of life. Perhaps he was handsome; one never noticed that, because he had charm and character. Certainly he was tall and thin. His clothes flapped a little.

"For instance," he was continuing, "you take the happenings of any day as retailed by the newspapers. Are the stories about the handsome Harvard graduate rescuing the Princess of the Central European kingdom from danger? They are not. Things happen to drunken gangsters in the pursuit of cocaine or passion, or to spiggoty miners working below the level of the earth; to hungry hoboes with three-day beards and no higher conception of heaven than food and warmth—always to people without imagination, who get no thrill out of dealing with life in the raw; never to us."

The hospital superintendent came in with some papers to be signed. Under her arm was a copy of the afternoon paper.

While Dr. Hays, the venerable president of the board, was giving his attention to the documents, one of the other governors, old John Stevens, whose father had founded the hospital in 1868, slipped the newspaper out from under the superintendent's arm.

"Leave this with me," he half ordered, half requested, when she turned to go, "and get yourself another." Then: "You say that melodrama never happens to people with imagination?" he demanded of Bertram Haley when the superintendent was gone.

"Yes."

"Would you consider yourself a person of imagination?"

"Yes."

"Then listen to this."

Something in the old gentleman's manner arrested the attention of all the men present.

"I'll omit the headlines," he began. "Here is the first paragraph:

"'The only clew to the murderer of Michael B. Leahy, prominent local politician, found dead in his office this morning, is a wallet, presumably dropped by his assailant and overlooked by him in the excitement of getting away. Cards of identification in the wallet indicate that it belongs to Dr. Bertram Haley of 41 West Seventy-first Street, and the police will doubtless have him in custody this afternoon. Whether this is—'"

Dr. Hays interrupted the reading: "What is this, John? You're not accusing Dr. Haley of murder?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Women Who Never Grow Old

You meet them everywhere you go—women of thirty, forty and fifty who look as young and beautiful as they did ten or twenty years ago.

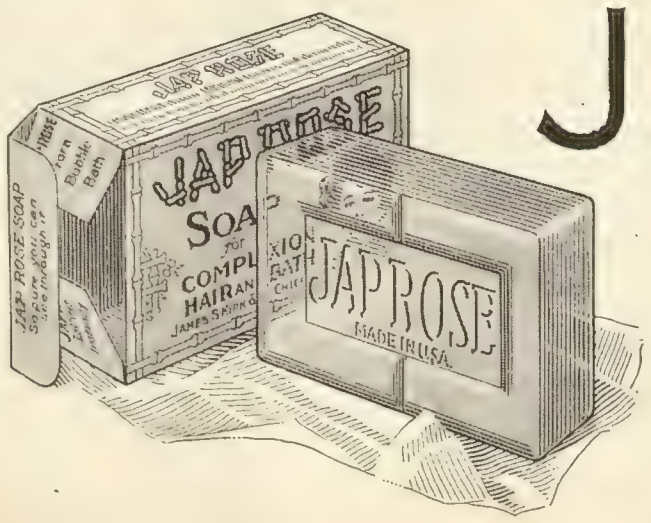
Learn the secret of their soft, clear, unblemished skin—regular and thorough facial cleansing and bathing with Jap Rose, the clear soap that cleanses pores full depth.

Jap Rose is a natural skin beautifier that dissolves completely. In its amber sheen, transparent purity, bounteous, instant lather, and agreeable softness on the skin, you recognize a soap conspicuously different.

Jap Rose Soap is just as delightful and effective for bathing and shampooing as for facial cleansing. Its appeal to dainty women is irresistible.

Compare it. Get a cake today.

THE CLEAR SOAP FOR A CLEAR SKIN



JAP ROSE SOAP

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

"No, of course not. But he just said that nothing ever happens to people like himself and along comes this story. Of course, he has his own wallet in his pocket. You have, haven't you, Bert?"

Dr. Haley thrust his hand into his inside coat pocket, then drew it out and looked hastily through all the other pockets of his suit.

"I would have sworn that I had it," Dr. Haley said. "It's probably in my other suit."

"Probably," conceded old John. "It would be too bad to spoil your fun by having it turn up, though. You're almost bound to be disappointed, I suppose, because, even if you can't find your wallet at home somewhere, all you've got to do is to prove that you were somewhere else when this happened. According to the paper here, the dead man's watch was damaged when he fell, and it stopped at sixteen minutes of two. All you've got to do is to tell where you were about one-thirty A. M. and get somebody to prove it, and there's your alibi. Where were you, Bert?"

"I was—" Haley began, and then stopped. "I'm not going to tell you where I was."

Nurse Harper entered noiselessly, in evident agitation.

"There's a police officer outside in the corridor, asking for Dr. Haley." She looked at Dr. Haley and there was no questioning where her loyalty lay. "What shall I say?"

"Tell the officer," said Dr. Haley, "that I am not here. By the time you get out there that will be perfectly true. Especially if you do not hurry any."

THERE was a fire-escape just outside the board-room. Dr. Haley went down its steel steps and through a window into a lavatory on the main floor of the building. He paused a moment. A hospital visitor came in and removed his hat and coat, which he hung on wall hooks while he washed his face and hands.

Dr. Haley, as soon as he felt that the other man was moderately engrossed keeping the soap out of his eyes, appropriated the hat and walked out to a back street.

He left the immediate neighborhood where he might be known and, from a drug store, called up Central Detective Headquarters, where he asked for Sergeant Merriam. Fortunately Merriam was in the squad-room.

"This is Haley talking—Dr. Bertram Haley."

"Yes, sir."

Merriam had once been an ambulance orderly and later a hospital sergeant with Haley's unit.

"You know that I am wanted in connection with the death of Mike Leahy, don't you?"

Again, "Yes, sir," this time with a slight gulp.

"All right. I want you to be the one to make the arrest. In an hour I shall be at 31 Brookline Place. Wait for me outside. You might bring along an extra revolver for me. Good-by."

DR. HALEY hung up without any explanation of his unusual request for arms and ammunition. He rather thought Sergeant Merriam would do as he asked.

From the drug store, Dr. Haley took a taxi to 31 Brookline Place. He arrived fifteen minutes ahead of time.

The house was not a very pretentious one—it was a little drab, in fact; and it was not a servant who let him in; it was one of the daughters of the household—the younger daughter, Barbara, whose slightly freckled, almost boyish face broke into a wide grin of pleasure at sight of him.

"There's a police officer asking for Dr. Haley."

Young Dr. Haley stooped over and kissed her. He never realized that she was twenty.

"Hello, kid," he said. "Where's Phyllis?"

"Upstairs. She ran to put on another dress when I looked out the window and saw you. I'm to entertain you until she comes down."

She led Haley into a living-room that was neither homelike nor elegant.

"And why," he demanded, talking down to Barbara, as usual, "didn't you have to change your dress, too?"

"Well, for one thing, you didn't come to see me, and, for another, everybody says I look just as well in clothes like these as if I was all dolled up."

Haley gave serious consideration to this. For the first time in his life he noticed that she had rather nice eyes, deep and warmly brown; abundant, though bobbed, chestnut hair; and a mouth that was perhaps too large for the strictest standards of beauty, but just right for the kind of smile she ordinarily wore on it. Her figure seemed at first glance rather sturdy, but he realized that this was mostly due to her clothes.

"Just a good, practical model," she interpreted his thoughts for him; "very little speed, but easy on tires and requires only a minimum of attention."

Dr. Haley laughed. "Beat it, Babs," he said. "Tell Phyllis to come down right away, no matter how she looks. It's very important and I have only a few minutes."

Barbara left the room and went halfway up the stairs before she delivered the message.

"I'll be right down," a voice of careful sweetness promised from above.

Barbara came back to find Dr. Haley looking out of the window at a man who had driven up in a car with P. D. on the windshield. He saluted Haley, but did not get out.

"Good boy," Haley approved half under his breath.

Barbara stepped up beside him, slipping quite naturally under his arm. They were standing that way when Phyllis came into the room behind them.

"Barbara!" she admonished, almost sharply. "You must not loll around on men that way—not at your age."

"My fault, Phyl," Haley explained easily. "It seems so natural to put an arm around the kid that I forget she is more grown up than she seems."

PHYLLIS VIENNE was one of those women who cause dynasties to totter—a perfect blonde, with warm lips, flawless peach complexion, and a bod that it was a crime to clothe. She walked in a beauty that made you catch your breath. Bertram Haley could never remember enough of her loveliness, so that it was a shock every time he met her.

"Have you seen the afternoon paper yet?" he asked.

"Why, no."

Haley sighed. "Then you may kiss me just once before I upset the apple cart."

Wondering at his facetious seriousness, Phyllis offered her lovely lips, which Haley pressed hungrily with his own.

A murmur from Barbara re-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]
called her presence and Phyllis disengaged herself from Haley's embrace. "Barbara, will you please have the courtesy to leave the room?"

"She may as well stay," the young surgeon protested. "I have something serious to tell you, and in a way it concerns her too. Last night you were good enough to promise to be my wife. Fortunately, no one, unless it is your own immediate family, knows about it as yet.

"I say fortunately because, while I love you more than anything on earth, it probably will be advisable for you to break the engagement. Something has happened to me which, if you were known as my fiancée, would bring you a lot of unfavorable publicity."

Phyllis looked at him with widening eyes. "Bertram, what is it?"

"Michael Leahy was murdered last night, and I am accused of having killed him. Here." He handed her the front page of the newspaper, which he had torn off and carried folded in his pocket.

Phyllis took the paper mechanically, repeating in a monotone, "Michael Leahy dead?" Then she went on, "He can't be. Why, he was here only—"

SHE read the item and turned on Haley with a despairing accusation: "Why did you do it? I told you I'd give him up for you, didn't I? And I would have. Why did you kill him? Why? Why? Why?"

"I didn't say that I had killed him. The police merely think so. But, unfortunately, circumstantial evidence may make it very difficult to prove my innocence. That's why I hurried to you, so that you could break the engagement before I am arrested. A detective is waiting for me outside."

He looked at her with wistful renunciation that belied the matter-of-factness with which he had stated his case, and Barbara watched her with the expression of a fox terrier waiting for someone to throw a stick.

"All right," Phyllis conceded, a shade ungraciously.

"Phyllis!" It was a wail from Barbara. "You're not going to give him up? Now is the time he needs you."

"You're mistaken, Babs," Haley corrected. His house of happiness, he saw, had been built on sand. "A man in prison or on the steps of the gallows is better off if he has no wife or sweetheart." Then, to Phyllis: "Of course, I do not wish you to return the ring. I shall have no use for that either. Good-by."

Haley turned to leave the room. Something about Barbara's face halted him an instant. She touched his arm. That was all.

DR. HALEY passed on out and greeted the waiting police officer. "Hello, Merriam."

Detective Sergeant Merriam grinned the way he had that last time they had been in a tight place together—a foggy morning at Bellicort it was, in a dressing station in a captured dugout that had not been "mopped up."

"Get in," he suggested briefly.

"Am I under arrest?"

"Did you kill Mike Leahy?"

"No."

"Then you aren't under arrest. We're going for a ride while you tell me about it."

Haley took the seat beside the detective.

"Here's your gun," said the latter, laying a police special .38 on the cushion between them. "Slip it in your pants pocket."

Haley concealed the weapon. "I can use this if necessary. Now, how much time have we got before you will have to turn me in?"

"Oh, two or three hours perhaps. As long as you are with me, no other officer will interfere with you until they begin to miss me and this car. We're both A. W. O. L. from Central Detail. Now, where do we go from here?"

Haley gave him an address. "You see, everybody quite naturally thinks I'm guilty. Nobody is trying to find the real murderer yet, and probably no one will until I am acquitted—if I am acquitted—and then it may be too late. It seems to me that it is up to me to do a little fast investigating on my own hook."

"Right," conceded Merriam. "Where do you remember last having had that wallet of yours?"

Haley thought a moment. The ring which he had brought to Phyllis the night before had been in that wallet. He must have had it since then. He racked his mind in vain.

"YOU'RE not under arrest, you know," Merriam reminded him. "Nothing that you say will be used against you or go any farther."

"All right." Haley told him the truth.

"Um. And at about what time did you leave your fiancée?"

"Just after midnight. Phyllis sent me home really earlier than I had intended to go."

"Did you go straight home, and did any of your servants see you?"

"When I went home, my man, Hallam, had to let me in, because I'd forgotten my key."

"Then there's your alibi. What time was it?"

"That's the trouble. It was two-thirty."

Merriam groaned. "Nearly an hour after Leahy was killed! What on earth were you doing, Captain, between twelve and two-thirty?"

Unconsciously the old army style of address had slipped out.

"Well, I didn't want to go to bed. Maybe you know how it is. For a while I drove around, hoping I'd find somebody to tell the news to. But all my friends were out or had gone to bed. Then, later, I parked my bus and went for a walk, just anywhere.

"It was while I was walking that I ran into this chap we're going to look for now. I met him at Hoffman Square Park, that little triangular green above the Atterbury Market. He seemed to be pretty drunk. I asked him where he lived and helped him home. He may have been too plastered to remember, but if he does it may be an alibi."

The detective sergeant was not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Mighty Ocean's Playground of Death

Mack Sennett, famous film producer, also is renowned as a big-game hunter of the sea. In the Pacific, off the southern tip of Lower California, he has encountered some of the most amazing creatures known to science. He has watched them in their native haunts, and has observed the terrific drama of their struggle for existence.

He tells about them in an absorbing article. It's called

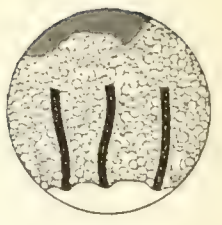
Ferocious Jungles of the Sea

By Mack Sennett

In Next Week's Issue of LIBERTY

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

"Small-bubble lather"

teems with water

BUBBLES are "shells" of water. And water, science says, is what really softens beards. Therefore Colgate has made this "small-bubble" lather which contains thousands more of these water-shells, hence holds more moisture. Fine as mist, these bubbles seep down between whiskers to skin surface, right where blade meets hair, as the lather pictures above prove.

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The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

Why some women look old before their time

In this fast moving era with its ill-adjusted habits of health, many women, even very young women, suffer in looks from the poisons they themselves set up—the poisons of Auto-Intoxication.

TRUE beauty comes from within. The contour of the face, the cast of a feature are things that you may not alter.

But a fine complexion every woman may have—though it cannot forever be patted on with a powder puff. For a clear skin, flashing eyes and radiant animation are results of a healthy physical condition—they come from within yourself.

Yet glance about you and see how few women enjoy perfect health. See the women who are old before their time. See how this quick-step existence, this round of duties, cares and pleasures have taken their toll from nine out of every ten women you know.

Auto-Intoxication is at the root of many modern ills

Nature rebels when we violate the simple rules of health, when we lead nervous but physically inactive lives. Digestive disturbances develop and, frequently, stoppage of waste in the intestines ensues.

When that occurs poisons are set up which are spread through the body by the blood—causing the common American ailment, Auto-Intoxication, an enervating form of self-poisoning.

Auto-Intoxication shows itself in dull headaches, fatigue, indigestion and in a hundred different ways. It makes women look tired and worn. It brings unhappiness—depression, irritability.

* * *

The first step in combating Auto-Intoxication is to correct "stoppage" and to sweep away the poisons of waste. To do this Sal Hepatica, a palatable effervescent combination of several salines, is a safe and approved standby. It stimulates the release of the natural secretion of water in the intestines and this, in turn, brings about *prompt* elimination by flushing.

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[THE PAINTED ALIBI Continued from Page Thirty-three]

impressed. "I wouldn't pin much faith to that."

Dr. Haley nodded his head soberly. "I know it's a thin chance, but I've got a hunch to look into it."

"Here we are," declared Sergeant Merriam.

"Yes. This is it. Grimy old hole, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh. And below the dead line too. This is a crook hangout or I'll eat my old tin hat."

HER painted face, tight dress, too-short skirt — all proclaimed the type of the woman who coolly faced the doctor.

THEIR attack on the doorbell was eventually answered by an unkempt man who looked as if he had been asleep.

"May we see the landlady?" Dr. Haley asked.

"I'm the 'landlady.' What do you want?"

Dr. Haley described the man he had met the previous evening and asked if he was in.

"No such party rooming here."

"But there must be."

"Probably next door."

"Quit stalling," Sergeant Merriam cut in quietly. "I'm from Central Detail. Where'll we find this bird?"

"Oh! Third floor rear. Door at the top of the landing. I ain't seen him since yesterday, though."

The doctor and the detective climbed the dirty carpeted stairs.

There was no answer to the doctor's knock and Merriam opened the door.

"Is this your fellow?"

A man lay face downward on the bed. He had not taken off his clothes.

"He must have had a snootful for it to stay with him this long," the detective sergeant continued, and shook the man a bit roughly.

The only answer was a groan.

"Easy there, Merriam," counseled Dr. Haley. "He sounds as if he were in pain. Turn him over."

The man's face was putty gray. Both men had seen complexions like that before. They looked at each other across the bed.

"He isn't drunk," said the surgeon.

"No, but he's damn near dead," declared the detective.

"Unfasten his clothes," Dr. Haley ordered, beginning with the shirt buttons himself.

SPECKS of blood were on the underwear. About four or five inches below the heart was a hole. Around it the flesh was blue.

"Bullet wound," declared the detective. "It seems to have bled internally. It's a wonder he's alive at all."

"He won't be for many more hours unless he's operated on for that hemorrhage. The lead is still in there, too." The doctor straightened up. "Sergeant Merriam!"

"Yes, sir."

"Telephone for an ambulance from the Memorial Hospital. Tell 'em to have the emergency operating-room all clear for Dr. Haley."

"But, doctor, you can't go back there. Somebody at the hospital will turn you in, sure."

Dr. Haley did not seem to hear the protest. "Tell them to have Nurse Hausmeyer there to administer the anæsthetic if possible. That's all. Beat it!"

"Yes, sir." Perhaps Merriam saluted. At any rate, he went about fulfilling the orders he had received.

He hoped he would not find Dr. Haley there when he got back, but he was practically positive he would.

And he did. The two ambulance men removed the unconscious patient.

"I'll ride over with you," Haley told the detective. "Then I won't get arrested before I get there."

"Good." Merriam started the car. "You let me stop at one of the side streets and you hop out. Some other doctor at the hospital will operate on this bird, and—"

"I'm the only one who would be able to pull him through. You've seen me do that abdominal resection often enough."

"Gee, doctor, I know. But what does it matter if some of the other boys get a little practice on this bum?"

"Hit it up a little, Merriam, or the ambulance will get there first."

"All right, but, doctor—"

"If you want to help you can keep me from being interrupted while I'm working. Some bright person in the hospital is sure to telephone the police station that the notorious murderer has come back, and they'll probably send a patrol wagonful. Keep 'em outside. After I get through I'll give myself up, but I must have at least thirty minutes."

"O. K.," checked the detective. "You'll get 'em, even if you are a damn fool for not running while there's time."

"I suspect," mused Dr. Haley, "that no man ever runs from the specific duty that he has been trained to perform. It's an automatic call and supersedes everything else, even the urge of self-preservation."

"You could knock me out with a blow on the head," Merriam suggested hopefully, "and then drive till the gasoline tank was plumb empty. No one would stop you in this car. After that just lie low until I get the real facts on this massacre of last night."

"Here we are," announced the doctor. "Stop plotting adventure

fiction and get down to brass tacks. Come along. Your place is outside these swinging doors."

THE doctor was quite right in his prediction. The patrol wagon arrived almost as soon as he had disappeared into the emergency operating-room.

Sergeant Merriam held off the other officers by assuming all responsibility for the prisoner, who, he said, had given himself up to him.

But the patrol waited, and at the end of half an hour Dr. Haley came through the swinging doors, giving directions to a nurse.

He noticed the waiting policemen. "Here is my escort. Thanks, Merriam, for entertaining the boys. I'm all ready now. Let's go."

"I've been thinking," said Merriam on the way to the police station. "That wallet of yours never walked from that jane's house to Mike Leahy's desk all by itself. It's almost a cinch that she—"

DR. HALEY pressed the detective's knee with his own. "I've been thinking something the same thing myself, and it's not very good medicine. If it's true, I'd rather somebody else discovered it."

Dr. Haley was taken immediately to Inspector Graham, who sat behind his old oak desk.

"I'm sorry, doctor, that you had to be subjected to the inconvenience of an arrest," he said by way of a greeting.

Dr. Haley looked up in startled surprise.

"We have only within the last few minutes," the inspector continued, "had any evidence that would establish an alibi for you."

"An alibi for me?" Haley repeated.

"Yes. The young woman you were with last night has voluntarily testified that you were together at the time Michael Leahy was killed. As soon as we can check up on her story you will be released."

"But I was not with anyone at that time," Dr. Haley objected, in spite of the imploring glances of Sergeant Merriam. "I was not in Leahy's office, but—"

Inspector Graham stopped him with an interrupting hand. "It's chivalrous of you to protect the lady, but quite unnecessary. She

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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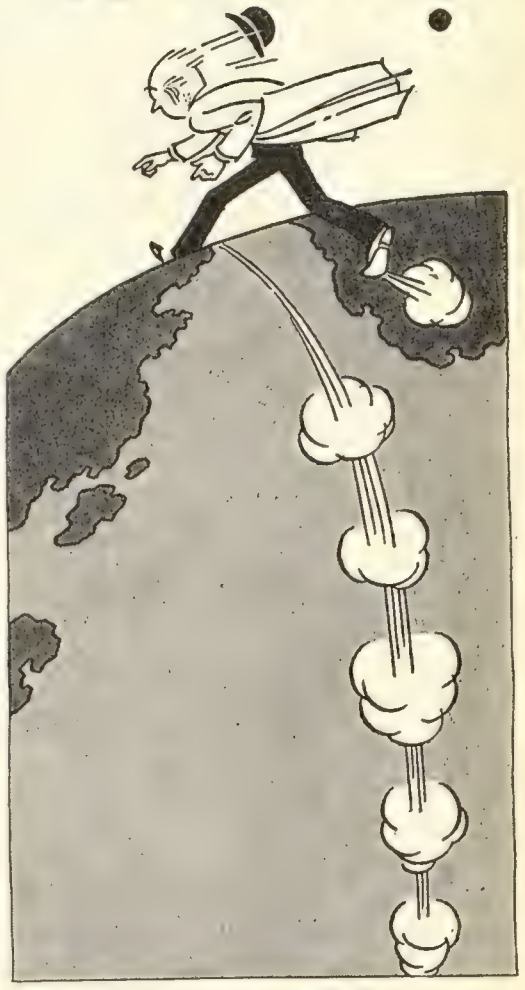

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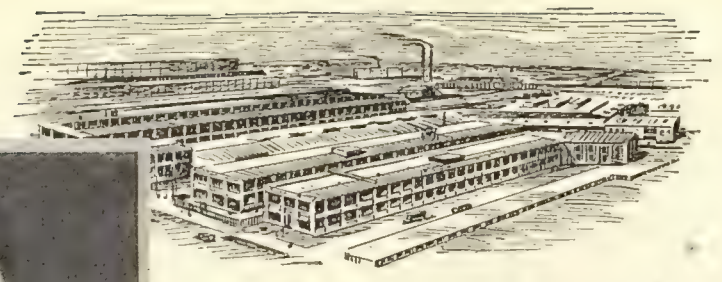

Hugh J. Davey, Jr., Auditor of the Robbins Body Corporation, Indianapolis, who says: "I owe my all to the International Accountants Society."

Are you waiting...or *training!* for YOUR opportunity?

HERE is a true story that should be read by every man who wants to progress in business.

In the fall of 1919, Hugh J. Davey, Jr., was 23 years old. He was a cost clerk with the Robbins Body Corporation of Indianapolis, makers of automobile bodies—an old, conservative organization with a background of tradition and high ideals since its establishment in 1870.

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He enrolled with the International Accountants Society

Just at that time, he dropped into the home of one of his friends, and found him reading a course in Accounting. "I asked him to let me look at it," Mr. Davey writes. "It was the International Accountants Society Course, and the first few pages convinced me that here was just the thing I wanted. It would enable me to train myself for the greater opportunities that were bound to come." He enrolled.

That was seven years ago.

Today, the Robbins Body Corporation is an important factor in its field. Its growth has been steady. It makes bodies for such fine motor cars as Marmon, Stutz, Willys Knight and Paige.

Mr. Davey grew with his organization and became Auditor of this well-known corporation. Incidentally, he was recently promoted to the position of Assistant General Manager. He says:

"I owe my all to the International Accountants Society. My income has increased over 300%. The I. A. S. enabled me to make this progress."

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7-112

[THE PAINTED ALIBI Continued from Page Thirty-five]

has given us all the facts herself. And, incidentally, I think you need not be too self-sacrificing in this case. The woman is quite able to take care of herself."

The inspector pressed a button on his desk and said to the answering clerk, "Show in the young woman from my private office."

Dr. Haley watched the door. A stranger entered. At least, she seemed to be a stranger behind a very heavy make-up and under a hat that was the last word in sophistication, jammed down over her eyes. She had full lips, partially painted on, and very large eyes, almost entirely surrounded by mascara.

There were pendent earrings, a high-necked black dress that fitted tightly over a distinctly feminine torso, rhinestone-buckled slippers with heels so high that they made her skirt seem farther from the ground than it was from the top of her head, and a pair of sheer nude stockings. Altogether something the cat might have brought in from almost any main thoroughfare any time after dark.

"Dr. Haley," said the inspector with burlesque formality, "meet your alibi. Alibi, meet Dr. Haley."

The painted face grinned. It couldn't help it.

"Barbara!" shouted the doctor as recognition smote him. "What are you doing here in those outlandish clothes?"

"Oh, you do know her?"

"Of course I know her. But I don't understand what the—"

"Were you with her last night at one A. M. and for a considerable period after that, as she says?" the inspector asked Haley.

"Does she say that?" the doctor demanded.

"She does."

"And, furthermore," spoke up the lady in question, "I can prove it by these cuff links, which he forgot to put on before he left, and by this handkerchief with his initial."

"BARBARA, you know those aren't my cuff links. You bought them yourself just now. Don't be such a little fool."

"I'm not a fool." But her lip trembled a little.

"She is. Inspector, look at her. This is just a youngster who ought to be spanked and sent to bed." He went over and lifted off the depressing hat. "Only about an eighth of an inch below the lacquer there is a perfectly charming young person, whom you wouldn't mind letting your own daughter play jacks with."

"I don't play jacks," Barbara declared positively. "I'm going to vote next election."

"And, aside from all that," continued Dr. Haley, "I think she is one of the finest, bravest, warmheartedest women I've ever met."

Two tears got away from Barbara's control and made ditches through the mascara. "Why couldn't you let me do this one little thing for you?" she asked.

"Well, I'll tell you, Babs, I'd really rather be tried for murder than to—than to—"

"Than to what?"

"Than to see you again with that damned hat on."

While Barbara and Dr. Haley were conducting their argument, the inspector finished reading the "flimsy" a clerk had brought in.

"The murder trial is all off, Dr. Haley. That man over at the hospital has just come to. He says that he killed Leahy in self-defense with Leahy's own gun in a scrap over the division of bootlegging profits. Leahy shot him first, and then this man—Tony Luigi is his name—fought him for the gat and won. He doesn't remember a thing after that until he woke up just now at the hospital."

THEY left the police station, all three of them—Barbara, Merriam, and Haley.

In the street the doctor introduced them to each other. "Sergeant Merriam, I wish to present you to Miss Vienne."

"I'm very glad to meet the doctor's fiancée," began the detective.

"Oh, but I'm not," Barbara protested. "I'm only her sister."

Merriam considered this for a split second. "Well, even doctors make mistakes."

"I have no fiancée," Dr. Haley corrected. "At present I am beginning life over again with two real friends." He hailed a taxi. "First we'll let Babs wash down to her real self and then we'll go somewhere and feed."

"But I don't want to horn in," declared the detective.

"Horn in on what? Haven't I just told you that the two of you are my sole and only foundation for a new world?"

"All right," Merriam conceded with a broad grin; "but I don't think I'll be very good company until I've been able to figure out how your wallet got into this case."

"I can explain that," Barbara offered shyly. "After Dr. Haley left last night, Mr. Leahy called to see my sister. She has been kind of crazy about him all along, but was going to marry the doctor because the family all wanted her to. She had him come last night to say good-by. While he was there she found the doctor's wallet and asked Leahy to mail it to him. He must have had it on his desk when this Tony Luigi came in."

"Clear enough." Merriam thought it over for a minute. "So your family wanted your sister to marry Dr. Haley. Did that include you?"

"Why—I—er—"

"Don't answer him, Babs. I'll let you know the answer to your question some day after Babs has grown up."

"But I tell you that I *am* grown up."

"All right. Then I'll let you know tomorrow or next day."

THE END

The Coming Naval Disarmament Conference

And What We Won't Get Out of It

An Article by
HUGH FULLERTON

THE United States is entering upon another naval disarmament conference with Great Britain and Japan, proposed by President Coolidge with a view to further extending the limitation of navies. Having granted almost everything possible at the last conference, and given the rival powers even more than they were ready to demand, the United States finds herself suggesting further limitation with practically nothing more to give away, except the right to fortify and defend the Hawaiian Islands and to destroy some worthless, hastily built second-class cruisers, and build some others.

The suggestion that Japan, as a price for agreeing to limit her light-cruiser forces and submarines, may demand that the United States put a further limit on fortifications and the naval base in Hawaii, has alarmed officials of the United States Navy, the Naval Intelligence Department, and some others in the administration.

While, thus far, no direct hint or suggestion has come from Japan regarding such demand, and while the State Department declares that no such concession is thought of, high navy officers declare that Japan, if called upon to extend the 5-5-3 agreement, now in force regarding capital ships, to her cruisers and submarines, will request that the United States cease developing her naval base in the Pacific.

That Great Britain will back the suggestion of Japan, if it is made, is improbable. Japan is virtually certain to request Great Britain to curtail development of some of her naval bases, especially Singapore, and will make pointed inquiries as to Hongkong, and Great Britain will back Japan in any demand concerning Hawaii only provided she is forced to make similar limitations at Singapore—which is not likely.

An attack on the United States from the Pacific would probably be by way of the short, unprotected route from Asia.

British bombing planes from a Bermuda base could range the entire Atlantic coast..

Hawaii, where our naval base is only partially developed—where the one dry dock is said by the navy to be inadequate, and where heavy dredging (for which money has been appropriated) will be necessary before more than one capital ship can reach the inner Pearl Harbor and the dry dock—is the only real "trading asset" the United States has to offer during the discussions now starting informally at Geneva and to be carried further this fall.

Under the Treaty of Washington, the United States may not establish fortifications or naval bases on Guam, the Philippines, or the Aleutian Islands, which prevents any development of the tentative base at Unalaska, where we have a radio station. For the defense of the Pacific and for the maintenance of a fleet in far Pacific waters, we have (unless we can develop a good naval base on the Alaska mainland) only Hawaii.

THE basis of uneasiness in naval circles lies in the fact that, with Hawaii further restricted, the western coast of the United States would be virtually indefensible against attack by capital ships escorting plane-carriers. With the Panama Canal wrecked (which navy and army leaders declare would be the first move of any first-class power at war with the United States) and our already limited navy reduced to two sections—one in the Atlantic and one in the Pacific — our ability to defend against bombing planes on either coast is doubtful.

An attack, launched by Japan or Great Britain, either from plane-carriers or transformed merchant marine vessels carrying planes escorted by heavy cruisers and battleships—or from Vancouver Island (where British possessions extend south of the north line of the United States)—would, according to navy experts, dominate the entire Pacific northwest.

P. & A. photo

President Coolidge, sponsor of the conference.

President Coolidge, in inviting the powers to enter this conference, advanced a tentative basis of argument by suggesting gently that the 5-5-3 ratio applied to capital ships by the Washington treaty be extended to cruisers, submarines, and other types of navy craft.

The basis of the navy alarm over the situation lies, not in anything that has been de-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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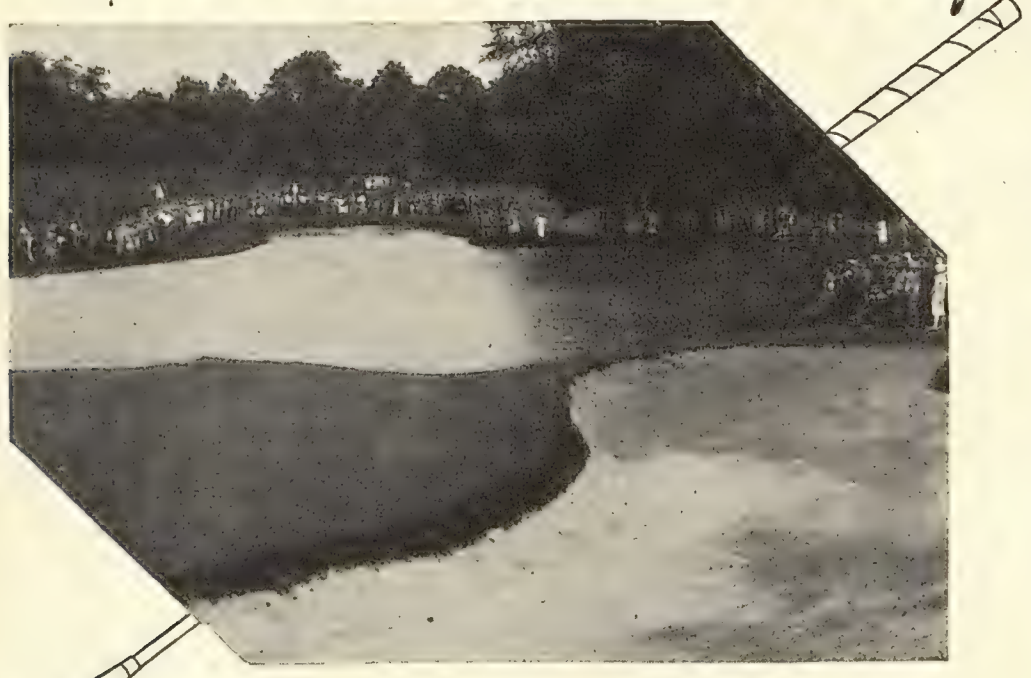

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[THE COMING NAVAL DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

manded or said, but in the fact that, in accepting the invitation, Japan ignored the hint entirely, and made no mention of the proposal to limit the cruiser and submarine classes to the 5-5-3 ratio.

Thus far the Nipponese press has been largely silent on the subject of Hawaii. Indeed, the Japanese press has turned its arguments toward Great Britain rather than toward the United States. The strengthening of Great Britain's great naval base at Singapore is regarded by the Japanese with some concern, at least enough to evoke questions during the conference.

The British seem to have slipped something over in setting the 110th meridian as the eastern limit for increasing fortifications or strengthening naval bases. The Japanese are inclined to watch Singapore closely and to regard it with suspicious eyes.

But the question of Hongkong is likely to be even more pointed. The British are barred, by the Treaty of Washington, from strengthening their base at Hongkong. They are not doing so; but, on the mainland across from Hongkong, a private British-controlled company is building a dry dock 1,000 feet long, carved out of the solid rock. The Nipponese are likely to raise the question as to what the international effect of this private enterprise may be.

Can he disarm any more and feel safe?

IF some private American enterprise should essay to build dry docks in the Philippines, the questions raised would be similar to those the Japanese will ask regarding Hongkong—purely in a defensive manner. They would be in the position of the girl's father asking the young man what his intentions are.

The people of the United States do not quite realize what this conference is all about. They understand, in a general way, that the United States is trying to persuade the great powers that competition in building navies is a ridiculous waste of money. They know that the powers agreed, in 1921, to limit naval armament and to quit the effort to outrival one another in building warships.

The agreement concerned capital ships (battleships), and it was agreed that each nation was to junk a number of ships, and gradually to effect replacements, so that, in theory (and in fact by 1942), the proportion should be: United States 5, Great Britain 5, Japan 3, France 1.67, Italy 1.67. The ratios were based upon the calculated strength of the existing navies.

In the enthusiasm of the crusade against war, the United States was eager to give everyone everything they asked for and to give some things they never thought of asking. In the calculations regarding naval strength the United States and, to a lesser degree, Japan overlooked a bet. The bet was Great Britain's "ace in the hole," which is naval bases.

NAVAL authorities figure that one strong naval base is worth six capital ships. That is, it would require six major battleships to protect cruisers, submarines, plane-carriers, etc., where one base would suffice. Therefore Great Britain, with its existing naval bases all over the world, commanding every sea lane and trade route, threatening every other country in case of war, could afford to dispense entirely with battleships and still be stronger in a naval sense than any other country.

With regard to the existing strength of the powers, the United States is 771 officers and 12,925 men behind its quota in personnel in the 5-5-3 ratio. In actual ratios, instead of 5-5-3 the figures are: officers—United States 4.58, Great Britain 5, Japan 4.14; men—United States 4.33, Britain 5, Japan 3.56.

The actual battleship ratio is not yet in existence. The British have now twenty capital ships of 558,950 tons, the United States eighteen of 525,850 tons, Japan ten of 301,320 tons. Following the Washington treaty, the United States scrapped thirty-two ships—thirteen of them new; the British scrapped twenty-two—all old; and Japan sixteen—four of them new. Eventually (unless war comes sooner) the 5-5-3 ratio will be worked out; but until then, Great Britain will maintain her superior strength in ships and men as well as in bases.

The aircraft-carriers were limited by the Washington treaty, and it was agreed that the United States and Great Britain were to be equal, 5 and 5, to 3 for Japan, and 2.22 each for Italy and France. In actual figures the ratios now are: United States 2.91, Britain 3.87, Japan 2.35, France 0.78, Italy 0.

But to get at the true strength of the powers in aircraft warfare we must add the battleships, cruisers, etc., that can carry planes and the merchant marine. The merchant marine restrictions in the Washington treaty are clear and simple. No power may mount guns on ships, but they may strengthen decks to hold guns. What percentage of the merchant marine ships are so prepared or ready to carry planes, the figures do not reveal. But the latent possibilities all favor Great Britain. The figures of total tonnage are: United States 1,669,850; Great

Britain 8,443,543; Japan 921,763; France 1,013,532.

The figures are significant; but they apply only to the restricted navies, and show how the effort of the Washington conference to minimize the admitted evils of competitive building has worked out. There are, really, no figures needed to indicate that Great Britain has no intent or purpose of surrendering her naval supremacy. The United States has done most of the surrendering of opportunity, and, thus far, has not insisted upon any vital restriction of the other powers.

IN the Washington conference the United States was in perfect diplomatic position to insist that foreign governments surrender naval bases where they threatened the safety of the United States. We did not do so. At that time it is probable that Great Britain, France, and other countries would have considered restricting their naval activities in their American possessions in return for certain concessions on our part. Great Britain, however, was permitted, without argument, to retain all her West Indian and South American possessions without handicap, especially Bermuda, which is another Helgoland threatening the eastern coast of the United States.

In 1921, Admiral Moffett, in a carefully prepared study of the situation which was submitted to Secretary of State Hughes, called attention to the potential threat of the Bermuda base of the British in the event of war between Great Britain and the United States.

No one expects such a war; but the theory of defense is to guard every point of attack, and it must not be forgotten that the United States and Great Britain have fought two wars and at two other times have been at the point of hostilities. In the enthusiasm for disarmament under the Harding proposal, the United States surrendered all its trading stock except Hawaii, and asked very little in return except that Great Britain grant us equality in capital ships. Having bases everywhere; such a concession meant little or nothing to the British.

The naval authorities suggested to Secretary Hughes that a proposal be advanced to England and France that we cancel all or part of their war debts and that they cede to us their West Indian and South American possessions.

Great Britain, of course, would have refused. The British are proud and boast of the fact that the British flag never is taken down from any possession. The French are proud—too proud—either to take down the flag or pay their debts. But at that time it is reasonable to suppose that they would have been willing to restrict fortifications and naval bases, where they constituted a fixed threat against the United States.

Bermuda would have been the chief point of argument at that time and may again figure largely in future disarmament plans. What the representatives of the United States in the Washington conference neglected was the fact that, even in the present development of aeronautics, bombing planes from a Bermuda base could range the coast of the United States from Boston to the Panama Canal. The range of fighting planes (the only real defense against bombers) would fall far short of Bermuda.

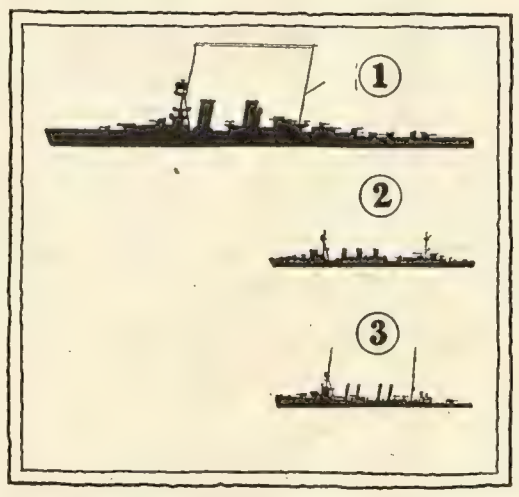
If, as naval tacticians agree, the first move of any foreign power attacking the United States would be the destruction of the Panama Canal, Great Britain has at least four points within easy bombing range of the canal and France two.

The British point of vantage in the Pacific—the southern part of Vancouver Island, which dominates the Puget Sound country—would perhaps be of little use, since the first attempt of the United States, in the unhappy event of war with England, would be to overrun Canada and destroy her naval and air bases.

But Bermuda would be another matter. With her navy and her powerful merchant marine carrying planes, Great Britain would be able to establish a base that would threaten the entire coast and dominate a section limited only by the range of bombing planes—now easily more than 600 miles.

Most of which, naval authorities agree, could have been obviated by suggesting limitation at the first conference. But it is hardly debatable in the coming one, with any hope of such concessions being granted.

In the last conference, someone, in writing the treaty, inserted the phrase, "not including the Aleutian Islands." The attack on the United States from the Pacific, if it ever comes, will probably be by the short route from Asia, skirting south of the Aleutian Islands —which, under the Washington treaty, we are unable to fortify or to equip as a naval base. The right to develop the embryonic base at Unalaska was surrendered without argument, and, while we might establish a base on the mainland of Alaska, it would be far removed from a scene of action.



The comparative cruiser strength of (1) Great Britain; (2) Japan; (3) United States.

With a strong base on Unalaska and a strengthened base in the Hawaiian Islands, the United States could screen the 2,200 miles between those points fairly well and afford some protection to the western coast, by cutting an enemy off from the shortest route.

The approaching conference will deal chiefly with cruisers, which have supplanted the battleships in naval importance. The following abbreviated table shows how the three chief nations in the conference stand at this date with regard to modern cruisers, 5-inch to 8-inch guns, 3,000 to 10,000 tons, twenty-seven knots plus:

	Built	Building	Appropriated for	Total	Tons	To attain 5-5-3 ratio
United States	10	2	6	18	155,000	18
Britain.....	40	11	3	54	332,290	0
Japan.....	19	6	0	25	156,205	4

How Great Britain leads in naval manpower. (Left) Great Britain. (Center) Japan. (Right) United States.

We have, then, the spectacle of the richest nation in the world, and the only one that at present can afford a great defensive navy, calmly bargaining away all its advantages and asking little in return —trying to cling to an ideal while the other nations bargain for technical and real advantages.

President Coolidge had cruisers in mind during the preparations for inviting the powers to the coming conference.

The President was willing to have Congress vote for ten new cruisers, and to vote to lay down three immediately; but he opposed immediate building and tried to prevent legislation for starting construction of even three cruisers at once.

His opposition to the naval program aroused the navy. Undoubtedly he desired authority to proceed with the building program, but did not desire to get into the same fix in which we found ourselves when the Harding conference decided to scrap the capital ships and the United States had to destroy some of the finest and costliest battleships ever planned—some of which were nearing completion.

The President's course was clearly explained when he called the conference. Being in position to proceed with the cruiser-building plan, the United States has another small trading point, and can agree not to go ahead if the other nations will curtail activity in this line.

In the destroyer type of cruiser, first-line, the United States shows better by comparison with the other powers, except in leaders, of which neither the United States nor Japan has one and Great Britain has eighteen. We have 276 destroyers to 169 for Great Britain and seventy-eight for Japan. We are building nothing, while the British are building two destroyers and the Japanese are building four leaders and fourteen destroyers.

Our seeming superiority in this class of vessel is misleading, because our list includes fourteen mine-layers, and the great majority of all our 276 vessels were laid down during the World War, hastily constructed and usually inferior, and in such condition that only 106 destroyers and six mine-layers are kept in commission.

If the Coolidge conferees can make a trade with the other powers and agree to junk 50 per cent of this class of cruiser, it will be an advantage and save considerably in the maintenance of outworn vessels.

In fleet submarines of the first class—a class that will be seriously discussed—the United States lags far behind the other great powers. In total ships, built and building, we will have nine to Britain's sixteen and Japan's twenty-three when Japan completes the seventeen now building. In first-line submarines (700 tons plus, thirteen knots plus) we have fifty to Great Britain's twenty-nine and Japan's forty-five.

Our naval air strength is 230 to Great Britain's 291 and Japan's 198.

There will be discussion of plane-carrying capacity during the coming conference, and the British will hardly count the potential plane-carrying capacity of their immense merchant marine as entering into any such discussion.

Japan's argument will be for more cruisers, or a greater ratio of cruisers to those of Great Britain and the United States than the 5-5-3 capital ship ratio granted them. They argue that, with their scattered insular possessions and the fact that all their coal and iron and other materials for war and manufacture must be imported, they need a much larger proportion of fast cruisers to guard trade lanes and convoy material ships than they need battleships.

THEY will point out the fact that, geographically, they are in the same situation as Great Britain, and will use the British argument that a great navy is necessary to protect an island kingdom. In addition, they will claim that Great Britain produces much coal and metals; therefore Japan needs even more cruisers. Great Britain can hardly confute its own argument and must grant much of Japan's premise. All of which does not help the American status.

The United States is going into this conference in a position to offer to defer its cruiser and submarine plans and to further limit naval-base preparations (meaning Hawaii) if the others will do likewise. We probably shall not even ask for, let alone obtain, the right to fortify the Aleutian Islands, which have belonged to this country since 1867. We probably shall not obtain neutralization of the British bases in the West Indies.

We probably are in for a diplomatic trimming so that the administration may make a pacific gesture to please the church people in the next Presidential campaign.

THE END

The Magnificent Hapsburgs in EXILE

How the Former Empress of Austria Is Raising the Fourteen-Year-Old "King" of Hungary and His Seven Brothers and Sisters in Proud Poverty

An Article by LARRY RUE

EMPRESS ZITA, the exiled Queen of Hungary, has chosen as the site for the rearing and education of the "young King and Emperor" Otto, Lequeitio, a medieval seaport forty miles from San Sebastián. Lequeitio, although on the sea, is flanked by high mountains covered with fir and pine trees, and is sufficiently reminiscent of the Tyrol in Austria for one to realize why this place, of all Spain, was selected as the cradle of the last hope of the proud and ancient House of Hapsburg.

Here, amid the sound of wild Basque songs, echoing the spirit of a strong race that has defied all the elements of annihilation, including time itself, a very grave, serious-minded fourteen-year-old boy is being taught that upon his achievements and birthright depend the reclamation and the political salvation of the centuries-old heritage of his glorious forefathers.

There is something fundamentally tragic in any struggle for life. And the great fight which the defiant, proud, financially reduced yet magnificent Empress Zita is now so quietly, furtively, yet so desperately making has also its element of tragedy.

Like parting, exile is a little bit of death. One senses rather than sees that "little bit of death" at Lequeitio. The ancient castle where the Hapsburgs are exiled already has taken on the atmosphere and spirit of an old garret where are stored the crinolines, the suits of armor, the crystal chandeliers, the smallclothes and hoopskirts, and all the other musty and rusty relics and souvenirs of the splendor, romance, and glory of bygone days.

Yet actually the castle is a rather roomy mansion constructed in Renaissance style. But its numerous windows are not open to the sun. The dejection of its inmates has been imparted to the soul of an otherwise gay sort of place. Great shutters depress large rooms where only enough light is admitted to fill them with somber shadows.

One might suppose that the games and laughter of eight children would enliven a cemetery. But much of the time the seven younger children are away in France, and the "young King and Emperor" Otto, his tutors, two Benedictine monks, the regal but very quiet Zita, and her ladies in waiting have the mansion to themselves. Everything about the place seems tired, like a house run with no servants.

It is located in the shadow of a fourteenth-century Gothic cathedral, whose finely carved chapels are but dimly lighted, owing to the poverty of the congregation.

The palace is a donation of forty Spanish nobles. It is not exactly a gift, as only its use is conferred upon the Empress, the nobles paying the taxes and other costs of upkeep. But the outlay for household expenses; the maintenance of the entourage—tutors, governesses for the children, and secretaries—is borne by the Empress herself, who, having no official connection whatever with the Hungarian government, is forced to accept donations from loyal subjects or others banking on the return of the monarchy to Hungary.

Wide World photo

OTTO, the throneless "King" of Hungary, and the eleventh-century holy crown of St. Stephen, which he may yet wear.

Keystone photo

The somber home of the exiled Hungarian royalty at Lequeitio, Spain.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

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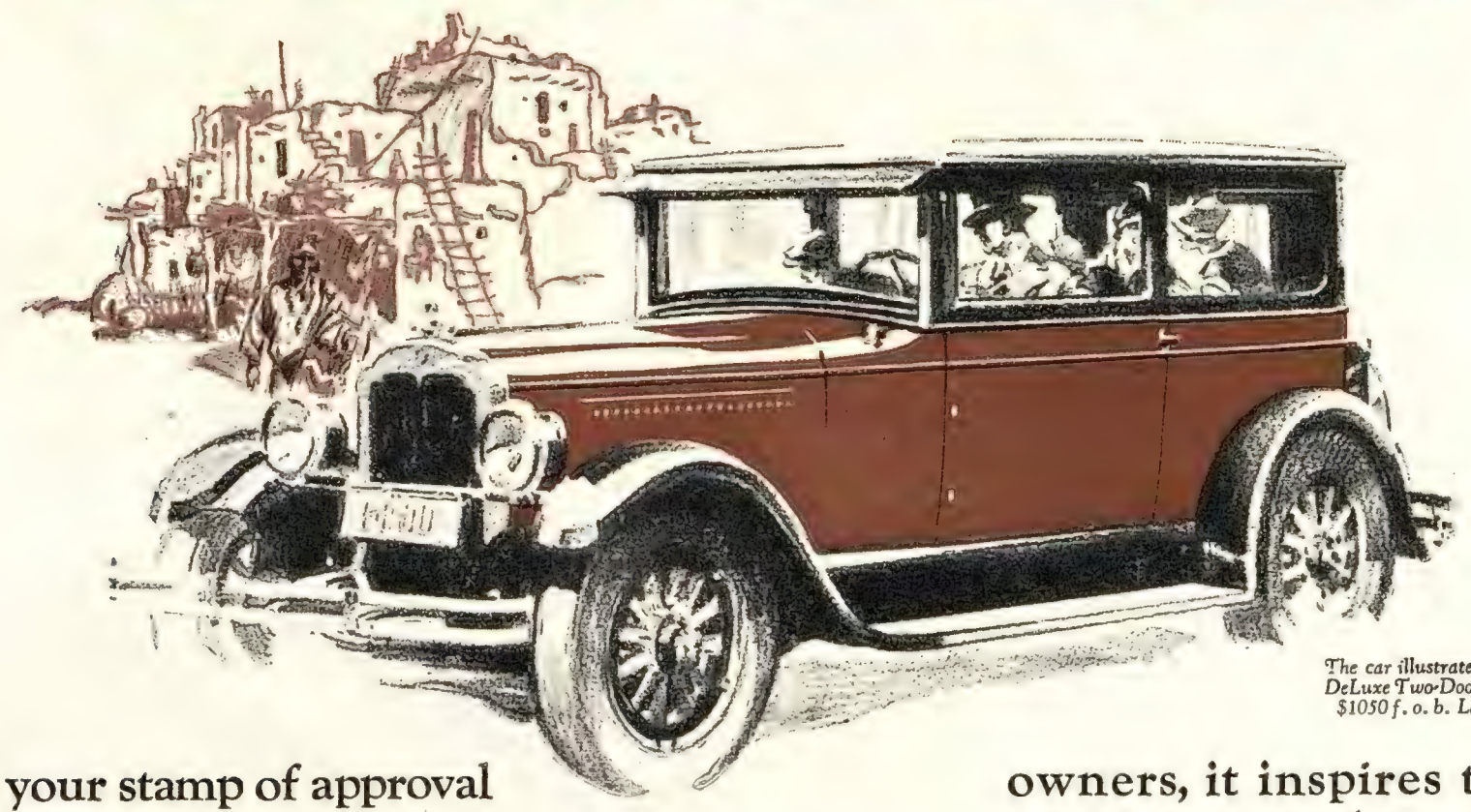

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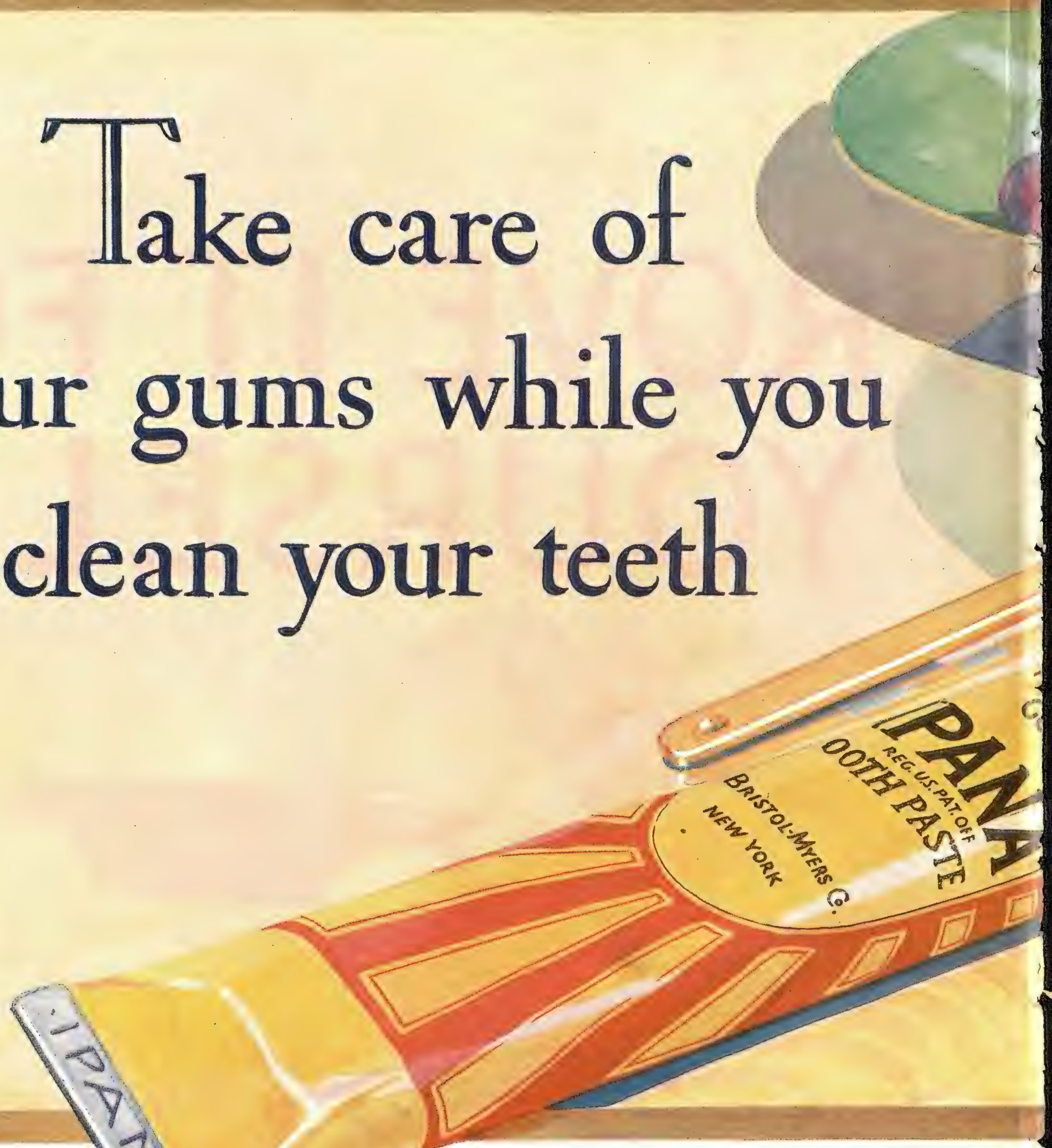

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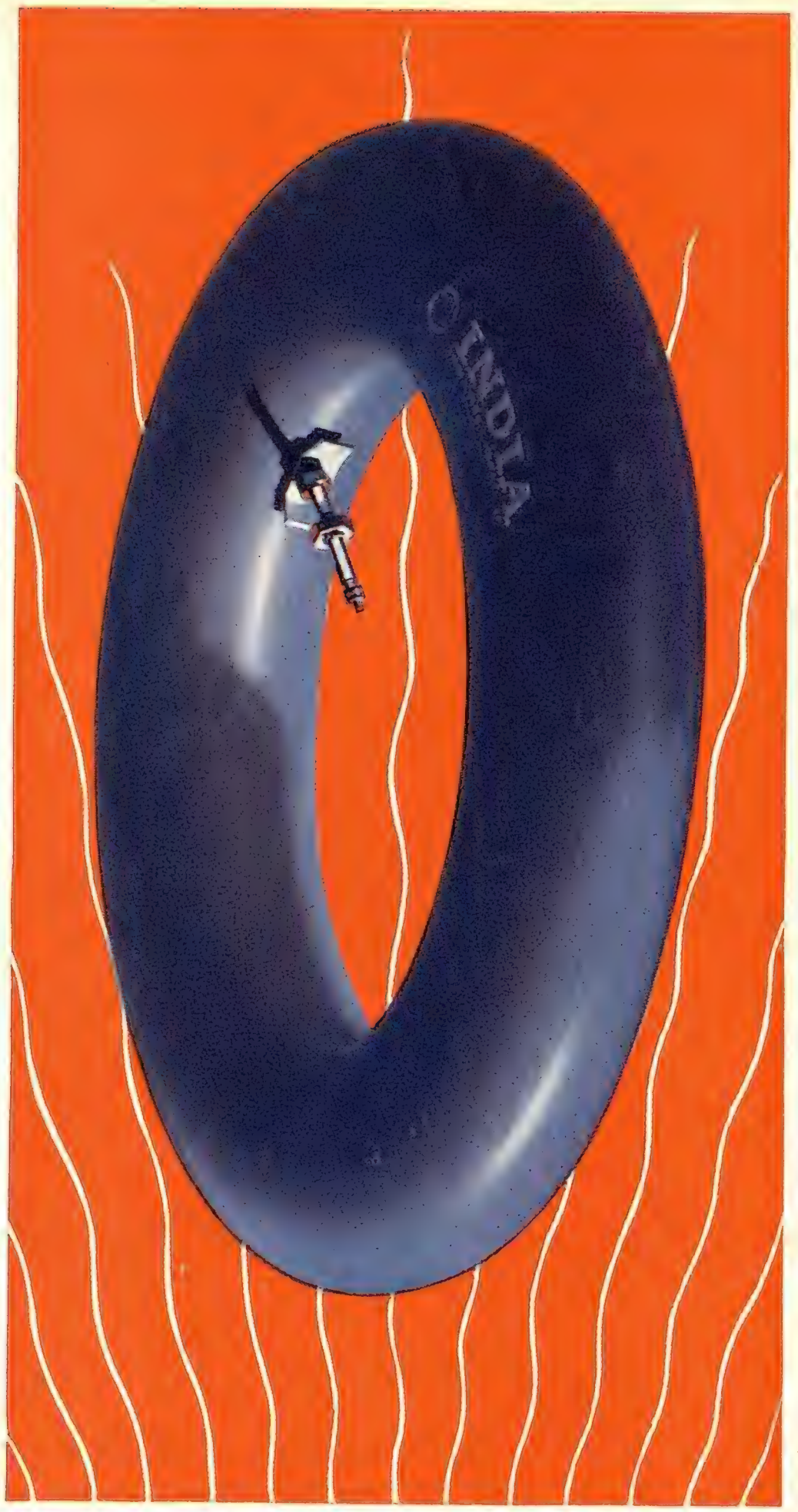

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

And as the exchange is tremendously unfavorable, a small fortune in Hungary is a mere dribble in the current expense account in Spain. Outside the pleasure of serving Her Majesty, the only hope of substantial reward for the entourage is the possibility of the restoration of the Hapsburgs.

The visitor knocks on a massive dull-green door, the entrance to the palace from the road. The heavy brass knocker is in the form of a graceful female hand. It is unpolished. The sound it makes as it swings against the door is loud and hollow. A ghostlike figure passes by en route to the garden entrance. It is the young Emperor's governess. She is unmistakably a young woman, but her hair is prematurely gray and her face pale. Great sad eyes throw a furtive glance back at the caller as she walks. Her shoes are down at the heel. Her long skirt and coat are old-fashioned.

When the door is opened, a little, wistful boy, with a tense, anxious expression, receives the visitor. He calls a maid. All inside seem excited, and strangely anticipant. Some day they hope—a hope shared by everyone in this household—that good news will arrive from Hungary.

One is ushered into a salon, which seems small because it is overcrowded with furniture. There is nothing regal about this salon. It imparts the impression of confusion and disorder—of toys waiting for their owner to get out of a sick-bed or to return from a voyage.

The royal palace at Budapest.

Brown Bros. photo

Keystone photo

Ex-Empress Zita and her children. Otto is seen above, at the left.

AMID a motley of gold and bronzes, cardcases, cigarette boxes, and various knickknacks, one notes especially an ebony center table with a round top, supported by bronze screaming eagles, so arranged that from whatever angle this table is viewed one sees the double-headed eagle of the Hapsburgs. Like the exiled court, this piece of furniture, still maintaining its ancient pretensions, seems out of place in its environment. It, too, is exiled; but still unbeaten, it seems bent upon impressing its mediocre associates with the majesty of its august presence, of its magnificent superiority.

That piece of furniture, with its defiant eagles screaming hoarsely of its rights amid an indifferent, almost contemptuous background, repeats the story of the Empress Zita in Spain.

Psychologists produce numerous examples where a cowardice complex has developed the most courageous heroes. It is the same with Empress Zita.

In her efforts to convince the world that she is a real Empress and her son Otto a real Emperor and King, she has become more regal in her personal demeanor than ever.

None of the going monarchies of Europe is more rigorous in enforcing the strict rules of court etiquette and address than she.

There are occasions when most of the kings and queens of Europe are pleased to drop formality and to be addressed in the less proper but more friendly second person. Even our former ambassador to Spain, Alexander P. Moore, used to delight Her Majesty the Queen of Spain by addressing her as "you" instead of "Your Majesty"; and there is no reason to believe the Queen sacrificed dignity, or that the American ambassador failed in respect.

But the Queen and Empress Zita will tolerate no such liberties with the dignity of the crown. She jealously guards every privilege and title in her daily life among her associates. And as a protection against the vulgar, even when she travels, every contact she has with the outside world, if nothing more than ordering a cup of tea in a restaurant, is made through a secretary. This majestic, magnificent manner is preserved in the most insignificant activity.

One of the chief secretaries of Her Majesty is His Excellency Baron Erwin Gudenus, formerly secretary of the Austro-Hungarian embassy at Madrid. He is a most charming and agreeable person, typifying the finest production of the old prewar Austrian aristocracy. To him I broached the suggestion that I write the story of the Empress in exile, with special attention to the character, personality, and education of the King and Emperor.

Baron Gudenus replied that the King of Spain, in granting hospitality to the exiled Hapsburgs, exacted one—and only one—condition: that during their stay in Spain they refrain from political agitation. This, of course, prohibits Zita from giving out any interviews that might be considered as propaganda for her young son. The Baron admitted that numerous requests had been received for interviews. American publishers especially had offered great sums for Her Majesty's memoirs.

BUT even without the restraint placed on Her Majesty by the King of Spain, there was no possibility of the Empress writing her memoirs. The leader of one of the most ancient and noble dynasties in Europe, Empress Zita heartily disapproved of the way the postwar monarchs and ex-monarchs were breaking into print. She considered this beneath imperial majesty and dignity. Nor did she have any intention of making a publicity jaunt to the United States. She might need money, but she had consistently refused to degrade and cheapen the imperial dignity of the Hapsburgs by going on parade, or otherwise pandering to vulgar curiosity, usually misinterpreted as popularity.

It was the opinion of the Empress that the publicity surrounding various courts of Europe had descended to a plane little more dignified than that which revolves around the escapades of Hollywood or the activities of a prize fighter's training camp.

I mentioned to His Excellency that an impartial story describing the life of the imperial family at Lequeitio had no political significance, but was rather a human document in which the entire world would be interested. The people of Hungary had more than a natural interest in and affection for the young King. They were entitled to know what manner of boy he was; how he was being reared and educated; what were his disposition and character.

OF course, I recognized the difficulties if this information were confined to the Hungarian press, as the Little Entente (the respective countries of which are largely composed of former Hungarian territory) fears and opposes the return of the Hapsburgs to Hungary, because of a possibly disrupting influence among former subjects of the crown. The Little Entente, which defeated with the threat of invasion the two attempts of the late King Carl to regain his throne, undoubtedly would frown upon too much publicity about the present King as presaging another *coup* on the part of the Hapsburgs.

But there seemed no reason why the Little Entente should object to a neutral American publication describing the life of the Hapsburgs at Lequeitio, merely for its human interest. I asked for permission to spend a few days at Lequeitio—to see and talk with the young Emperor at his studies and play. Baron Gudenus promised to submit this proposition to the Empress Zita.

A few days later he wrote me:

> Her Imperial Majesty regrets not being able to give you a personal interview; it is likewise quite impossible for you to have an interview with the young Emperor and King. As many applicants apply, we cannot therefore make exceptions by granting to any foreign journal a favor that, so far, has been refused to all journalists or correspondents, Spanish as well as Austrian or Hungarian.
>
> However, in compliance with Her Imperial Majesty's order, I can give you any information you wish on different subjects that interest you, but only on condition that you give me by letter a written promise not to publish anything before first having shown it to me.

But the information one gets in a casual visit to Lequeitio and by viewing the young Hapsburgs at play on the beach of San Sebastián seemed more interesting than a censored, cut-and-dried account of their activities, so I did not profit by the Baron's offer.

It is the statement of everyone in contact with the court that young Otto, a handsome lad, excels normal children of his age in both studies and sports. He already speaks, reads, and writes Hungarian, Croat, German, French, and Spanish, and is now studying English. A German professor and two Benedictine monks, one a Hungarian, are his principal tutors.

He is being educated according to the German system, and academically he has progressed in the various studies to the sixth grade in a German gymnasium, which corresponds to our high school. He is three years ahead of his age in these studies, besides having an unusual mastery of languages.

A small room containing desks for the chil-

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TAKE THE BUMPS OUT OF YOUR GOLF

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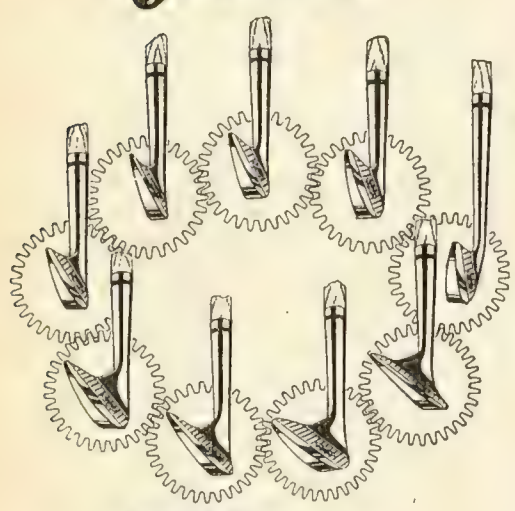

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TAKE THE BUMPS OUT OF YOUR GOLF

[THE MAGNIFICENT HAPSBURGS]
Continued from Page Forty-five

dren, with all the paraphernalia of a modern classroom, has been equipped in the palace, and on school days the royal family study from eight to twelve in the morning and from four to six in the afternoon.

After a light supper, there is a short period for recreation before the sandman comes. In a small chapel the young King and Emperor prays for guidance, and the other little children pray for the happy restoration of their elder brother to the throne of Hungary. There is a scurrying of little feet when mother is kissed good night, and it is during these tender moments that the Empress herself relaxes, and queenly dignity is overshadowed by the dignity of motherhood.

THE young King is grave, as if his spirit were weighed down by the tremendous responsibilities before him. But the other seven are unusually active and full of fun, making their demands upon the household with the usual imperiousness of youth. Unlike the Spanish royal family, the children of Empress Zita are as perfect physically and mentally as one would like to see.

Even the efforts of the court to maintain court discipline fail to prevent the little Archdukes and Archduchesses from being like ordinary children. Despite warnings that such conduct is unbecoming an Archduke or an Archduchess, the usual interfamily squabbles occur frequently.

Archduchesses, when they are very young, will stick out their tongues and make faces and even call names when angry, and an Archduke on one occasion was known to have slapped an Archduchess right in the face when she tried to take his bicycle from him. And a Queen who is denied what she considers her legitimate right to settle the quarrels of political parties, is often called upon by lusty young voices to make a young Archduke quit pulling hair, or to make a young sister stop calling names.

His Majesty King Otto is fourteen years old. The other children, with intervals of from one to one and one-half years between their ages, are: the Archduchess Adelaide, Archdukes Robert d'Este, Felise, Carl-Ludwig, and Rudolph, and the Archduchesses Charlotte and Elizabeth-Charlotte, the youngest.

While Her Majesty is more or less secluded from the vulgar eye, the children are a familiar sight at Lequeitio, San Sebastián, or Argelis, France, not far from miracle-working Lourdes, where they spend a part of the year.

Ordinarily it is a problem for any mother to bring up eight children. But the Empress feels more than the usual strain of limited finances, owing to the position she must maintain. The problem of clothes, however, is partially settled by great donations from loyal Hungarians, who are constantly sending gifts, and the problem of transportation has been solved through the donation of a big autobus by the King of Spain. In this autobus, the top of which is usually covered with bicycles, dolls, and luggage, the children and the Empress may be seen joy-riding.

Brown Bros. photo

The late Emperor and Zita, before they ascended the throne.

Sometimes, when the Empress is tired, she descends from the autobus with all the dignity that once marked her descent from the royal carriage at Budapest, and, accompanied by a secretary, enters a hotel. She selects a seat apart, in a far-off corner. Here she deigns to speak with no one except her secretary, whom she commands to order her tea. He presents himself to the maître d'hôtel and announces:

"Her Majesty the Empress orders her tea served."

A STRANGER overhearing this conversation is startled. He glances toward the corner. A pale, tired woman in mourning is sipping her tea in silence. When she has finished, she rises majestically, almost defiantly, and sweeps out in her long black dress, mounting an ordinary-looking tourist autobus as if she were ascending the steps of a throne.

When the Empress travels with her family and servants it is often necessary to hire an entire hotel to house her company.

This much of the life of Empress Zita, Emperor Otto, and other members of the royal family is remarked by their neighbors.

There is gossip to the effect that the Empress feels the King and Queen of Spain have failed to accord her the attention and compliments befitting the House of Hapsburg. There seems no doubt that the Bourbons and Hapsburgs are finding each other no more agreeable than in the past. It is no secret that the King and Queen of Spain no longer pay her the calls and attentions they did at first, although the Dowager Queen Christina still keeps up a semicordial contact.

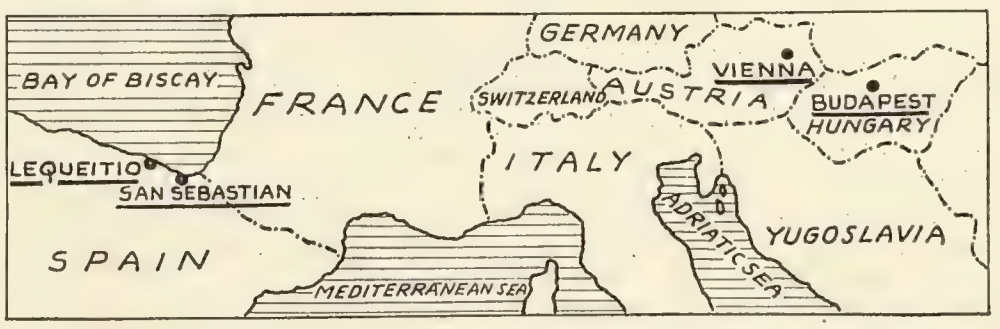
Royal families possess their share of human weaknesses, and the fate of monarchs who have fallen since the war reveals that those who are out of jobs—in the monarchical "soup line," as it were—are no more popular among the going concerns than are the fleeced speculators in Wall Street among successful operators.

FINALLY, the question is: Can the Hapsburgs come back?

To the suggestion that the personality and the life of the young King should be written to keep him alive and lovable in the eyes of his subjects, the Queen replies that his return to Hungary is not a question of personal popularity, but of legitimate right.

Yet her numerous secretaries are daily writing personal letters to the "legitimists" in Hungary, to be shown about, telling the intimate things about the King: what a noble lad he is, how bright in his studies, how sympathetic with his mother, how healthy he is, and how he loves sports. The postman at Lequeitio will tell you the mail is heavy, while courier service is sometimes used to prevent important letters from going astray.

The Hungarian parliament which succeeded the Soviet government has voted to consider the period of 1918 and 1919 as a blank space of time. During that period the King abdicated, a republican government was formed, and this in turn was overthrown by the Soviet; which, by the aid of the Roumanian army, was swept away to make room for the present Regent and government. The old monarchical constitution is continued.

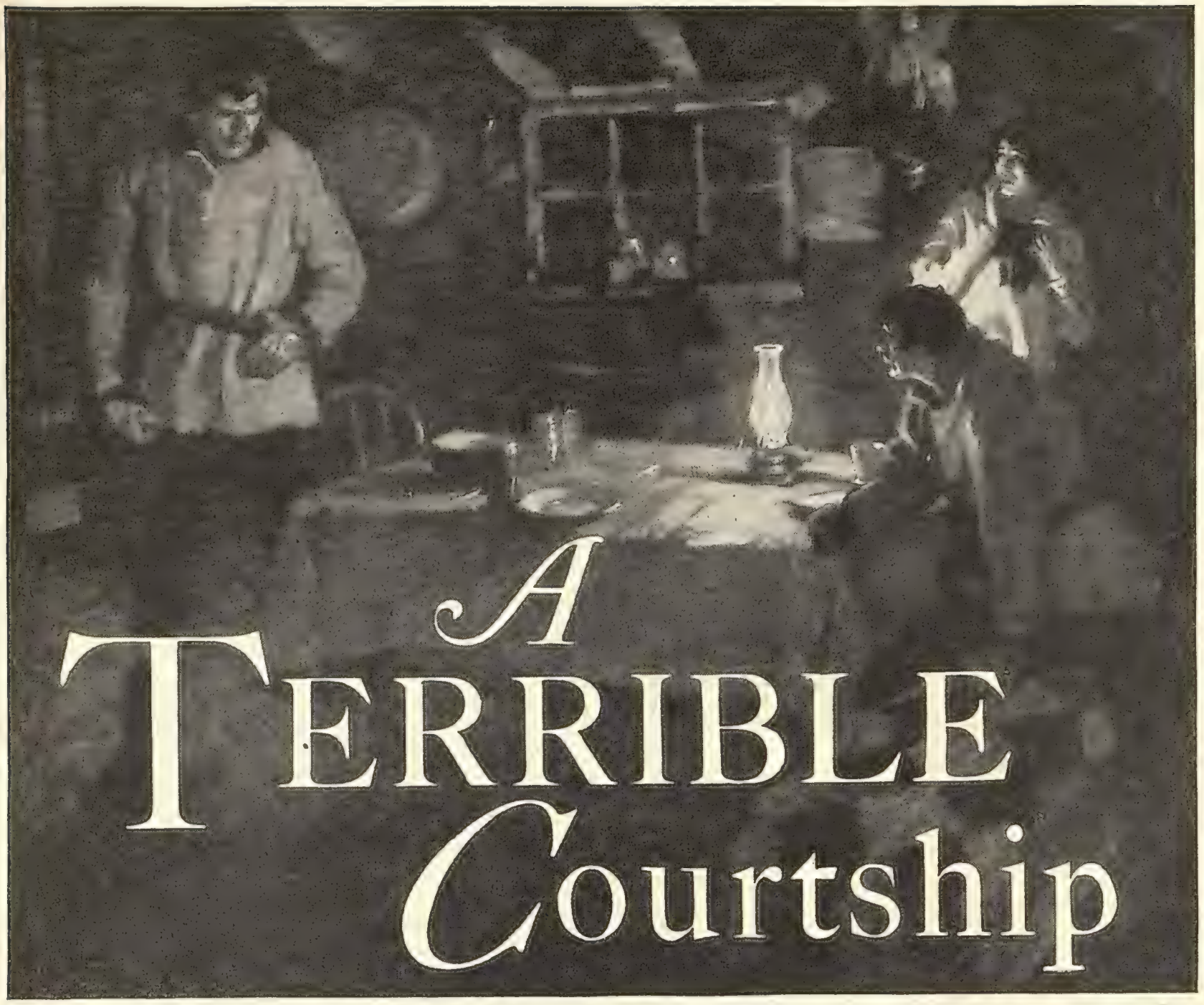


Sketch map showing the "far cry" between the Austro-Hungarian royal family and its ancestral homes at Vienna and Budapest.

Hungary is considered officially as a monarchy with a vacant throne, and Count Bethlen, the present Premier, has announced that the dynastic question will be settled by election when the time is ripe. The time will be ripe when the people are "free from external pressure." As this "external pressure" is exercised only against the Hapsburgs, the chief reason for delaying the dynastic elections is to await a time when a victory for "the young King and Emperor" Otto will not provoke action on the part of the Little Entente.

So there is still great and perhaps justified hope at Lequeitio.

THE END



A TERRIBLE Courtship

Rivard became alert as big Garneau scanned Thaïs from head to foot.

A Story *of the* North

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Pictures by WILLIAM WELSH

WITHOUT doubt it was going to make bad weather. Ovide Rivard, standing in front of his little log camp, sniffed the air much after the manner of his sled dog, Paddé, and felt the approach of a blizzard. The sky bent above him like a shallow bowl, gray and heavy with snow. A little whisper of a wind crept among the pines and hemlocks.

In itself the threatening blizzard was not a thing of importance to Ovide Rivard, for in the great country of Quebec blizzards are of sufficient frequence to be accepted with calmness. It meant that Ovide would have to stay in camp, unable to chop, during the storm; but, on the other hand, it meant also that he would have time to read the two books he had acquired on his last trip down into the old parishes by the St. Lawrence.

It was because of his dog, Paddé, that Ovide was worried. Paddé had been gone since the day before, an unheard-of thing, and it was to be assumed that he had met with an accident. There were timber wolves down from the north that year, but it was not on their account that Rivard had fear. Paddé was well able to take care of himself, even with wolves.

Paddé was one of those French-Canadian sled dogs, like which there is nothing else in the world. He had the vitality of a husky, the philosophy of the dachshund, and the stature of a small calf. In color he was an atrocity of black and brindle, but one had only to look into his sagacious and kindly eyes to respect him. A very paragon of a dog.

If anything had happened to Paddé it was because of a trap or a deadfall. There were trappers about. Boule Garneau had a line of traps out to the west; and that Garneau was a brute of a man, who would knock a dog on the head by preference rather than take him out of a trap. An unwashed, undershot scoundrel, with a forest of hair growing out of his ears and on the backs of his hands. For the sake of his own soul Rivard said an *Ave* every time he thought of Garneau.

But for the certainty of the blizzard, Ovide would have set out to track the dog. The risk to his life he would not have considered for a moment, but in driven snow, wind, and semi-darkness the trail would be obliterated and he himself lost. There was nothing to do but wait. He was about to go back into the cabin when the sixth sense of the woodsman made him turn.

"*Malédiction!*" he muttered. "A woman!"

A WOMAN—a young one—coming across the little clearing which Rivard had chopped; a girl who threaded between his piles of wood with a rhythmic swish-swish of snowshoes which told she was accustomed to marching. Hospitality is a law of the woods. Therefore Rivard waited.

When the woman came up close to him Rivard saw that it was much worse than he had at first thought. She was one of those pretty women with a sparkle of starlight in her eyes. Poof! One could tell at a glance she had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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USKIDE SOLES
REG·U·S· PAT· OFF·

By the makers of the famous "U.S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

[A TERRIBLE COURTSHIP Continued from Page Forty-seven]

wound that white scarf about her neck and put on that white woolen cap merely to bring out the blackness of her curls.

"*Bonjour, monsieur!*" she said, letting down the light pack she carried.

At the ringing sweetness of her voice Rivard shuddered. As though it were not enough to have one great trouble at a time!

"*Bonjour, mademoiselle!*" He stood aside and bowed gravely. "Enter, if you please."

She stepped through the low doorway and drew in a breath of surprise. Rivard saw her eyes flash as she glanced at bunk and sheet-iron stove and floor.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed. "Never have I seen a chopper's camp as neat as this one! Never was there a stove polished in a camp before! There must be a woman. Where is *madame?*"

"I am alone," replied Ovide, closing the door. "Be seated, mademoiselle."

"Alone?" Her eyes grew still more round with astonishment. "But one does not chop alone! It is dangerous, in case of accident."

"I trust *le bon Dieu,*" said Rivard. "Besides, I have a very good dog."

"*Sacre!*" The strange woman swore trippingly, with the calmness of one accustomed to the word. "The man is religious, and he chops alone with his dog! Quite mad!"

NOW, it was impossible not to see that this girl was well brought up, in spite of her words. For that reason Ovide Rivard disapproved of her all the more.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I do not know who you are, where you come from, or where you are going. Here in the camp of Ovide Rivard you are safe; but if I were your brother or your father you would not be marching through the woods alone, especially in the face of a blizzard."

"By the mercy of Heaven, you are not related to me," she replied. "Me, I am Thaïs Paquet, the daughter of Jean Jacques Paquet of St. Joachim, who has a camp ten miles to the north. I have been cooking for my father, but now I am going home for the *fête de Noël.*"

"Alone?" asked Rivard, shaking his head.

"You should have been a priest, Monsieur Rivard!" she laughed.

"Thank Heaven, I am a bachelor!" he exclaimed.

Ordinarily Ovide Rivard was an exceedingly good-natured young man, but at all times he was somewhat afraid of women, especially vivacious girls, and on this particular day worry about Paddé had worn him into a condition of bad nerves. The eyes of Thaïs Paquet opened very wide and the lights in them were now of a different and more dangerous kind.

"Truly!" she cried. "I do not wonder that you are a bachelor! And, monsieur, I hope you will always be one!"

"So do I!" agreed Rivard fervently.

Rivard turned to the stove and

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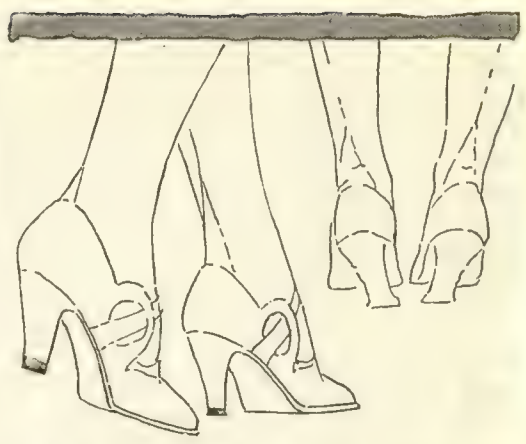

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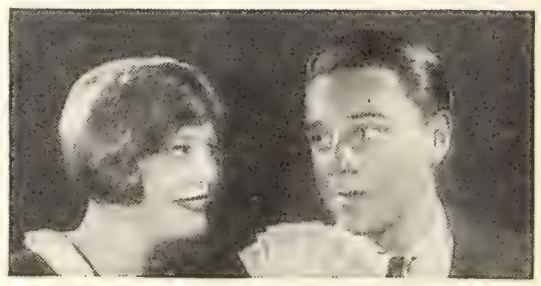

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

put in more wood. Then he went to the door and looked out again. The first heralds of the storm were coming down: little hard pellets of snow which were as unlike the gentle flakes of common storms as bullets are like rose leaves. Ovide Rivard turned back into the room.

"You will have to wait until the storm is over, mademoiselle," he said, with a sigh. "Very shortly it will be death to travel."

"Bad luck!" she remarked, as she unwound her white scarf and took off her jacket. "However, all things come to an end sometime."

Although it was not yet night, it had grown dark in the cabin. Rivard lighted his oil lamp. Then he fell to pacing the floor, with his pipe filled but unlighted. He was conscious that the girl sat regarding him intently, with a line between her arching brows.

"Is it that my presence is so painful, Monsieur Rivard?" she asked. "*Mon Dieu!* It would be pleasanter to go and freeze outside, rather than in here!"

"Freeze?" echoed Rivard, coming out of his thoughts. "I am thinking of my dog, mademoiselle. He has been gone since yesterday."

The lights in Thaïs Paquet's eyes were of a dangerous kind.

"Ah!" she meditated aloud. "He is human, after all. He is able to love his dog."

"A dog," said Rivard philosophically, "is a friend who gives all and asks nothing."

"And a woman, monsieur?"

"Woman?" Ovide wished she would at least keep still. "Woman is the beginning and end of all trouble!"

"Ha!" cried the girl. "I have got into a monastery by mistake!"

OVIDE turned quickly, and it was upon the tip of his tongue to tell her that if it had been a monastery she might have had to observe the rule of silence, when he heard a sound; a sound from somewhere outside, faint, but unmistakably not of the wind, which had risen, howling, within the last five minutes.

"I hear something," he said, as he put his ear to the crack of the door. "*Parbleu!* I am going to see if it is my dog!"

Ovide lifted the wooden bar across the door, and he was instantly swept back half the width of the room. A blast that seemed to have tearing fingers in it came into the cabin. The lamp puffed out. In darkness, stung by snow, Rivard fought until he got the door shut again. Then he relighted the lamp.

The girl's face had changed.

"It is a great storm," she said.

"It is the worst I have ever seen," replied Ovide. Calmly he tightened the laces of his *bottes sauvages*, put on another shirt, and took a coil of rope from a peg on the wall.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going out to see whether it is my dog that I heard."

"Out there?" She leaped to her feet. "It is madness!"

"I shall tie this rope around my waist and fasten one end to the door."

"You will never come back, Monsieur Rivard! It is death!"

"My dog," said Rivard, "would give his life for me."

"*Nom de Dieu!* You can get another dog!"

"Woman!" thundered Ovide. "You do not know what you are talking about! There is but one Paddé!"

"You shall not go!"

THE woman caught hold of the rope and set her back against the door. Ovide was furious. He took her by the shoulders. It increased his anger that those shoulders should be so firm and round to the touch. He set her to one side as though she had been a doll.

"Devil cat!" he exploded.

Ovide Rivard flung open the door, put his head down to the blast, set his muscles of steel, and pushed himself out. He turned, staggered against the side of the doorway, and gave his strength to the task of closing the door behind him. He was somewhat annoyed that the girl helped from the inside.

In darkness Rivard knotted the rope end to the big wooden handle on the door. His snowshoes, left standing outside, were still unburied. He got them on and stood listening. No repetition of the sound he had heard came to him, but he was not discouraged. If it had been Paddé's wail, then Paddé must be within the radius of the semicircle Ovide could describe with the rope. No voice could carry more than a few yards in that wind.

Fighting the storm was like fighting a living thing. When Rivard opened his mouth for breath the wind tore his breath away and filled his mouth with snow. The fine frozen pellets stung his face like needles. The cold had been increasing rapidly, and within five minutes he began to feel sharp and excruciating pains.

Ovide stumbled and fell, lost his snowshoes, and found them again in an absolutely black world of misery. From head to foot he was a snow man. His cap had frozen to his face. His mittens were full

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

for Fagged Faces

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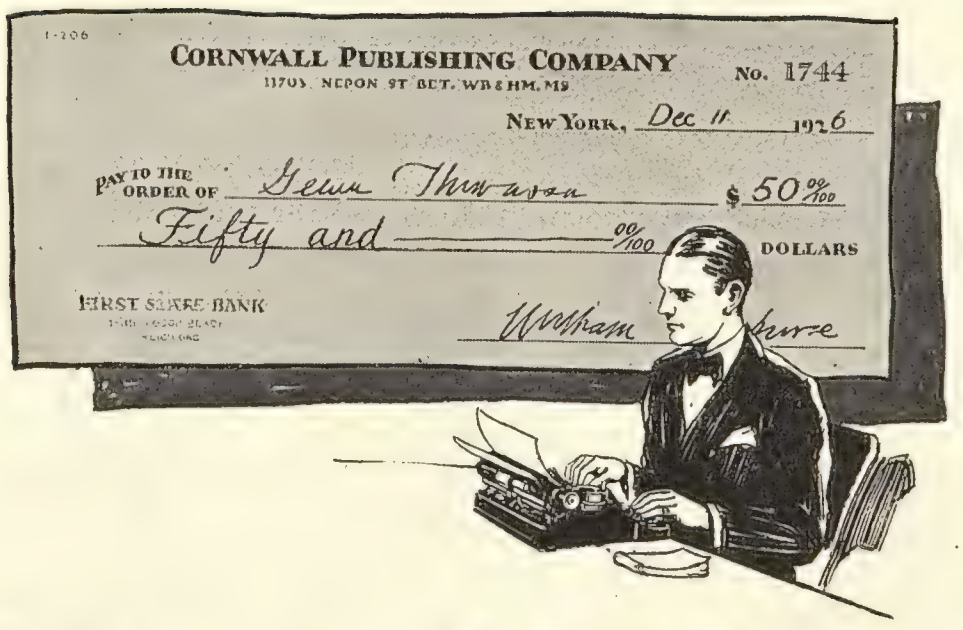

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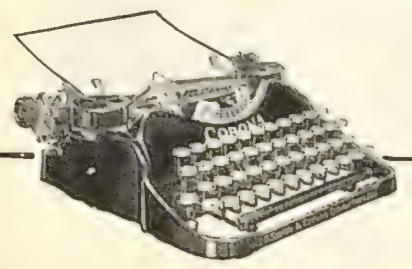

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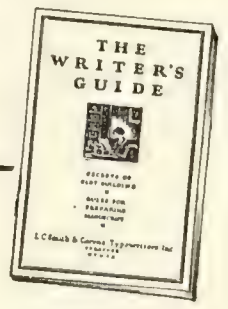

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I own a.....typewriter.

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[A TERRIBLE COURTSHIP Continued from Page Forty-nine]

of snow. Still he went on. He would go on until he could go no longer. With that faint wail from the darkness he had realized the bond there was between him and the big mongrel sled dog that had been his companion from nuzzling puppyhood.

Suddenly he fell over Paddé, but so incrusted with snow was the shaggy body that Rivard did not at first know the object was his dog. He got his right arm under the dog's big chest, back of the forelegs, and began to drag the dog as he fumbled and pulled at the rope. It seemed long years to Rivard before his head bumped against something solid and he knew that he was safe. The door opened instantly, and he and Paddé sprawled together into the cabin.

For a moment Rivard lay helpless. Through lashes heavy with tiny lumps of ice he saw Thaïs Paquet wait until there came a lull between gusts to close the door. He pulled himself up, got free from snowshoes and outer clothing, and turned to Paddé. Because of the snow, it was at first difficult to find out what was wrong with the dog, and by the time some of it had been scraped and melted away Ovide realized that the girl was helping him.

UNDOUBTEDLY Paddé had been caught in a trap by one of his forepaws. A toe was gone. Moreover, there was a long furrow plowed along his side, and this looked to Rivard like the track of a bullet. The dog was helpless from cold, hunger, and exhaustion more than from his wounds, which would heal.

"*Dieu merci!*" exclaimed Ovide. "My dog is not to die! Now I shall put some mutton tallow on the hurts, and in a day or two he will be well!"

"Lard is much better," suggested Thaïs.

"Mutton tallow!" repeated Rivard.

"Lard!" said the girl. "*Mon Dieu!* But you are stubborn! Do you think of nothing but your own ideas?"

"But yes! I think of my dog!"

"Bah!" she exclaimed; and to his surprise her eyes filled with tears. "You have a long nose!"

There was enough truth in this to sting Rivard.

"And you, mademoiselle, you have a too short nose!"

He did not add that it was charming, which he might truly have done. A little flower of a nose. She bounded up and to a bench at the opposite side of the room.

"At least I have a beautiful name! Not one that sounds like a squeak!"

"My name is the name of a great poet, mademoiselle!"

"*Animal!*" murmured the girl.

Rivard might as well let the woman have the last word. One does not argue with a woman, he told himself, as he wrapped Paddé in his best blankets and put him, well covered, in a corner.

Ovide Rivard was ravenously hungry, and he began to think

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Get These DETROIT Facts

WITHIN the last few years Detroit has become internationally famous as the world's richest industrial city.

The statistics of this growth—facts almost unbelievable—have been collected in an interesting book "The Golden Deluge" by a 24 year old company with 70,000 clients. Send 10c for a copy, with valuable city map and street guide. Ask about Westwood Hills, residential investment property near Henry Ford's home.

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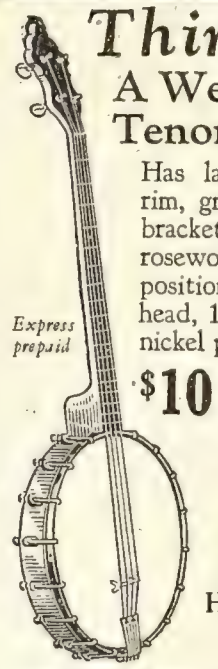

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Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Pills (a Diuretic Stimulant for the Kidneys) 60c. for package of 72 pills.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

about a meal; but the peace of a full stomach and a good pipe was not for him just then. He had no more than taken a frying-pan down from the wall when the door shook from an impact which was not of the wind. He listened, lifted the bar cautiously, and leaped back. It was impossible to say what might not come out of a storm like that.

A man came in; still upon his feet, but bending at the knees and waist so that he was ready to fall. Rivard fought the door shut and helped him to a bench. With the big fur *casque* off he found himself looking into the face of Boule Garneau, stubby with black beard, pain-drawn, blinking.

Unmistakably, above the roar of the blizzard, came a howl.

In a few minutes Garneau was sufficiently himself to talk. But before that his eyes had found Thaïs and looked her over shrewdly. Ovide liked Garneau less than ever for that look; although, of course, he assured himself, the girl was nothing to him.

"The worst night I remember," said Boule Garneau, sitting humped up like a great cask. "I thought I could get around to my traps before it came on, but I got caught—perhaps like the little kitten over here, who would not have lived an hour in the blizzard."

"Mademoiselle Thaïs is the daughter of Jean Jacques Paquet," announced Rivard stiffly, "and she is going home to St. Joachim for the *fête de Noël.*"

"*Joyeux Noël!*" exclaimed Garneau, with a heavy and hideous grin. "Rivard, I can eat, and drink too, if you have anything."

NOW, there was nothing at all about this pleasing to Ovide Rivard, but, so strange are the ways of Heaven, one feels some kindliness toward a man whose life he has just saved. Moreover, to quarrel with Boule Garneau was a dangerous thing. He outweighed Rivard by thirty or forty pounds, and he could break a horseshoe in his hands. If matters became really serious there was always the rifle hanging back of the stove.

So Ovide went about preparing supper, and in a few minutes the bread and beans and pork and tea were ready. Garneau wolfed in silence, mademoiselle ate in disgust, and Rivard with his own thoughts. He was wondering whether it had been one of the traps of the heavy-shouldered brute in front of him that had injured his faithful Paddé.

It was when Boule Garneau was stuffed that he began to give off a hint of menace. His eyes roved. They covered Thaïs from head to foot in a way to make Rivard furious. They noted the rifle hanging on the wall back of the stove and they took account of Ovide's size and probable strength. Boule made several attempts to talk with Thaïs, but she met each attempt with a frozen monosyllable; and to Ovide she did not speak at all.

GARNEAU yawned. In itself that was not much of anything, but it was not a genuine yawn. Rivard became instantly alert. He looked at Thaïs and saw that she had caught the feeling. He fastened his eyes upon Garneau.

"Time to go to bed," said Boule, in a peculiar voice. He got up and, with a couple of strides, placed himself so that he was between Ovide and the rifle. He looked at Thaïs and then at Ovide.

"You sleep on the floor, Rivard!" Boule announced.

It was a challenge. Of course, the matter would have to be settled. Ovide regretted that he had not got the rifle down instantly when he saw that the man he had taken in was Boule Garneau. Too late for that now.

"Mademoiselle will have my bunk," Rivard said calmly, "with some blankets for a curtain in front of it. You and I will sleep on the floor, Garneau."

Boule Garneau grinned and stepped toward him, lightly for one so heavy.

"Rabbit!" he sneered. "I shall pull your ears off as easily as I shot your dog today!"

If Rivard had needed a whip that revelation would have served as a goad. What damage he could do to the person of Garneau would be a pleasure. At the first forward movement Rivard had sprung to his feet. He lifted over his shoulder the bench upon which he had sat and hurled it like a javelin at the great, oncoming breast of that Garneau. It was too much, even for Boule Garneau. He staggered and fell forward upon his hands and knees.

Ovide leaped into the air and came down with both feet upon the back of Garneau, just above the hips. If he had worn the spiked boots of the spring log drive the battle would have ended then, but *bottes sauvages* are soft, and, although Boule Garneau grunted and went flat upon his stomach for the moment, there

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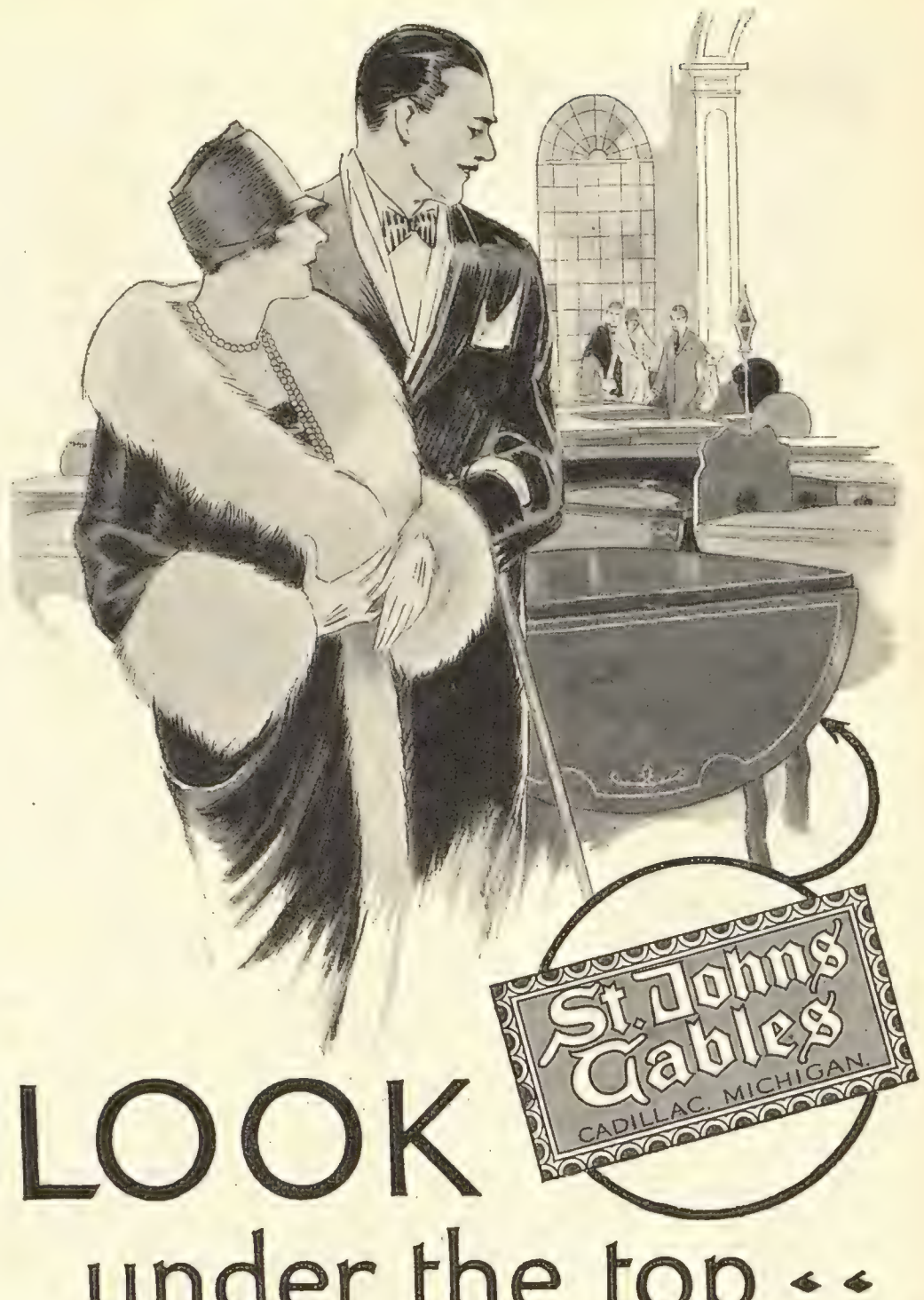

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[A TERRIBLE COURTSHIP
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

was still much fight left in him.

Garneau rose from the floor like one of those terrible creatures of the time before there were men. Ovide, springing away, tripped and fell heavily upon his shoulder. For just an instant he was stunned and slow, and in that instant one of the great hands of Garneau reached out and seized him by the ankle.

There they hung for seconds, Boule upon his hands and knees, holding like death to an ankle, and Ovide, with two hands and a foot braced against the floor, trying to break the hold and get away from the punishment of Garneau's arms. Boule Garneau could snap his backbone with a hug. Boule drooled, and his eyes gleamed with colors like the eyes of a cat in the dark.

Rivard knew he was losing. First his foot slipped, then his hands, and then Garneau began to draw him slowly along. It was during these seconds of the approach of death that Ovide Rivard looked into the eyes of Thaïs.

He saw her, lips parted, eyes filled with horror. Her breath went in and out quickly, and her face was as white as the scarf she had worn. Her hand went out slowly toward a knife of his that hung in its sheath from a nail. He saw her slim fingers touch the hilt, recoil, and clasp it. Then Garneau had him.

A man in whom Heaven has put true courage does not give up, even when he expects to die. Even though Ovide Rivard felt the giant arms of Boule closing around him, he still struggled. *Parbleu!* While one can gouge or bite there is still hope. With the resource of the true woodsman, he set his teeth into Boule Garneau.

But Boule Garneau seemed to mind Rivard no more than a flea, and his arms drew tighter and tighter until the light swam before Ovide. He could not breathe. Then, looking past the shoulder of Boule, he saw a stir beneath the pile of blankets which covered Paddé.

The monstrous head of Paddé stuck itself out. His three good legs scrambled clear. He yelped with pain, and he tottered at the first steps, but movement seemed to give him strength. He hurled himself past Thaïs Paquet, who was coming at last with the knife, and closed his iron jaws upon the throat of Boule Garneau.

IT was well that Boule had not hugged an instant longer or a pound harder, for in that case he would have lost his own life. Ovide recovered breath just in time to save him. The teeth of Paddé were half as long as a rifle cartridge, and he had taken hold as he would have taken hold of a wolf. Rivard tried to choke him to make him let go, but the dog remembered the trap.

Such was the strange and terrible courtship of Ovide and Thaïs. That is how he gave up the woods to become a farmer, and how the terrible Paddé became a lob-lie-by-the-fire, a playmate for little *Canadiens*.

THE END

Lil Leaves Her Job

And Her Engagement Is Announced in the Evening Breeze

Closing an Important Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

SANDY sat in the lobby of the Seery, the town's most ritzy hotel; as usual, having a twenty-minute wait for Lil. Finally an endearing young voice said:

"Oh, am I late?" Sandy led Lil into the dining-room.

Forgetting diet resolutions, she chose a mysterious hors d'œuvre costing sixty-five cents.

Sandy inspected the wallet in his lap. "Half grapefruit," he ordered for himself.

"Our engagement's in the *Evening Breeze* tonight," Lil said.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

STENOGRAPHER-BOOKKEEPER. Neat and ambitious; ideal surroundings; $24. Room 307, Nassau Bldg. Call in person.

TYPIST-STENOGRAPHER. Capable, determined worker; temporary position; $5 day. Phone Main 3711.

TYPIST, beginner. Part time; general office routine; give education in letter; $16. Anderson & Borant, 18 Elm St.

Immediately he planned buying copies for relations. How he wished he was an ambassador whose historic marriage would result in international wedding gifts! Lil ordered broiled chicken on toast and *fresh* asparagus. Sandy chose a Spanish omelet (vegetables included). Then Lil ordered French cream and expensive little drop cakes. Sandy splurged with a little cup custard.

When Lil returned to her office she found a note on her desk: "*Evening Breeze*—Main 333." She rolled her r's properly, and finally was connected with the society editor.

"Was that about my ad?" the boss called later. Lil was thankful for this cue, having put off for weeks telling about her engagement.

"No," she said. "It's about—" and she flashed her ring. "I think Miss Ford should take up my work now. I'm going to be married."

The boss sat staring at his desk. Lil had never suspected his affection for her; but he had planned asking her to marry him this summer.

"Congratulations! Invite me to the wedding and I'll give you a *real* present. Who's the lucky man?" Lil told him. "Why, I know him!" the boss said. "Met him at the Lodge smoker last week. Fine chap!"

And then, as Lil started to go: "Lil, come back any time you want and your job'll be waiting. Let's say *au revoir*, but not good-by!"

(To be continued next week)

see these GIANT REDWOODS *on your trip to California*

THIRTY centuries ago, these redwoods were young. And *this* summer, if you plan your trip to California well, you can see them.

A scenic highway, 400 miles long, runs through the heart of all these famous groves, north from San Francisco into Oregon via Grants Pass. Whether you travel by rail, auto stage or your own car, the world's oldest living trees will shade your journey.

Here, with modern hotels and city comforts, is a true forest primeval. Giant ferns, 7 to 12 feet in height, and hundreds of wild-flowers, are everywhere. Fragrant azaleas and rhododendrons grow in veritable forests. Cool streams sparkle all along the way.

Camping and fishing

Stop over a while at any of the towns and cities in the Redwood Empire and ask about the trout fishing! A morning's run will take you to streams that are still new—a little more time and you can cast a fly where the trout have never seen one before. And in the autumn we can show you fighting steelhead trout of twenty pounds and salmon that weigh sixty.

You'll see so much that is new and delightful in the Redwood Empire that you will always want to come back and make it your home. Send this coupon, today, for the illustrated booklets on this vacation wonderland.

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TSETSÉ

The Death Fly *of* AFRICA

How an Insect Is Checking the Progress of a Whole Continent

An Article by **Wynant Davis Hubbard**

A YOUNG Nandy belle who stands with all Africans in the dread shadow of the tsetse fly.

THE progress of civilization in Africa is blocked by an insect no bigger than the end of your thumb.

Africa, as large as Europe and North America combined, is nearly one-third desert. The remainder, an area nearly equal to that of the United States, is under the curse of the tsetse fly, a messenger of death to human beings and domestic animals.

Africa contains approximately 180,000,000 Negroes and not more than 5,000,000 whites. It is too big, too important, and, within recent years, too nearby a continent for ignorance about it to be excusable. No longer may Africa be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders as the Dark Continent.

A comprehensive picture of Africa must include all the country from the Cape of Good Hope to the mouth of the Nile, from Aden on the east to Cape Verde on the west. Such a picture must show the great developments in wool- and mohair-growing in South Africa, and the sugar, sisal, cotton, wattle-bark, and fruit plantations of the southeast coast. On the west are the alluvial diamond fields. Up through the center run diamond mines, gold, coal, chrome, asbestos, platinum, lead, zinc, and copper mines.

In between are cattle ranches, peanut, fruit, grain, and tobacco farms.

From the West Coast, near and north of the equator, come supplies of mahogany, pepper, cocoa, coal, ivory, rubber, tin, and hides.

From the east come coffee, cloves, fiber, the finest cotton in the world, grain, and beeswax.

What a continent Africa is! The greatest storehouse on the globe. More than a third of the potential water power of the world is found in Africa. Five-eighths of the gold of the world comes from Johannesburg alone. Labor is plentiful and cheap; the climate over the greatest part is healthy and delightful. Yet as a background to the picture looms the dreaded tsetse fly, carrier of human sleeping sickness and of nagana, the disease that kills all domestic animals. It covers nearly half the land available for use by man either for farms or for ranches.

Since the white man's advent the Negroes have increased enormously in numbers and in wealth. Where formerly they hid their villages and grain patches in remote spots so that raiding parties would not find and destroy them, they now surround their huts with acres and acres of grain, pumpkins, peanuts, and cassava.

Their herds of cattle, goats, and sheep are numerous. Almost every village has at least twenty cattle and fifty goats and sheep. And there is a village within ten miles of any given point on the plateau of Africa.

Today there is land available for every purpose. The natives may graze their herds or cultivate virtually wherever they please. The white man may take up a farm or a ranch wherever the fancy strikes him. But what of the near future? As this tremendous population of Negroes, of cattle, goats, and sheep increases, where will they find the land necessary to their existence? Where will the white man develop his great irrigation schemes, his cotton plantations, fruit orchards, mines, and cattle ranches? Will the whites wipe out the millions upon millions of Negroes? Will the Negroes triumph over the whites and develop Africa as a black man's country? Or will whites and blacks interbreed and form a new brown race that will control the wealth of this vast country?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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1927

The *Light-touch* shave comes through clean

THE *new* Gem blade is so keen that the lightest touch—little more than the weight of the razor against the face—is all that is needed to remove the beard.

It shaves you so smoothly—it eliminates scratching, scraping and pulling so completely—that you first think the razor is passing *over* the whiskers instead of *through* them. What a thrill to discover that *every* hair is off *clean!*

But Gem not only has a miraculously keen edge—it *holds* that edge. It's a sturdier type of blade—thicker, heavier—reinforced with a solid steel backbone—so that it won't "give" to the "fightingest beard in town".

If you really want to shave this better way, if you are tired of using a razor that has given you the "poor blade habit"—try the Gem De Luxe Models, $1 complete at all dealers.

Sold Everywhere

Want proof? All right, we'll prove! Write us, enclose ten cents in stamps to cover mailing, and a standard Gem Razor and test blades are yours with our compliments. We're glad to discuss your shave problems.

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GEM *Double Life* BLADES

[TSETSE: THE DEATH FLY OF AFRICA]
Continued from Page Fifty-three

These questions bear directly on the tsetse fly. Unless some means is found of eradicating tsetse flies wholesale, or of preventing the diseases they cause, or of curing the diseases once they have developed, the dispute for the mastery of Africa between blacks and whites will occur comparatively soon. If, by some means, the enormous tsetse-fly areas can be opened up to development, this struggle will be postponed and possibly entirely averted.

Sleeping sickness and nagana are carried by the tsetse fly. Both are caused by the same type of organism. Yet one form affects only human beings, while the other kills only domestic animals.

Tsetse flies, of which there are some nineteen species, all Ethiopian in distribution, act purely as mechanical carriers of the disease-causing germs. They are comparable to the malaria-carrying anophele mosquito. Tsetse flies suck up the germ when biting some creature to obtain their meal of blood. Later when they bite some other creature they inject an irritating fluid to cause a free flow of blood. With this irritating fluid goes the germ.

The germs which cause both sleeping sickness and nagana have been found to belong to the vast number of microscopic organisms called trypanosomes. They form a division of the great family of Protozoa.

The shading in this map of Africa indicates the distribution of the deadly flies; stippling shows desert area.

BEFORE it is possible to work toward the eradication or conquest of a disease it is imperative that all the facts possible about the disease in question be known. We must know, first, what organism causes the disturbance in our blood or in the blood of animals. If we can find out, we want to know also how the organism lives, where, what it feeds on, how long it survives, and where it comes from originally. If it is carried or transmitted from one point to another, or from one creature to another, we want to know how and at what times.

With all these facts at our command it then becomes possible to attempt to develop a cure or preventive for the disease.

"Bugologists" are often derided. But it is only by the work of these men that many of the facts connected with the transmission of disease come to light. A grown man catching little bugs in a pool or wildly chasing insects across fields with a net seems at first thought to be either harmlessly insane or very, very childish. Yet without this childish person science would, in many cases, be helpless.

Through "bugology," or, to give it its correct name, entomology, the life history of the tsetse fly has been uncovered. This is a very important link in the chain leading to sleeping sickness and nagana.

Tsetse flies are about the same size and color as horseflies. There are two distinct species. The first species is called *Glossina palpalis,* and is the group that carries the germs of human sleeping sickness. The other group, which carries nagana, is known as *Glossina morsitans.* Although *morsitans* was the first to be investigated, *palpalis* has of late been more thoroughly studied. Although the remarks that follow are based largely on a study of *palpalis,* they apply equally well to *morsitans,* and while the two diseases are unquestionably distinct and separate, they parallel each other to a remarkable degree.

When tsetses were first studied it was thought they never were found on high land or very close to rivers. As Africa became opened up and news of one part was exchanged for news of another, these beliefs were found to be incorrect. We now know that tsetse flies are found close to the sea, along the banks of rivers and lakes, and at all altitudes up to 5,216 feet. They are found only in tree country, but the trees may be as far apart and as sparsely scattered as in an old apple orchard, or be a tangled mass of trunks, vines, and bushes.

Tsetse flies lay no eggs. A single egg is hatched within the abdomen of the female fly and the larva is fed from the secretions of certain glands. When the grub is fully formed the female extrudes it. This larva immediately burrows into the loose soil.

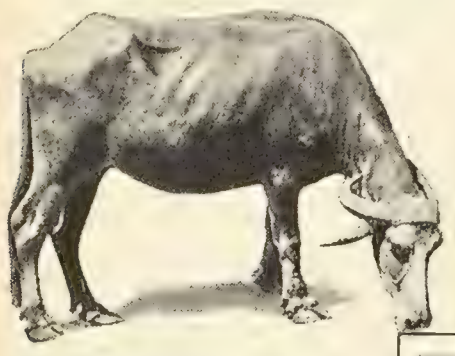
Underground its skin hardens and it becomes a dark brown oval pupa with two bosses at the posterior end which were to be seen on the original larva and which differ in shape according to the species of fly.

AFTER a varying period a perfect tsetse fly emerges from the dark brown pupa case. By means of an extrusible bladder on the front of its head the fly works its way up through the soil. Once on the surface the fly climbs a stem of grass or a twig and lets its wings hang down to expand to their full size before they harden.

We now have under observation a full-grown tsetse fly. If we captured, killed, and examined it under a microscope we would find that it was innocent of trypanosomes. In other words, it must pick up the germ for itself; the trypanosomes are not transmitted

from adult to offspring. However, a study of the early stages of the tsetse fly's life have brought several very interesting facts to light.

First, we have learned that the fly is a slow breeder. It is not like the house fly, which produces thousands of eggs. Second, the care with which a female tsetse fly



Ewing Galloway photo
Sudanese buffalo cow.

Even the notoriously wild African elephant is in harness.

selects the spot at which she will extrude her larva shows that soil must be important. Only dry, light soil — either fine sand or vegetable humus —seems suitable. Proximity to water appears important.

These observations give rise to two speculations. First, inasmuch as the fly is a slow breeder, might it not be possible to find and develop a parasite that would kill off the majority, if not all, the tsetse flies? But careful study has shown no such parasite. A chalcid has been found that does attack pupæ to a small extent, but its attacks are so slight as to render it useless.

The fact that the fly deposits its larva at selected spots suggested the eradication of all such places, or the creation of artificial breeding places that could be examined at periodic intervals and the pupæ killed.

To date this has been the only really practical method of keeping down the number of flies. It is but a gesture at best, and can be applied only in specific localities where the success of such work justifies the labor and the expense.

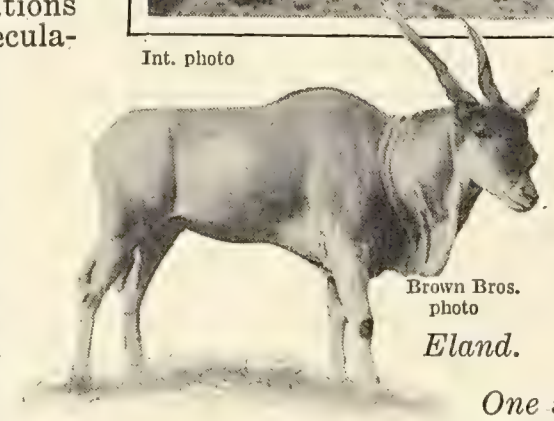
Shade is important in connection with the breeding grounds. By cutting down all the underbrush and letting in sunlight it is possible to discourage the fly. Partially effective as this method is, it is obviously impossible to apply it over an area that is as large as the United States.

Therefore we must return again to a study of the life history of the fly itself in the hope that something may be discovered that may help us. Tsetse flies are found nearly always in close association with game animals, particularly the buffalo, sitatunga antelope, and the elephant. From this fact came the suggestion that as the fly feeds on blood it probably secures the trypanosomes from some one if not all the game animals upon which it feeds. When this thought became widespread, applications were made to the various governments for permission to shoot all the game in infested areas. It was thought that by this plan either the life cycle of the trypanosome would be broken, or the flies killed through starvation.

Fortunately, the governing bodies of the various countries involved were composed of thoughtful gentlemen. They weighed the desirability of ridding certain areas of tsetse against the extermination of the magnificent fauna inhabiting them. Although one or two applications for wholesale

Ewing Galloway photo
British East African water buck.

Int. photo



Brown Bros. photo
Eland.

Zebra.

One suggestion for fighting the death fly is to domesticate African wild animals, such as the ones shown here.

shooting were granted, these men hesitated in the main and put off the applicants.

While they were thus deferring judgment, Dr. G. D. Hale Carpenter, working on the infested islands in Lake Victoria Nyanza, proved that tsetse flies feed on nearly three times as much non-mammalian blood as they do on mammalian. He also proved that one of the sources of the trypanosomes of sleeping sickness was the sitatunga antelope. His careful analysis of the blood contents of thousands of tsetse flies' stomachs showed that lizards, snakes, crocodiles, and other reptiles furnished the majority of the blood drunk by the fly.

THIS discovery proved that the wholesale extermination of game, even if possible, would be of no avail against the tsetse flies, as they feed comparatively little on game animals. The extermination of the non-mammalian creatures of a given district would be impossible. Lizards of various kinds are as numerous as the leaves, not to speak of toads, snakes, frogs, crocodiles, and other reptiles.

It is my belief that tsetse flies and game are found together not because the fly must of necessity follow game, but because the game has found that tsetse-fly areas form a sort of game refuge. Hunters dislike to enter a nagana area because of the annoyance and pain of being continually bitten, and because of the impossibility of using dogs, horses, donkeys, mules, or cattle for transportation or for hunting. No man, unless possibly a scientist, will knowingly enter a sleeping-sickness area. In fact, the governments in whose jurisdiction sleeping sickness occurs have stationed guards around such areas to prevent, forcibly if it should be necessary, persons from entering them.

By the work of men in Zululand, in Uganda, and in the Congo and northeastern Rhodesia, the chain making the life history of the tsetse fly and its connection with sleeping sickness and nagana was welded. It has been proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the germs of sleeping sickness were in the blood sucked up from sitatunga antelope.

Many doctors and other men gave their lives before these facts were established. While not every tsetse fly carries disease, one can never be sure that one will come out of a sleeping-sickness area alive. This applies also to nagana areas. Once in Portuguese East Africa I hunted for some weeks in an area I knew to be infested with nagana tsetse. Later I discovered that several Negroes living in this same area had died, supposedly from sleeping sickness. Although I was bitten many times by flies I escaped.

Once the facts outlined above were established, cures for sleeping sickness were developed. German doctors working in the Loangwa valley in northeastern Rhodesia first developed the cure known now as Baer 205. Later, French doctors improved on this formula and developed a more effective cure. Then Dr. Louise Pearce of the Rockefeller Medical Institute, working in the Congo, developed a third.

Although all these facts have been found about the tsetse fly and cures for sleeping sickness developed, comparatively little is known of nagana. Human sleeping sickness is more spectacular than the somewhat similar disease of ani-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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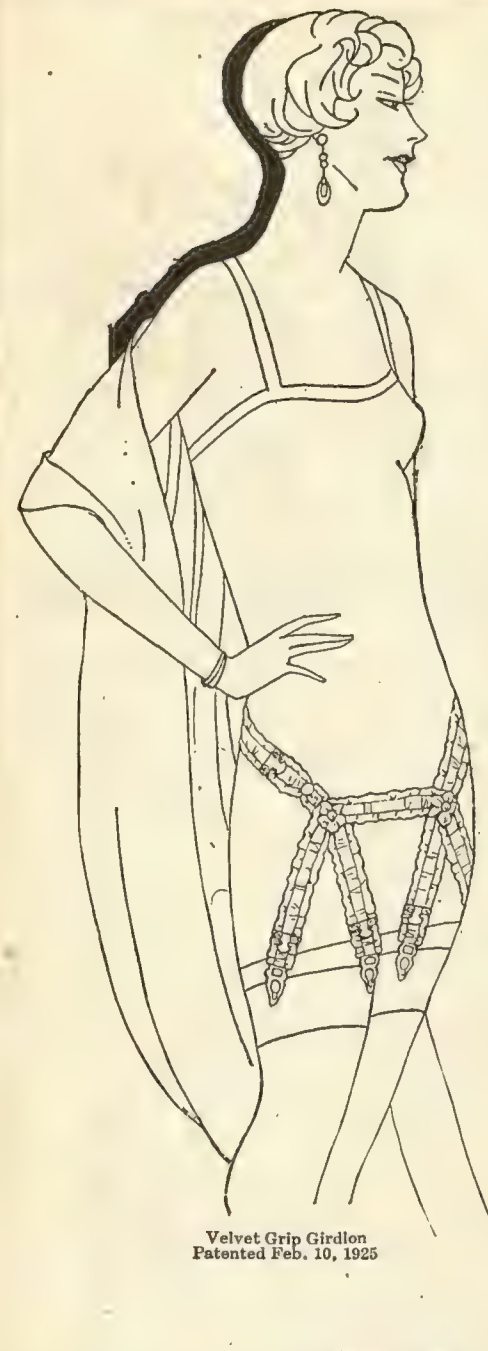

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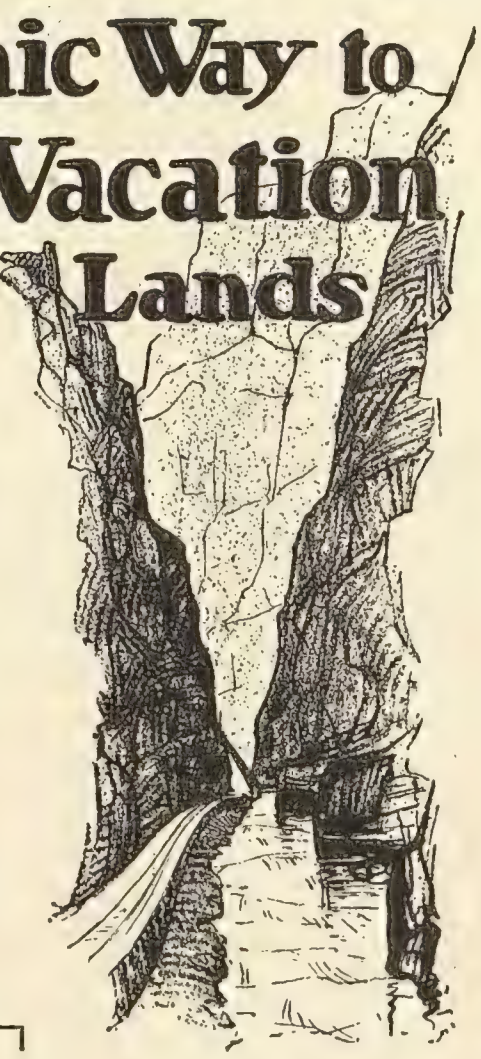

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[TSETSE: THE DEATH FLY OF AFRICA Continued from Page Fifty-five]

mals. When sleeping sickness first appeared around Lake Victoria Nyanza, hundreds of thousands of Negroes died. Whole villages around the shores were decimated. For miles and miles only rotting huts and abandoned grain fields remained. This terrible disaster focused public attention, and commissions were formed to study and deal with the problem.

BUT there is little that is spectacular connected with nagana. As yet its presence is chiefly an inconvenience. Hunters and pioneers moving across the veldt have had to go around the fly areas. Consequently not so much work has been done on it as on sleeping sickness, although the two problems are intimately allied.

Morsitans tsetse-fly areas are called belts in Africa. Their boundaries are as sharply defined as the walls of a building. It is possible to ride a horse within ten yards of the edge of a fly belt and have neither the horse nor the rider bitten. As far as anyone has been able to discover, there is no difference between the soil, the vegetation, or the fauna on either side of these boundaries. What determines them, nobody knows. It is one of the greatest mysteries connected with the tsetse fly.

If these belts remained stationary the tsetse-fly problem would not be so immediate. But they move. Possibly a certain belt of fly may remain stationary for several years. A farmer takes up land within a few miles and clears and starts a farm. Then, for some undetermined reason, the adjacent fly belt moves. If it moves away from him it is all right, but the belt may just as readily move toward his farm. In one year it might move a quarter of a mile or three or four miles. If the fly does move to his farm he is doomed. There is nothing he can do except get out.

If the farmer decided to stay he would have to give up all his domestic animals and endeavor to run his farm solely with human and mechanical labor. I know of two districts where whole towns and their outlying farms are menaced in this way. Even if one's farm is not directly in the path or immediately adjacent to a fly belt, one is not wholly secure. A belt may move from miles away, and it may move in any direction to descend eventually upon your farm and wipe out the results of years of patient labor. It is not a pleasant eventuality to contemplate.

Looked at as a whole, the solving of the problem presented by nagana is of as great, if not greater, importance to the development of Africa as the solving of the problem of sleeping sickness. Nagana covers a greater area. It directly affects whites and natives in that its occurrence prevents the presence of any type of domestic animal in the areas which it covers and consequently closes these areas to development as ranches and farms.

All sorts of cures and preventives against nagana have been tried. The three cures developed for use in sleeping sickness are partially effective when used on animals suffering from nagana. But their cost prohibits their general adoption. Sir David Bruce recommended that men and animals in nagana areas eat quantities of garlic. This is a partial preventive and repellant.

Other repellants used range from painting live stock with crude petroleum or laurel oil to plastering them with a coat composed of a mixture of fish oil, oil of tar, and crude carbolic acid. Other combinations of kerosene, crude carbolic acid, and sour milk, petroleum and naphthalene and oil of citronella have been recommended.

Resort has also been had to trapping the flies of a given belt and killing them. On the island of Principe laborers wore a black cloth smeared with birdlime on their backs. In this way 133,778 flies were caught in a period of little over a year. The effect was noticeable in the number of flies in the belt, but that is about all that can be said.

NAGANA and sleeping sickness occur in places where there are no sitatunga antelope. In the district of Portuguese East Africa which I mentioned there is none. However, elephants wander into this district from the hotbed of sleeping sickness found in the Loangwa valley to the northwest. The mere fact that elephants from this valley are known to enter and stay in Portuguese East Africa in a district where sleeping sickness had made its appearance, does not mean that the elephants are the carriers of the germs of sleeping sickness. They may be, but the fact has yet to be proved. Neither has it been proved that tsetse flies are the only carriers of these two disease germs. There may be others.

Int. photo

The costume in which an African bull is dressed when crossing the fly belt. The few exposed places are covered with axle grease.

All wild animals are immune to nagana. From this fact and from observations of my own has grown the belief that the solution of the nagana problem lies in the wild animals of Africa.

For three years I hunted and studied and captured wild animals in Northern Rhodesia and Portu-

guese East Africa. At my various base camps I had at times as many as 600 live specimens. I studied intensively their psychology and possible domestic potentialities. From this work have come certain conclusions.

WILD animals must be carrying in their blood some antibody that makes them immune to the trypanosomes with which their blood is infected. Such immunization is the outcome of generations of exposure and evolution. The animals that originally were exposed to this disease and were strong enough to survive it lived and eventually increased. The bush pig, buffalo, wild dog, and wild cat are exactly similar anatomically to our domestic animals of the same species. The buffalo is nothing more than a species of wild cattle. Why would it not be possible to crossbreed wild with domestic animals and so produce a new breed that would possess the immunity and hardiness of the wild animal and the desirable qualities of domestic animals? As far as I am aware no such experiments have been tried.

The first operation necessary to such a plan would be to demonstrate that wild animals of the species named could be domesticated so that breeding experiments could be undertaken. I believe that my work and the work of two other men associated with me have proved that any wild animal may be domesticated satisfactorily, provided it is secured when young. It then remains a question as to whether wild and domestic animals will breed and produce fertile offspring. We have proved on our farms that they will breed, but sufficient time has not yet elapsed to prove whether the offspring is fertile and capable of producing young.

Many, many times, while lying out under the moon and stars of the clear African nights, I have dreamed of a research station on the veldt near a fly belt where such crossbreeding experiments could be carried out. While these necessarily long-time experiments were going forward, other experiments and researches in blood analysis to find the antibody carried by wild animals could be performed, and studies leading toward the artificial creation of such an antibody in domestic animals made. It was in just this way that such serums as antisnake venom were found and perfected.

The natives of Africa have developed a cure, or rather a preventive, of their own for use against nagana: Before traversing a fly belt with their flocks of goats and sheep or with their dogs, they stop on the outer edge and camp. The men enter the belt and capture as many tsetse flies as possible. These they carefully kill and dry. They then feed them to their live stock. After from three to five days of such feeding they enter the fly belt with their flocks and go on their way. I have yet to hear of a single goat, sheep, or dog so fed which died after its exposure to nagana in the fly belt.

Ewing Galloway photo

A landing on Lake Albert, Belgian Congo, where the whites are pushing in on the blacks and the death fly hovers over both.

ONCE when I was hunting far up and west of the Kafue River in Northern Rhodesia I found a village in the heart of a great belt of tsetse fly. The only remarkable thing connected with this village was the fact that it boasted flocks of goats and sheep and many dogs. I was told that all the animals had been fed upon a diet containing many dead tsetse flies before they were brought to the village.

In addition to these possible modes of research for a nagana cure, namely crossbreeding, blood analysis, and feeding dead flies to live stock, there are two more possible methods of combating or overcoming fly belts. One is to domesticate certain species of wild animals wholesale and thus form a series of entirely new domestic breeds for tropical farming and beef. The possible wild animals for such use are the eland antelope, which weighs nearly 2,000 pounds at five years of age; the buffalo, which weighs more than a ton when adult; the bush pig, the wild dog, the wild cat, the guinea fowl,

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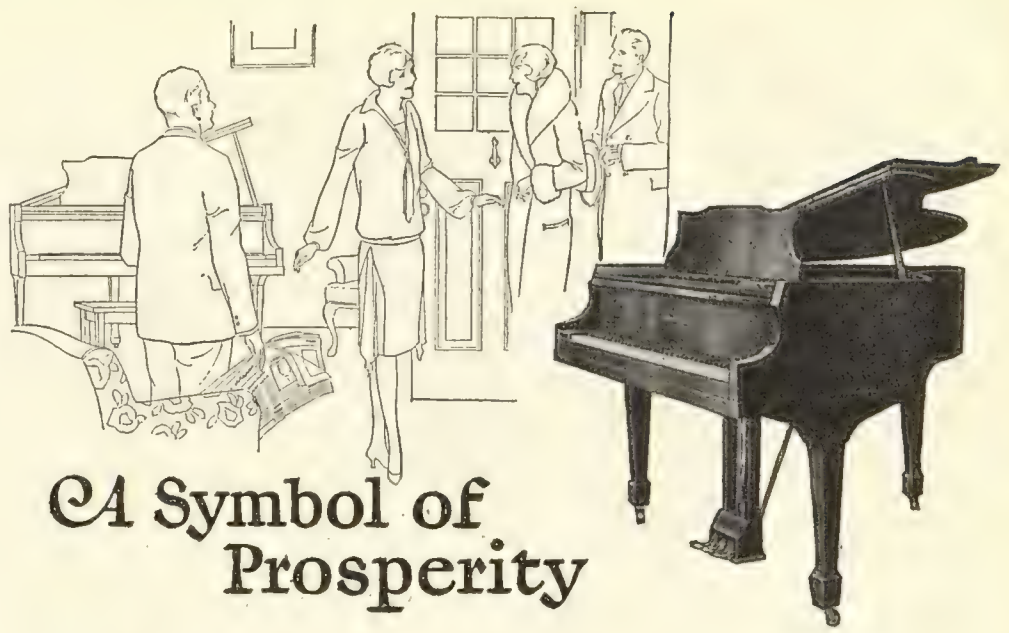

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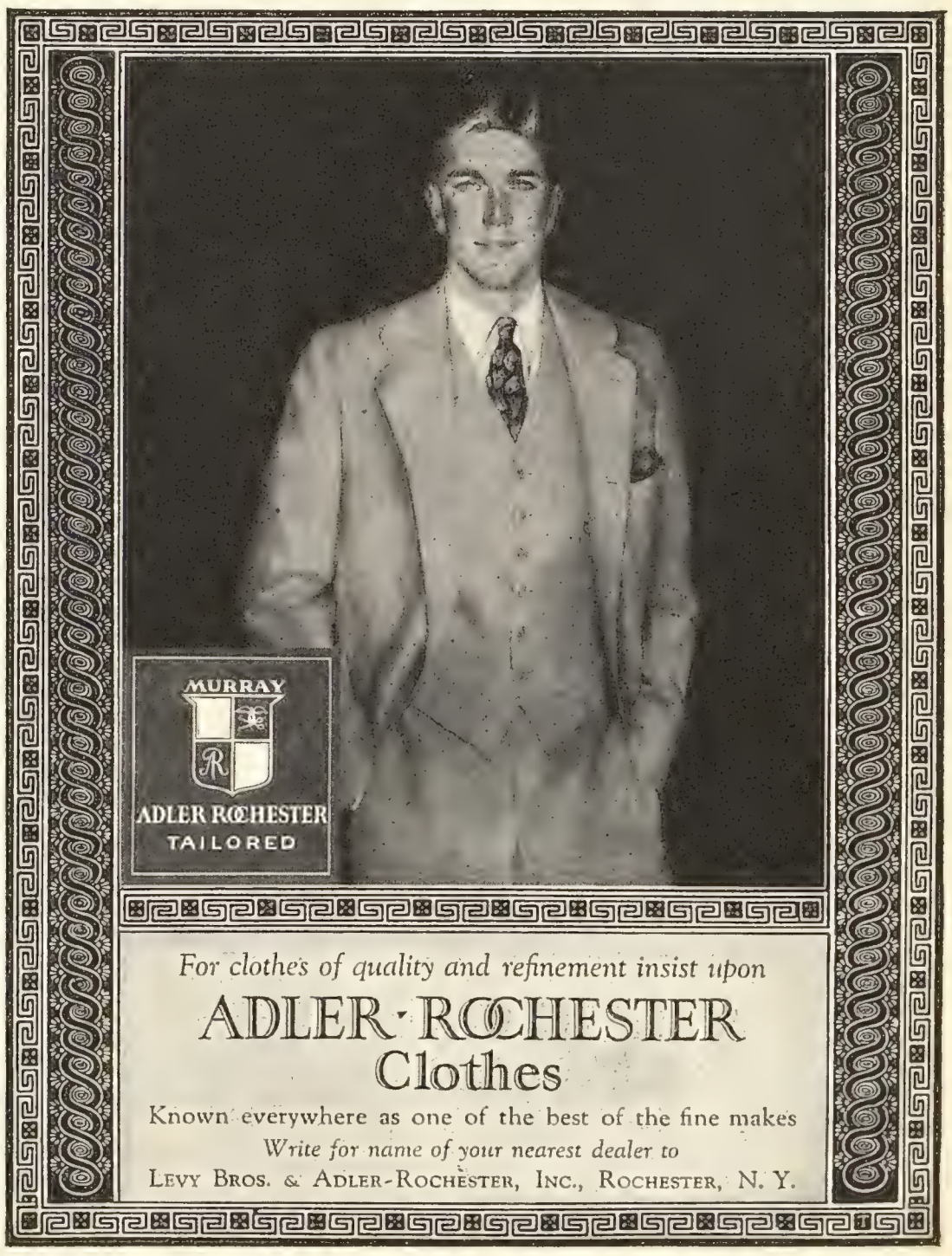

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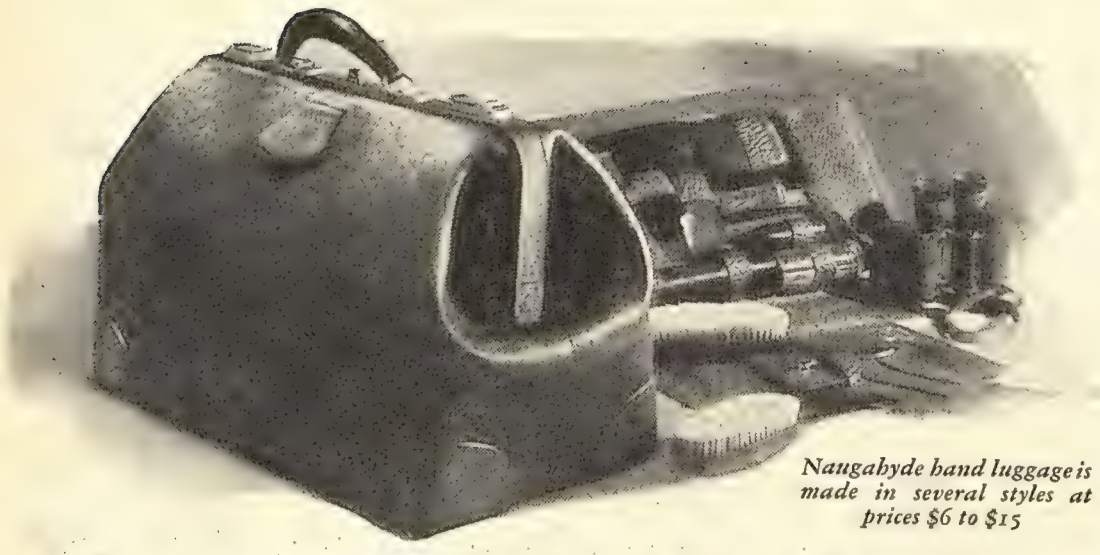

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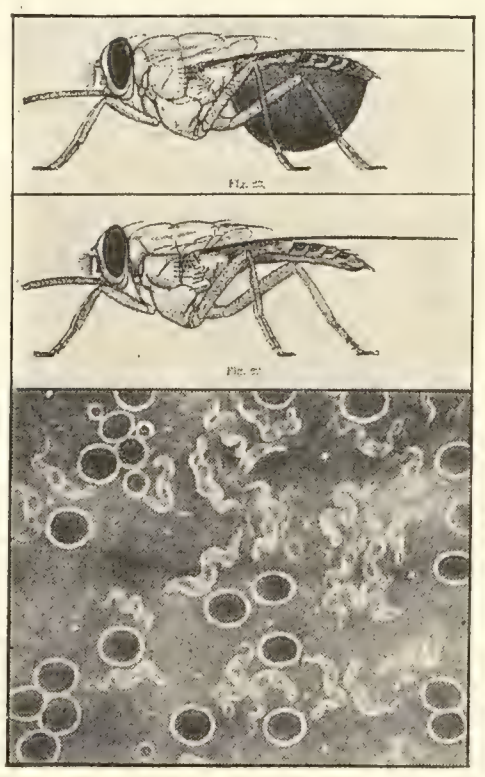
[TSETSE: THE DEATH FLY OF AFRICA Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

and possibly the elephant and the zebra.

This idea is not so fantastic as it at first might seem. In Alaska reindeer are being domesticated and ranched for beef on a huge scale. The zebu has been used in India for generations, as has the elephant. In the Philippines the caballo works as a draft animal, and in Tibet the yak is a mainstay as a beast of burden. The Canadian government is conducting a tremendous experiment with bison. The Canadians every year are shipping thousands of bison from their range in Alberta to the Far North. There they are let loose, in the hope that within a few



Brown Bros. photos

A tsetse fly after a large meal (at top) and as he is normally (center). Microphoto of the strange and deadly germs he injects into the blood of human beings and domestic animals (below).

years that comparatively barren, useless country will be swarming with animals whose meat furnishes one of the best beefs in the world and whose coat and hide are extremely valuable. Is it more fantastic to vision the harmless, quiet eland of Africa as a tropical counterpart of the bison of Canada or the rather savage caballo of the Philippines?

DURING my three years in Africa I handled eland, elephant, bush pig, zebra, wild dog, and wild cat, and found they can be tamed and handled very easily. They occur in great numbers all over the central plateau. Why not attempt to domesticate some of them rather than shoot them, so that in the end none will be left alive and the tsetse fly alone will remain?

Such an experiment station as I have briefly outlined could be run for very little money. Its work would, I believe, do more toward opening up the 3,000,000 square miles of Africa than all the fish oil, crude petroleum, birdlime, garlic, or wholesale shooting combined. Possibly the station is only a dream of mine. But we dream visions in Africa—and often they come true.

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What Beauty Wants to Know

An Article by

EILEEN BOURNE

FROM the Ask-Me-a-Question fad that has struck the country this department has not escaped. In case there remains in our vast population any single individual who still believes he can go to a party and come away with his dignity and self-assurance intact, let me explain that the plague, or game, as it is lightly called by those of high-percentage intellectual caliber, was started with the intention of providing an alternative social hour for the crossword puzzle fans.

It has become a highly popular form of drawing-room entertainment. More popular, I understand, for the host or hostess who holds the book and does the asking than for the poor suffering guest who cannot remember "What line follows the line of least resistance."

Anyway, just to prove how virulently communicable a disease may become, we offer a list of questions for you to answer. Since they pertain to health and beauty, prize winners, as their reward, may consider themselves entitled to our heartiest congratulations and the continued good health that their enlightened state insures. And to those whose correct answer percentage is not so high as it ought to be, we offer our best brand of advice upon request.

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2—What is a quick-and-easy-to-remember rule for computing the approximate weight in relation to height?

3—Between what ages is a slight weight excess desirable?

4—After what age is a slight underweight desirable?

5—Upon what three things does a successful reducing program hinge?

6—What grave reducing mistakes are commonly made?

7—What three items of food are most responsible for making heavyweights?

8—What should you eat between meals if you want to reduce?

9—What are the causes of underweight?

10—What is the remedy for underweight?

11—What scalp disease is responsible for 70 per cent of hair loss, and what measures of prevention can the individual take?

12—What is the best and easiest method of scalp massage?

13—What foods should be avoided by persons with excessively oily scalps?

14—What constitutional condition may cause thin, lusterless hair?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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This summer go water-motoring with a Johnson at the stern of your boat.

Four Johnson Outboard Boat Motors for 1927 offer advancements in design and construction so outstanding that Johnson again sets a new standard of water-motoring performance. Now, more than ever, is Johnson recognized as the leader in the outboard motor industry.

Ask your Johnson dealer to let you try one of the new Johnsons yourself. Four models offer speed ranges of 8, 13, 22 and 27 m.p.h. Ask him about the new Johnson Aquaflyer—a 17-ft. outboard motor boat for four persons.

Johnson motors are sold on easy payments and can be insured against fire and theft at little cost. Write for full information.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY, 732 Sample St., South Bend, Ind.

World's Largest Manufacturer of Outboard Boat Motors

Export Division. 75 West Street
New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

Canadian Distributor: Peterborough Canoe Co.
Peterborough, Ont., Can.

Johnson Outboard Motors

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

15—From what do four persons out of five suffer, and why?

16—Which is better: warm or cold water for brushing teeth?

17—How can you keep toothbrushes sterile and sweet?

18—Why should a mouth wash be used before retiring?

19—What one facial feature, regardless of shape and size, may be improved by a simple trick, and what is the trick?

20—In applying lip rouge, what should you consider in connection with the color applied?

21—Where are the best spring tonics manufactured?

22—What preventable condition is said to be the cause of 75 per cent of physical ills?

23—What drink may be imbibed as freely as six to eight glasses a day to the betterment of health and looks?

24—What beauty treatment within every woman's reach will add 100 per cent to her attractiveness?

25—From a purely decorative sense, what one item does more to help beauty than any other?

26—When is a woman not a woman?

27—What dish should be served twice a day to insure the appearance of raw vegetables and fruits regularly on the menu?

28—What beverage is called the nearly ideal food, and why?

29—What exercise is a nerve restorer, a sleeping potion, a mental tonic, and a cure for constipation, a cosmetic, an appetizer, a fat producer or a fat reducer?

30—How fast does hair grow?

31—During what years does the hair grow most quickly?

32—What are the chief requirements for a healthy skin?

33—After good health and good digestion, what is the most important factor in preserving the complexion?

34—What is the proper foot posture in walking and standing?

ANSWERS

1—Overeating and lack of exercise.

2—Multiply the number of inches over five feet by five and a half. Add 100 pounds. A variation of ten pounds above or below may be classed as normal weight.

3—Between the ages of twenty and twenty-four an excess of ten pounds is desirable.

4—After thirty, below average is desirable; after forty, underweight is a distinct advantage.

5—Regulated diet and daily exercise; substituting good muscle for fatty tissue; reducing slowly.

6—Reducing too rapidly, reducing below normal weight, no definite program of daily exercise, and the use of drugs.

7—Starches, sugar, and oils.

8—Nothing.

9—Abnormal physical condition, imperfect diet, living at top-notch speed, and excessive reducing.

10—Correction of physical defects; eating substantial meals, with cream, butter, other fats and starches; rest, relaxation, and wholesome thinking.

11—Dandruff. Shampooing frequently enough to keep the scalp clean, daily brushing, and avoiding sources of infection in borrowed combs, brushes, etc. Cleanliness should be paramount.

12—Brushing the scalp vigorously twice daily.

13—Oily, sweet, and greasy foods.

14—Anæmia and thyroid-gland irregularities.

15—Pyorrhea; because of lack of proper brushing, improper diet, and failure to stimulate gums.

16—Cold. Warm water has a tendency to soften the bristles of the brush, preventing a beneficial gum massage.

17—Shake common table salt on the bristles and back and hang up to dry. Have two brushes, alternating their use night and morning.

18—Because the salivary secretion, nature's cleanser, is at lowest ebb during the night.

19—The mouth; by keeping the corners lifted.

20—The teeth; some shades of rouge make the teeth yellow, others make them appear whiter.

21—In the vegetable garden.

22—Constipation.

23—Water. It is an important factor in the elimination of waste in the body.

24—Exquisite cleanliness in every small detail of person and dress.

25—The right color.

26—When she loses interest in her personal upkeep and shows it.

27—Salads.

28—Milk, because it contains lime and phosphorus for tooth and bone structure; fat and sugar for energy; protein for building material; vitamins for maintenance of health and growth; water for cleansing and cooling.

29—The brisk daily walk of from three to five miles.

30—Under ordinary conditions, hair grows about one inch in six weeks.

31—Between thirty-five and sixty.

32—Proper sleep, exercise, fresh air, sunlight, diet, and bathing.

33—Protecting it from unreasonable exposure to damaging external influences, such as dirt, sun, and wind.

34—Toes straight ahead. In standing, the feet should form two sides of a square.

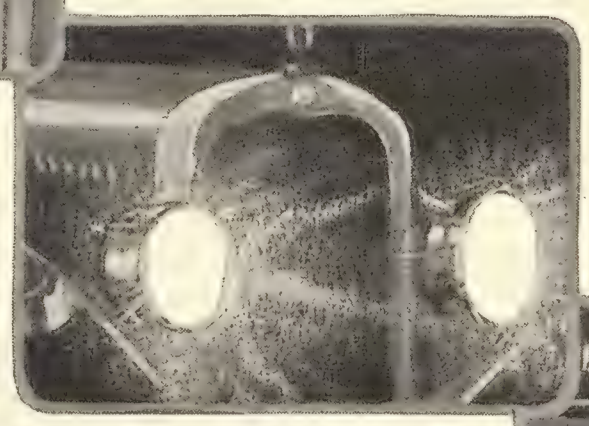
THE END

First

The Old Oil Lamp that was simply a light to see—*not to see by.*

Then

The Acetylene Lamp. More light than before, but more trouble in providing tanks and "lighting" the gas.



Next The Electric Light, but uncontrollable. Either so glaring as to "blind" or too dim for safe illumination.

Are Your Headlights *still* Behind the Times?

. . . still the type that "blind" the other driver when *on full* or fail to point out road dangers when *dimmed?*

For the price of a new tire, or less, you can have a pair of beautiful Tilt Ray headlamps to guard your night-safety, to ease your nerves and add to your comfort. Isn't this an investment you owe to yourself and family?

Guide Tilt Rays installed on any car—easily, quickly—sold on a money-back guarantee. Price $15.50 a pair and up.

Guide TILT RAY HEADLAMPS

Always the same bright light, projected straight ahead or tilted in the foreground.

Today—Tilt Rays!

Depressible beam controlled by driver to direct light rays where and when needed.

The GUIDE MOTOR LAMP MFG. CO. · *Cleveland, Ohio*

What's This RADIO Coming To?

Picture by R. B. FULLER

THE radio is hot on the trail of other forms of amusement and information.

RB. FULLER

An Article by

QUIN A. RYAN

WGN Announcer

RADIO is all of the things that the seven blind men thought the elephant was—and more.

Maybe it's vaudeville, maybe it's a public utility, maybe it's an arm of the press, maybe it's a magic lamp, maybe it's a delicatessen.

Everything is on the air now, and what's this radio thing coming to?

It finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything. Day by day in every way it gets louder and funnier.

Radio's advance has been bewildering, and speculation on its tomorrow is more bewildering still.

The broadcasters have done about all the things they can do; the radio-set makers have perfected their mechanism until it seems they can add nothing but flossy embellishments—and now the future of radio is up to the prophets.

The uses to which the broadcasters have put radio are both great and goofy. We hear sermons, prize fights, symphonies, comedians, Presidential inaugurations, court trials, football games, auto races, household hints, Shakespeare, fairy tales, weddings, and time signals.

Almost everything that makes a sound, and many things with no sound at all, have been transmitted to us by the broadcasters. In London scientists have broadcast the love song of a beetle; in New York they have broadcast a family of sea lions at dinner; and in Chicago they have broadcast the tumult of the Board of Trade wheat pit.

We have heard from our radio horns the actual whirr of the planes of the world flyers as they passed over the broadcasting station; we have heard a Chinese opera, a State fair, a five-ring circus, Rin-Tin-Tin, the Liberty Bell, a punching-bag tattoo, a bridge game, a yacht race, a prearranged locomotive collision, a fashion show, and a bird's song.

SOME of it was unique entertainment and some were merely parlor tricks, but all showed the scope of radio.

So there isn't much left for the broadcasters to touch on in developing novelties for the ear, save possibly a bowling tournament, a lightning typewriting contest, or a barber's clippers at work.

The manufacturers will gallop onward, but as the innards of the sets are pretty well finished off now, the advance toward radio's millennium will be shown mostly in the exteriors of the machines and in the doodads attached thereto—which may be of infinite variety.

We can imagine the advertisements of five years from now:

> Ask to see the new eight-tube Pandemonidyne....Four models: Open, closed, bid, and asked....Smokeless and fond of children.... Can take distance or leave it alone....Collection agency frequency....Hot and cold dials ....Extra drawers for birdseed, lemons, and ginger ale....Vine-covered, and will decorate in the spring.

Cosmo Hamilton, the playwright and author, is an exuberant prophet of radio. After his first venture before the microphone, he was fascinated by its possibilities. We spent a whole evening discussing its destiny, and he warmed to the subject of radio in a highly imaginative manner. I begged him to jot down his notions for me, and he did, delivering a treatise that breathed heavily of commas and fanciful predictions. I hope he won't mind if I quote from it here:

"What, in Heaven's name, as this is merely the beginning of these wonders, will be the end of them? To whom, eventually, will one be able to speak when the radio has grown up, has thrown aside its swaddling clothes, and has become a middle-aged and accepted fact?

"I, personally, believe that well within five years the audience of the person who sits in a broadcasting station will be not only on this earth, but on numerous earths. I feel sure that in time the radio will tune in to the beyond, and that one night, very soon, millions of astonished listeners will hear Caruso sing again from the plane to which he has been transferred by what is known as death, but which is and must be merely another and a somewhat higher form of life.

"The voices of long-departed people will be heard again—Dickens, Thackeray, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mark Twain, Lincoln, Alexander Hamilton, Gladstone, Salisbury—our fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, friends, men with whom we served in the war, boys who were shot down in midair, and who knows who?

"It goes without saying, too, that anyone with imagination, and not too much of that, can see in the greater perfection of this miracle a series of silent revolutions that will do away with the novel, the newspaper, the the-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CARRYOLA MASTER

The Standard of Value

WHEN you start out to get a portable phonograph, you'll want to get the best.

There are many good "portables" on the market. But just one is found from East to West and from Canada to the Gulf. It is nationally known. It's the standard of value. It sets the pace.

That's the Carryola Master. It is made by the largest manufacturer of portable phonographs in the world. And that means more than you might think.

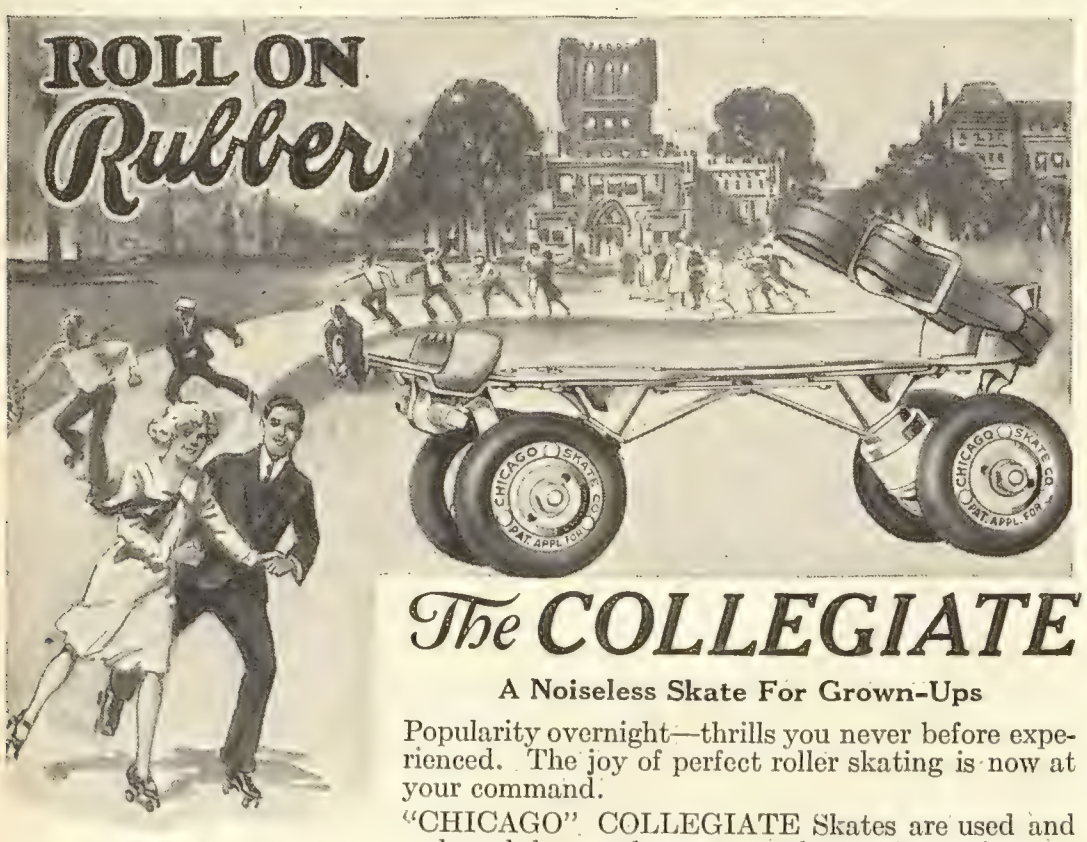
It means better buying, more efficient production, lower cost to make and to sell. All possible because of volume. And *that* means more for the money. A good, hard-headed reason why the Master is accepted everywhere as the standard of portable value.

It explains why it is possible to make a "portable" that plays like the new, larger, and more expensive instruments, is at the same time an ornament to any room, and is strong enough and compact enough to take anywhere. It's the modern musical instrument for the home.

CARRYOLA COMPANY *of* AMERICA
641 Clinton Street Milwaukee, Wis.

Just ask your music dealer for a Free Demonstration. Or write us for Free, Illustrated Folder.

ROLL ON *Rubber*



The COLLEGIATE

A Noiseless Skate For Grown-Ups

Popularity overnight—thrills you never before experienced. The joy of perfect roller skating is now at your command.

"CHICAGO" COLLEGIATE Skates are used and endorsed by students everywhere. No noise—no grind—no slipping. Made especially for men, women, boys, and girls weighing over 80 pounds.

An ACE on The Campus
For Pleasure — Speed — Health

Glide along silently—because the tires are noiseless and shock absorbing. Ball-bearing wheels speediest made. Enjoy the time of your life; keep your weight and health at par by using "CHICAGO" COLLEGIATE Skates—Fully Guaranteed—Order Today!

If your dealer is sold out, send $6.50 direct, giving dealer's name and address, size and length of shoe.

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE COMPANY
4424 W. LAKE ST. (*Established over 20 years*) CHICAGO, ILL.

Sectional View Showing High Speed Heavy Duty Wheel.

RINK MANAGERS Write for catalog of complete line of Rink and Racing Skates with shoes attached. We sell 80% of Rinks in the United States.

"CHICAGO" Roller Skates RUBBER TIRES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

ater, and the concert room. It isn't to be supposed that even the most successful novelist will be contented to be read by the merest smattering of people, when he can speak direct to billions.

"Novels soon will be compressed into tabloid form and conveyed in thirty minutes, not merely to forty or fifty thousand people, but to the whole number of those long since out of the habit of reading, who will tune in and listen.

"It isn't to be supposed that the newspaper can live when everyone may hear the voices of Mussolini, Lloyd George, Calvin Coolidge, Baldwin, Herriot, and all the other political world leaders, without waiting for the arrival of the morning edition, with its cables summarizing the speeches of the previous night. Nor will any man read the headlines of the morning news while he bolts his eggs and bacon, when he can get the same news over the radio without making any effort at all.

"It isn't to be supposed, either, that those very few people who have remained faithful to the theater, in spite of all handicaps—high prices, inferior acting, and what not—will undergo the nightly traffic when they will be able to hear plays in tabloid form given to them from broadcasting stations, while they sit in the comfort of their own homes."

What do *you* think?

THE END

Poems, Verses, or What Have You?

LIBERTY has decided to provide an outlet for the poetical inspirations of its readers. Send in any poem you choose to write, provided it is original and not more than sixteen lines long. No subjects are barred, but experience has shown that the amateur poet is more successful in the light, lyrical vein than in the tragic or philosophic mood. Any verse published will be paid for at our customary rate. Address your manuscripts to the Poetry Editor, LIBERTY WEEKLY, Inc., 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

To break the ice, we will publish, beginning this week, several contributions from members of LIBERTY'S staff. No, they're not poets, either.

BURNING LOVE

I pressed her rounded lips and swore
  To hold her till her death,
For never sweetie breathed before
  Such warmly fragrant breath;
But she burned too ardently, for she
Was quite consumed by kissing me—
  Would she were kissing yet!—
    So I threw her down
    Upon the ground
  With infinite regret—
My slight Egyptian light o' love
  Was but a cigarette!

By L. CARROLL.

Boys!

MAKE MONEY
WIN PRIZES

Here's a great opportunity for you to have a fine income weekly besides winning many valuable prizes. You can win bicycles, radios, sporting goods, musical instruments, camping goods and many other prizes. It's clean, easy work right in your own neighborhood in your spare time. No interference with school or play. No money—no experience necessary. We show you how and supply everything. The coupon below will bring full particulars and our Big Catalog of Free Prizes.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Liberty Weekly, Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Liberty, published weekly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1st, 1927.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. M. Patterson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Editor, J. M. Patterson, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Executive Editor, Ronald Millar, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Business Manager, M. Annenberg, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.
The Tribune Company, publisher of The Chicago Tribune, owns and holds all the stock of Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state).
There are no bonds, mortgages, or other securities outstanding against Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

J. M. PATTERSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1927.
(Seal) F. J. FUCITO
Notary Public, Bronx County. No. 117, Reg. No. 2894
Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. No. 530, Reg. No. 8385
Commission expires March 30th, 1928.
Form 3526 Ed. 1924.

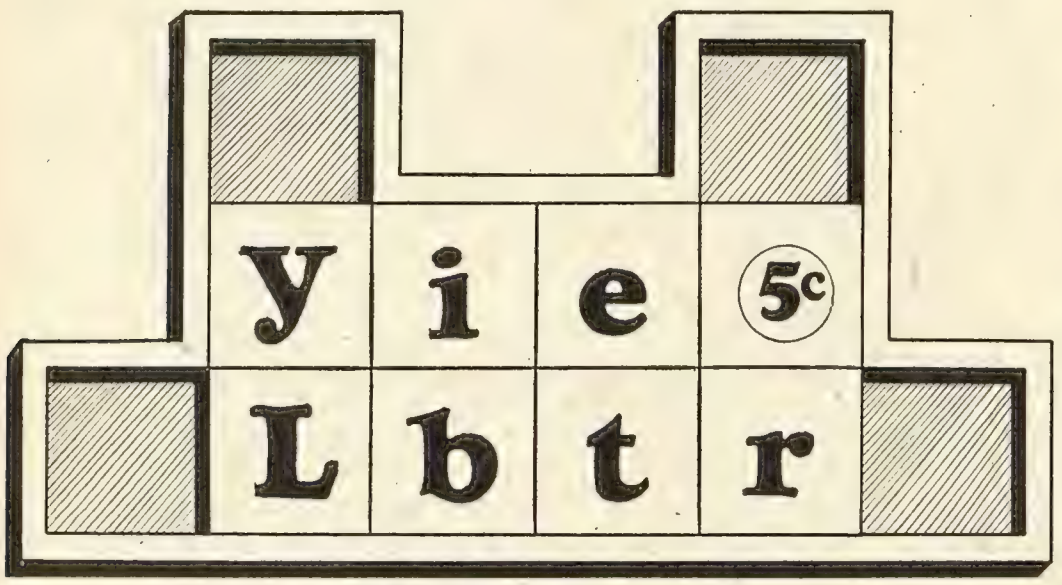
More Sam Loyd Puzzles

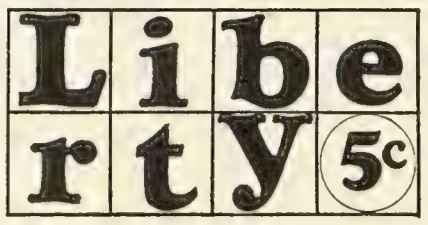
The Master Riddle-Maker Creates a New Series Exclusively for LIBERTY

HEREWITH we launch a new series of puzzles by the world's greatest puzzler, Sam Loyd. When LIBERTY published several of Mr. Loyd's concoctions recently, its readers let out a loud and lusty roar for more. And so he has devised more. There in his unique Brooklyn laboratory, with every conceivable ingredient for puzzle-making, he has devised an entirely new and original line of riddles to stump the human brain. One will be offered each week.

These puzzles are published simply for your enjoyment. No prizes will be offered for their correct solutions. Do not even send your answers in. But keep them and compare them with the real answers, which will be published in the issue of LIBERTY following the puzzle's appearance. We will now start with:

OUR OWN PUZZLE





"SAM LOYD, you're a liar!" wrote one excited reader when, in my recent LIBERTY article, I said that the famous "14-15" puzzle was unworkable.

Feeling ran high. And so many people seemed hurt to think such a nice puzzle had no answer that I at once set out to devise a similar puzzle that did have an answer.

After many days of research I evolved the original and exclusive "LIBERTY 5¢" puzzle printed above.

To work it, prepare eight pieces of cardboard or paper lettered respectively: L, I, B, E, R, T, Y, 5¢. Or you can cut out those printed above. Place these pieces on the diagram as indicated.

This diagram represents a box in which lettered blocks may be moved about by means of the four empty spaces. No block must be lifted in working the puzzle; so if you work with bits of paper, the same rule must be observed.

Now, by a series of moves, utilizing the blanks, gradually shift the letters about until they read in their natural order as shown in the smaller diagram.

It may take you quite a number of moves to do this the first time. But keep count as you go.

The problem is to work the puzzle in the least number of moves.

I will give you a tip: When you solve the puzzle in less than thirty moves you are "getting warm."

Next week I'll give you the answer.

Sam Loyd

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Headache	Neuritis	Lumbago
Pain	Neuralgia	Toothache	Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

VITALLY important to your safety is Raybestos Brake Lining. If Raybestos quality and wear costs no more, why risk life with cheap lining or imitations? Raybestos meets every brake lining requirement, provides comfort in driving and confidence in your brakes.

THE RAYBESTOS CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd.
Peterborough, Ont.
Raybestos-Belaco, Ltd., London, Eng.

Your Coat and Vest Can Be Matched With New Trousers

2/3 of the price of your suit is in the coat and vest. Why not get full value out of them by replacing the worn out pants with a new pair.
Send us sample (small piece from seam, or the vest) and we will show you how close we can match it. All tailored to measure. Prices range from $9.00 to $15.00 according to quality.
Enclose return postage if vest is sent
ACME PANTS MATCHERS
Dept. BD-12
20 W. Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

ASK YOUR BARBER
FOR LUCKY TIGER

Stops dandruff and falling hair; or Whyte-Fox for pimples and skin disorders. Money-Back Guarantee. At barbers and druggists. Write for Free booklet.
LUCKY TIGER REMEDY CO.
Kansas City, Missouri

Give it a Trial

A trial will convince you it is the best polish you ever used for silver, nickel plated bath or auto fixtures, cutglass, mirrors, windows, etc., Easy to use—paste form—no muss. Ask Dept., Drug, Auto Accessory Stores or send 25 cents for trial tin.
Metalglas Mfg. Co., Box KT, Marengo, Ill.

Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages

Vox Pop

They're Singing It, Now!!

BURNSIDE, KY.

I like to read the LIBERTY
  And stories that they publish;
The stories that I do not like
  I throw into the rubbish.

I also like Vox Populi—
  And how the critics rave!
They say they don't like this and that.
  I wonder what they crave?

I don't expect a magazine
  To please me every time;
Those stories that I do not like
  To someone else are fine.

That story, War Birds, was O. K.;
  But critics tore their hair.
I spent my time on foreign soil;
  Those critics wasn't there.

So come on, give us LIBERTY
  Just like you always do,
And let the critics go to hell
  And keep their nickels, too.

—*Imel Parrigin.*

First Catch Your Poet

UNION CITY, N. J.—May I make a suggestion? Why not have a poets' corner?—*Marion J. Daly.*

Romance Still Lives!

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Sax Rohmer stories of *Nanette* and *O'Shea!*

In spite of the pangs they bring, we love the tales whose heroes and heroines recall our own experiences; to us these characters cease to be fictitious and become real.

When I was nineteen and just as unconventional as *Nanette,* there came an *O'Shea.*

Thousands of men have come and gone, but I have never ceased to watch for his return.

I am thirty-seven, and my hair is graying. Wherever he may be—in this world or that other—whatever may have befallen him—he is still *O'Shea.*—*N. S. M.*

Expert Art Criticism

FALL RIVER, MASS.—I wish to answer the Columbus, Ohio, art connoisseur who donated ten cents for Mr. Thrasher's art education, that he had better keep his donation for himself and invest it in a course of art appreciation!

I am a student in one of the foremost art schools in America, and I must say that Mr. Thrasher's covers are excellent!—*H. C. H.*

Some Say Yes; Some Say No!

JEROME, IDAHO.—If the saying, "beautiful but dumb," is true, LIBERTY must have a very good-looking staff.—*T. E.*

A Town with a Future

GILA BEND, ARIZ.—"Believe me," our news-stand dealer has a *wow* of a time when the train comes in and unloads LIBERTY. Everybody in town meets that train at the depot. LIBERTY is backed to the limit here, all right.

Don't change LIBERTY in any way, shape, or form. *Let 'er ride, cowboy!—Hugh C. Tullus.*

Didn't Get By with Betty

SPENCER, IA.—I think your stories about war, boxing, smoking, and drinking are all the bunk.—*Betty Norman, age 10.*

Has the Funny Bone a Rival?

ABERDEEN, MISS.—Wodehouse must have undergone an operation and the surgeon, by mistake or intent, removed his humorous gland.—*E. B. Heller.*

The Motorist's Perfect Tribute

KIRKWOOD, MO.—Who Reads LIBERTY? That's what you called one of your editorials.

Send the editor who wrote it to the sandhills of Nebraska or Rocky Mountain tourist camps on a summer's day, and hear wifey yell a parting order: "And don't forget to bring back a LIBERTY"—and the bootleg sellers get their own price. I have traded a LIBERTY for a gallon of gasoline!

You may think you know who reads LIBERTY, but if you keep on coming, the future query will be: Who does *not* read LIBERTY?—*Frank S. Robinson.*

Is the Screen Soiled?

OXFORD, KAN.—Your editorial headed, Deodorize the Stage, was a masterpiece and hit the situation dead center—that is, as far as the stage is concerned. But when you gave a clean bill of health to the movies, I rather think you were shooting with too coarse a sight.—*F. H. Thornton.*

What One Vox Popper Thinks of the Others

BALTIMORE, MD.—Your periodical should not be fouled with the outbursts of the Vox Pops.—*Harry Van Hoven.*

The "Sixth" Shall Be First

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have enjoyed many of the short stories published in LIBERTY, but none so much as the one by Royal Brown, called The Sixth Hat.—*E. S. Roberts.*

What Makes Monday Blue

CHICAGO, ILL.—If I were to miss my LIBERTY on Monday, I would be getting flowers the same day—and I wouldn't be able to smell 'em.—*Florence Mitchell.*

A Cheer for Twenty Questions

DENVER, COLO.—More strength to the Twenty Questions column! That's bully stuff. And let's have more of those health questions. The one by Dr. G. E. Jorgenson was a target-hitter. I never before knew what diseases could be transmitted by milk.—*Arthur Patton.*

Just So's It's Not Banana Oil

WESTFIELD, N. J.—Put in a story that's funny. That Aline Kilmer stuff is like castor oil.—*Arthur Rosen, age 12.*

More He-Man Stuff

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—To be perfectly frank with you, I am disgusted with LIBERTY.

Why can't you give us some stories of red-blooded action instead of one or two silly sexual stories and a half-dozen articles that don't mean a great deal, and are just a waste of reading time?—*G. S. Mason.*

Our Fatal Attraction

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Composite action picture of the cheapest guy on earth: The dead fuse that says the name of LIBERTY should be changed to The Stuff and Nonsense Magazine. He calls you a low-browed moron for reading it—and sneaks it off your desk each week to read Vox Pop himself.—*S. Long.*

Toodle-oo!

DETROIT, MICH.—'Ello, 'ello, 'ello! Just popped in for a word or two. Getting fearfully bingey and all that sort of thing, you know, your bally magazine; bit cheesy around the edges, eh, what, and that sort of thing. Rather pipped.

What you need is a few more of those bucky stories from that writer chap, P. G. Wodehouse. A bit potty, at times, but uses the old bean, you know, and amusing. And this Springs fellow; captain, you know; deucedly clever. Flying chappie. Met him in the Savoy one night, 1917.

By the way, my good man, don't you think this Love o' Lil thinga-mudiddle dashed opprobrious, and what not? I say, really, you know, I wish the old chappie would give a bit of a move and rather jolly things up by marrying the girl. Dash it all, it does get a bit thick at times. Putrid, you know. Well, pip, pip.—*James Donahue.*

Write Your Own Ticket

VAN NUYS, CALIF.—A customer here entered a drug store, asked for a copy of LIBERTY, and was told they were all sold.

"Well, then, give me a package of Rough on Rats," the customer said.—*S. A. Sheafer.*

The Job's the Thing

APPLETON, WIS.—I am convinced that your article, What Are You Going to Do for a Living? was the finest bit of educational information that ever appeared in your columns.

In the heads of young persons today there exists a perpetual haze as to their life's work, and a doubt as to their next move or vocation. It is very seldom that a magazine undertakes to give a helping hand to the drifting generation, but LIBERTY certainly undertook the work in fine style.—*Merle C. Zuchlke.*

Women and Children First

SANTA ANA, CALIF.—Every time LIBERTY comes to our house there's a scramble. I am ten and in the sixth grade. I think For the Love o' Lil, and Emmy, Nicky, and Greg are great.—*G. B.*

A Woman Protests

MUSKEGON, MICH.—The editorials appearing recently in your pseudo-LIBERTY in regard to our attitude toward other nations in general, and Mexico and Nicaragua in particular,

I believe do not reflect the beliefs and faith of truly patriotic Americans. In your imperialistic pronouncements you are trying to set at naught the hopes of peoples who are trying to achieve a degree of culture and civilization commensurate with their needs.—*Margaret Johnston.*

Bang! A Cuban's Love Gone

HAVANA, CUBA.—Through an accident—it could not have been otherwise, for I would not waste five cents on such a magazine—the last number of LIBERTY came to my hands, and among all the rubbish that you call literature appeared a map demonstrating America's ever-increasing imperialism. When I had finished reading that article all the respect I once held for your country came down with a bang.—*Cubano.*

Sauce for the Gander

WOODSTOCK, ILL.—I am curious just how you figure your paper is a Weekly for Everybody, unless you consider one, possibly two, articles a week plenty for women. The balance of the paper is for men.—*C. S. M.*

Not All Headliners

ORTONVILLE, MINN.—LIBERTY, to me, is like a vaudeville show: I don't like every article, any more than I like every act at a show; but when I am through with either one I feel that I have got my money's worth.—*E. N. Schoen.*

A Loud Cry for Fiction

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—Please—please—please—let's have more short stories!!! In the issue for the week of March 19, I counted *six* articles and only three short stories that were worth reading. I like *everything* about LIBERTY except the articles.—*C. L. S.*

Peace-of-Mind

Under Woman's Most Trying Hygienic Handicap

Enjoy peace-of-mind under the most trying of hygienic handicaps—utter and absolute protection, plus an end forever to the embarrassing problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SHEER frocks and gay gowns under difficult hygienic conditions used to present a serious problem—women thus were handicapped, both socially and in business. But today, to the modern woman, they come as the merest incident.

The old-time "sanitary pad," hazardous and uncertain, has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute. Wear lightest, filmiest things, dance, motor, go about for hours without a moment's thought or fear.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

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It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

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See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It **is** the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

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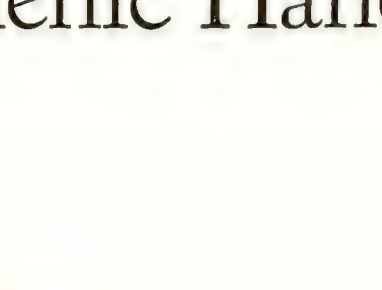

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

ONE IS NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT THE OTHER

TO SERVE a really appetizing tomato salad you need a delicious mayonnaise and to make delicious mayonnaise you need Mazola. So—combine the three and enjoy the most delightful tomato surprise you ever tasted.

Follow the recipe below, taken from Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's new book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" (see coupon) and you will agree that, regardless of price, the world affords no finer salad oil than Mazola.

MAZOLA MAYONNAISE

½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon Karo, Red Label,
1 egg
3 tablespoons vinegar
1½ to 2 cups Mazola according to thickness desired.

PUT the seasonings in a small deep bowl, beat in the egg, add the vinegar, stir until mixed and gradually beat in the Mazola, using a wheel egg beater. Start with one-half teaspoon oil—when the mayonnaise has begun to thicken, add it a tablespoonful at a time. When done, beat in one tablespoon boiling water.

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Helpful CARVING Hints

By ETHEL SOMERS

EVERY carver, whether host or butler, should study the dexterous art of carving. Since there is little or no educational literature available on this important subject, LIBERTY offers the following hints:

Attention, Mr. Butcher! Join all bones in the loin or neck cuts, so that the carver can cut the roast between the ribs. Remove the flat bone that lies almost along the surface of a leg of mutton. Where a number of persons are to be served, it is best to have the roast completely boned. Skewering and tying into firm rolls after boning is most important. Skewers should always be inserted parallel to the grain of the meat.

To the Cook. Remove the flank end of steaks before broiling or frying. Be sure that loin roasts are completely jointed at each rib. Halve or quarter chickens for broiling. Properly lard all dry meats, such as veal roasts, fillets, or tenderloins. Cook roasts only by reliably tested time and temperature recipes.

The best slices are obtained when the roast is served with the skewers and lacings left in place. These hold the roast firm for slicing.

To the Waitress. Lay a carving-cloth for the carver, to insure confidence in action and to relieve embarrassment in case of accident. Arrange the meat with decorative cress, parsley, or other vegetable garnishes in a border on a roomy platter. A meat plank or carving-board is better.

Place rib or sirloin beef roasts fat side up if the roast is a large one; otherwise place the lean side up, as illustrated, so that the meat may have a steady foundation. Place leg cuts, such as lamb and veal, with the rounding side up and the small bone to the left of the carver. Place a fowl on its back, with the drumsticks to the right of the carver. Place a steak with the flank end to the right of the carver. Place a loin roast with ribs or the hollowed side toward the carver and the full side toward the center of the table. Place the sharpened carving-tools of proper size (silver for fish or steak) in convenient positions, with the fork on the left of the meat platter and the knife on the right. Place a heated auxiliary platter conveniently adjacent to the service platter if it is needed.

TO the Carver. The difficulties that present themselves to the amateur meat carver are banished by a knowledge of anatomy and sufficient practice in carving. The bony structure and grain of the meat are more easily studied before roasting begins. In the raw state the various parts, such as the white connective tissue, the red muscle cells, and the hard yellow bone, are plainly distinguished. Fortified by a previous analysis of the meat structure to be carved, no insurmountable difficulties should be experienced by the carver.

To Carve Porterhouse, Sirloin, or Delmonico Steaks. Loosen the meat from the bone by cutting with the point of the knife parallel to the edge of the bone. Then slice the meat into twice as many strips as there are persons to be served, cutting both the tenderloin and the wide steak area at right angles to the central bone. Serve each person with a strip of tenderloin and one from the opposite area, giving strips near the cross-bone to those who like rare meat, and strips near the flank end to those who like it well done. Also serve any vegetables that may be on the platter, as well as a bit of the platter garnish.

To Carve a Rib Roast of Beef. If unrolled, the rib roast is placed with the ribs protruding to the left of the carver. He steadies the roast by grasping the upper rib end in his fingers, and cuts very thin slices transversely across the grain. With the point of the knife he removes the meat from the rib bone, one rib at a time.

If rolled, it is sliced in the same manner, except that the roast is steadied by inserting the fork held in the left hand securely into the outer or fatty layers at a point just below the slice next to be taken. The skewers or cords used in rolling the meat must be removed one by one as they are encountered, allowing them to fall, with the aid of the fork, on to the side of the platter.

After slicing the meat needed, serve the outer slices from the roast to those who prefer their meat well done and the inner cuttings to those who prefer it rare.

To Carve a Fillet or Tenderloin of Beef. Begin at the thick end and cut squarely across the grain of the meat in slices one-fourth to one-half inch thick. Slicing squarely across the grain necessitates cutting at a slight angle to the ends of the roast.

To Carve Short Loin, Top of the Round, Rump, and the Boned Chuck Cuts. Proceed as for the fillet or tenderloin, cutting across the grain, except that these, being tougher cuts, should be sliced as thinly as possible.

TO Carve a Loin of Lamb, Mutton, Pork, or Veal. If a kidney loin roast is being served, turn it over, meat side down, and cut out the kidney and the fat. Turn the roast back to its proper position, with the hollowed or rib end toward the carver. Carving from the backbone toward the rib end, cut the roast up between the ribs and serve one rib to each person. If the ribs are too large for such a service, the chop is cut by the method described for steaks. Mutton loins are cut into chops, which are then boned for the convenience of the eater.

A crown roast is carved in the same manner, except that the carver progresses around instead of in a straight line.

To Carve a Leg of Lamb. The roast lies on the platter with the rounding side up and the small bone to the left of the carver. Insert the fork into the center of the roast and hold securely with the left hand. Start cutting about three or four inches from the knuckle end and proceed toward the thick end of the joint. The slices should be slightly slanting, so as to be cut squarely across the grain.

When sufficient servings have been sliced clear to the bone, slip the point and finally the blade of the knife under these slices, cutting them loose from the bone, unless the butcher or the cook has already boned the roast. When the service is complete from this side, turn the roast over and do the under side in like manner.

A GOOD carver is familiar with the grain of meats. Roasts are carved across the grain. This necessitates the rolled rib roast being cut horizontally and the joint roast or fillet vertically.

MOUNTED meat planks make excellent carving surfaces; the wooden board does not dull the cutting knife, and at the same time it prevents the meat from slipping.

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4-30-27

PETER PAN

A Short Story of Blind Luck and a Mysterious Rendezvous

By SAX ROHMER

Pictures by
WILL FOSTER

A DELICIOUS haze hung over the Serpentine, by which token I knew that a warm day might be expected. Votaries of Peter Pan were few, for the morning was young as yet.

Children, of course, came to pay tribute, and I think it was this morning I learned for the first time that there are many juvenile citizens whose day is incomplete unless they have made offering—a laugh, a pointed finger, a fleeting glance—to the god of that dear world which is hidden from most of us behind the gates of innocence. To many an exile under palm and pine the coming of spring means dreams of crocuses and Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens.

I was suffering from a fit of physical and mental restlessness. I could not clear my mind of the idea that some imminent peril threatened O'Shea. That Nanette was involved I feared, but tried hard not to believe. Experience of that organization known as the S Group had shown its members to be frankly unscrupulous; and Nanette had blindly involved herself with one of them. I knew why she had done it, but the man, Adolf Zara, could not know. For Nanette, Zara had ceased to exist: I doubted whether the reverse were true.

In the long encounter between O'Shea and the S Group, honors had gone to the enemy. But the battle was not yet over. Instinct and common sense alike told me that the worst was yet to come.

Coming out of a brown study and looking up, I observed a figure approaching along the path. It was that of a girl very simply dressed in a gray walking-suit and a tightly fitting hat which I should have described as claret-colored, but for which the fashion journals no doubt have a better name. Never once did she look up, not even when she arrived before Peter Pan, until I spoke:

"Good morning, Nanette!"

Then she stopped, as suddenly as if a physical obstacle had checked her.

"Good heavens!" she replied, tore herself from a land of dreams, and stared at me, smiling. But her smile was not exactly a happy one. "It's like a musical comedy, isn't it?"

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, everybody turning up at the same place for no reason!"

"Not everybody," said I.

"Well—no." Nanette hesitated, and then sat down beside me on the bench.

"Curiously enough," I went on, "I was thinking about you."

Nanette stared at the point of her shoe.

"Must be telepathy," she murmured.

"Why? Were you thinking about me?"

"Yes," she nodded. "I shall never forgive myself for what I have done."

"You mean—about Adolf Zara?"

"About Captain Slattery—yes." She turned to me. "You see, I always think of him as Slattery."

"Does that make you like him any better, Nanette?"

"No," she admitted; "I have never liked him. But—well, you know how I felt about him? Does Major O'Shea know that I know?"

"You mean," I suggested, "does he know that you no longer suspect him of using you as a lure?"

Nanette nodded without looking up.

"I have had no opportunity of telling him," said I. "But I expect to see him today." I rested my hand upon hers, which lay listlessly on the seat beside her. "May I talk to you quite honestly?"

"Of course," said Nanette, but still did not look up.

"I want to tell you," I went on, "that the man you call Captain Slattery, but whose real name is Adolf Zara, is not so civilized as he appears to be. He is a member of a very dangerous organization. I hope you will make a point of avoiding him."

"I am never going to see him again," Nanette declared.

She spoke abstractedly, and it dawned upon me that her interest was centered less upon this matter of her perilous acquaintance with a member of the S Group than upon the passers-by. I attached little significance to the fact at the time, and:

"I am only anxious about your personal safety," I said. "Anything you care to tell me I shall keep to myself. Are you sure that Captain Slattery does not mean to see *you* again?"

Nanette looked sideways at me.

I thought that, since Adolf Zara was human, my question had been rather superfluous. O'Shea, who was no alarmist, had admitted that the secret organization of these people was extensive and efficient. Wild ideas assailed my mind, but:

"Of course we are no longer on the lonely

at NOON

NANETTE came running out ahead of her party and stopped dead on seeing O'Shea. He bowed in his grave, courtly fashion.

island of Madeira," I went on, "but in the capital of a civilized country. All the same, Nanette, I should be glad to know that Zara was no longer in England."

"So should I," she admitted, and looked away again.

THE words were simple enough; but, from what I knew of Nanette, I detected an unfamiliar note in her voice. I was not sorry to hear it. It told me that my warning had been unnecessary. Nanette knew that Zara was dangerous.

"I have been wondering what I should do," she began suddenly. "But now I have made up my mind."

She opened her hand bag and took out a twisted scrap of paper. Smoothing it carefully, she passed it to me, and:

"Captain Slattery dropped this yesterday," she said, "while he was with me in a taxi. I think perhaps—"

She hesitated.

"Yes?" said I, glancing at what was written on the paper.

"It's so odd that I think perhaps you should show it to—your friend."

Watching her as she spoke, I wondered whether, despite her youth, it was real, for good or ill—this love of hers for O'Shea.

I suppressed a sigh, and bent over the writing. This was what I read:

> Book from Charing Cross to the British Museum. From the Mansion House also it is no distance to the British Museum. Hyde Park there is a station. Change at Charing Cross for Piccadilly. Bond Street is merely Bond Street, and two London Bridges are better than one Bond Street. But the Mansion House and the British Museum are national institutions, and Berkeley Square pulled down, or Berkeley Square blown up, would only lead to the Old Bailey. Residents at the Crystal Palace rarely move to Berkeley Square, and the Tower Bridge is new, whilst London Bridge is old. Meet you in Bond Street.

I raised my eyes. Nanette was stifling laughter. Now she stifled it no longer. And Nanette's laughter was very sweet music.

"Of course," she confessed, "I know it *seems* perfectly idiotic. But one never knows. It may mean a general strike or something. But, whatever it means, I shall have to be pushing along. I am meeting Mumsie at Marshall's."

She stood up, looking sharply to right and left, and I wondered what this might portend. However, we took the path to the gate, walking very slowly, and from there proceeded in a taxi.

I dropped Nanette at her destination, and was standing outside the shop, wondering whether to walk over to the club or to hunt up O'Shea, when an explanation of this chance meeting presented itself.

O'Shea, I recalled, had once said, in Nanette's presence, that when he had a difficult problem upon his mind he varied the ordinary routine of a London morning by walking as far as Peter Pan. In the presence of the little god he not infrequently discovered a solution of his difficulties.

Nanette had been unfortunate. This morning O'Shea had not come.

I re-entered the taxi.

"Lancaster Gate," I directed.

Why I did so I have no idea. Motives that prompt many far-reaching actions are so obscure as to defy subsequent research.

Discharging the man, I set out along that path beside the Serpentine. The hour was now approaching noon, and platoons of white-capped nursemaids promenaded the younger generation.

Standing squarely in front of Peter Pan, and watching that youthful deity with a fixed stare, was O'Shea! I touched him on the shoulder.

He turned swiftly; and I saw a far-away look in his gray eyes instantly change to one of close scrutiny.

"Decies," he said, "I am glad to see you. I learned something last night."

"What?" I said.

"I learned why Adolf Zara has come to England! The president of the S Group is one Schmidt. And Schmidt is in London."

I HANDED him Nanette's extraordinary communication.

"Of course," I said, "it may mean nothing."

O'Shea read it.

"Or it may mean—everything," he said.

We sat on that bench by the water's edge where I had met Nanette, and read the message again.

"Perhaps," said I, "it is some kind of code."

"Since it is otherwise meaningless," O'Shea murmured without raising his eyes, "your suggestion is excellent. You will have noticed that there are three references to the British Museum and that the expression 'two London Bridges' occurs?"

"No," I admitted.

"Two London Bridges," O'Shea went on musingly. "Very interesting—very interesting. You see what I mean?" He indicated the passage with the rim of his monocle.

"Quite," said I eagerly. "But Charing Cross, Berkeley Square, and Bond Street also occur several times."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PETER PAN AT NOON
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

"But only Bond Street and Berkeley Square crop up in pairs," he replied, "if we exclude the brace of London Bridges."

And now, as we sat there pondering over this nonsensical piece of writing, came a strange interruption.

"Have you seen Comrade Zara?" said a guttural voice.

I looked up sharply at a stout German. His apple face was draped in a pleasant smile, and he surveyed O'Shea and me through a pair of spectacles that resembled portholes. No doubt I was gaping like an imbecile, but O'Shea rose to the situation lightly.

"He is here," he replied calmly. "Are you from Comrade Schmidt?"

"I am," said the German. His smile disappeared. Relieved of it, his face was frankly sinister. "Have you seen Comrade Wilson?"

"*This* is Comrade Wilson," said O'Shea gravely—and waved his hand in my direction.

The German nodded in a very brusque way.

"Show me the order," he demanded.

O'Shea held up the demented document we had been reading; whereupon:

"Good," said our eccentric acquaintance. "Quick! The order for tonight!" He passed an envelope to O'Shea. "I am followed. Good morning."

He moved off hurriedly, and I was still speechless when a thickset man wearing a blue suit and a soft hat, and who, without resembling a straggler from the Row, might have been a colonial visitor, came along the path. One keen side glance he gave us, and then disappeared in the wake of our Teutonic acquaintance.

"O'Shea—" I began.

"After all," he interrupted me, "one must admit that the Scotland Yard people are efficient. That was a detective inspector of the Special Branch."

"Do you mean he is following the German?"

"Undoubtedly."

"But why should he follow him? Who was the German?"

"I haven't the faintest idea!" O'Shea replied.

"But he mentioned Zara! And you seemed to know him."

O'SHEA adjusted his monocle and looked me over in a way I didn't like.

"Why our German friend reposed his confidence in us," he said, "I have no more idea than the man in the moon. Nor why he confided this letter to my keeping. But this reference to Zara brands him a member of the S Group, without the significant fact that he is being followed by an officer of the Special Branch, whom I chance to know, but who does not know me. The weary arm of coincidence is not long enough to embrace all these happenings, Decies. There is some other explanation. Let us see if it is here."

He tore open the envelope and withdrew a single sheet of paper. I bent forward eagerly and over his shoulder read the following:

Charing Cross, London Bridge, Hyde Park, and the Strand are all worthy of a visit. Kingsway is modern, but the British Museum, Tower Bridge, the Mansion House, especially the British Museum, must not be neglected. Hyde Park merits several visits. The Mansion House, or the British Museum, can be done in one day; but Hyde Park is the only Hyde Park, whilst Piccadilly and the Strand are merely thoroughfares. The British Museum exhibit 365A is not in the National Gallery. The Crystal Palace does not resemble Buckingham Palace and Bond Street is not the station for the Crystal Palace. Shepherd's Market is a survival. But book at Kingsway. Meet you at the Mansion House.

"And now," said O'Shea, "you know as much as I do!"

I STARED at him blankly, and, as I stared, heard clocks, near and remote, strike the hour of noon.

O'Shea suddenly thrust the second letter into his pocket and began to study that which Nanette had given to me.

He looked up, staring intently at the figure of Peter Pan.

"Twelve o'clock," he muttered. "Does the fact that it is twelve o'clock convey anything to you, Decies?"

"Nothing," I confessed, "except that I feel thirsty."

But it had conveyed something more to O'Shea.

I DROPPED Nanette at her destination.

NANETTE was with a party at the Hippodrome that night, and I had promised to look in during the interval. The curtain had just fallen and the orchestra was playing Who? as I entered with O'Shea. The manager met us at the top of the steps.

No doubt you remember him. He is unforgettable, being the best-dressed manager in Europe. He was delighted to meet O'Shea, and much happier in greeting an officer of the Household troops, who had come in for a drink, than in indorsing a plebeian check for the use of the royal box.

Nanette came running out ahead of her party and stopped dead on seeing O'Shea. He bowed in his grave, courtly fashion. She glanced at me swiftly, and then:

"Oh, Major O'Shea," she said, "I want to ask you to forgive me!"

"And I want to thank you," said he.

"To thank me?"

Nanette looked up at him and then down again very swiftly.

"To thank you," he repeated, "once more. It seems to be my happy fate, Nanette, to be always thanking you."

"But what have you to thank me for?" she asked, industriously studying the point of her shoe.

"For giving me an opportunity of redeeming my many failures."

Nanette looked up and met his eyes bravely.

"Some of them," she said, "have been my fault."

"You are wrong," O'Shea assured her. "The fault has been mine from the very beginning."

"What do you mean?" she asked; and I turned aside, joining some friends who had just come out from the stalls.

In spite of my determination about Nanette, it still hurt a little bit to see that light in her eyes.

"I mean," I heard O'Shea reply, "that I have tried to do something that is impossible."

I heard no more, nor did I want to.

The curtain was about to rise and virtually everybody was seated when I learned that Nanette had straggled. She stood with O'Shea in the opening at the back of the stalls. And I thought that I had never before seen her so animated in his company.

Nanette was a paragon of self-possession in the company of all men, or had been until she met O'Shea. Never hitherto had I seen her at her ease with him. But tonight she was—realized that she was—and her happy excitement will be good to remember when I am ten years older.

One hand resting upon his arm, she looked up, talking gayly. He too had relaxed, as any man must have done finding himself in the company of an adorably pretty and spirited girl who loved him so much that she didn't care who knew. He was laughing like a schoolboy.

The curtain was up before Nanette tore herself away. She was very flushed, and I know her heart was beating wildly. I pitied her escort, foreseeing that she would be abstracted throughout the remainder of the evening.

O'Shea turned to me, and his eyes were still glistening happily.

"Well, Decies," said he, "what are you thinking?"

"I am thinking," I replied honestly, "that we are about of an age. That if Nanette had looked at me as I saw her looking at you I should have asked her to marry me before I let her go back to her seat."

He stared very hard, his expression changing from second to second.

"Being Celtic," he said, "I suppose I am superstitious. At every turn since I have met her, Nanette has intruded in my life. I am beginning to wonder."

"About what are you thinking in particular?" I asked.

"About the letter that Zara dropped in the cab and that Nanette gave to you."

"Have you fathomed it?" I asked excitedly —"and the other?"

"Both are in the same code. But without the first I doubt if I should have been able to read the second."

"Then you *have* read them?"

"I have," O'Shea replied; "and this time Nanette has dealt me a full hand."

His suppressed excitement communicated itself to me.

"What have you learned?" I said eagerly. "Can I be of any assistance?"

"Your assistance is indispensable," he returned. "Are you game?"

"Every time!"

"Good enough. Let us go along to your rooms, and I will explain what tonight has in store for us."

ARRIVED at my rooms and having sampled the whisky and soda:

"I doubt if I should have solved this cipher," O'Shea began, "but for the happy coincidence of meeting our German friend in the very shadow of Peter Pan. You will recall, too, that at the moment of his departure, the clocks were chiming the hour of noon."

"I remember," said I.

"I turned it over in my mind. Before I tackled the cipher messages, one fact was plain enough to me."

"What was that?"

"The fact that Zara, an important member of the S Group, was not known by sight to the member who spoke to us! He mistook me for Zara, and he mistook *you* for one Comrade Wilson, of whom I had never heard and respecting whom I have no instructions."

"So far, I agree," said I; "but what I simply cannot make out is why this deranged German should walk up to two perfect strangers seated in Kensington Gardens and take it for granted that they were the people he was looking for."

"His opening remark was noncommittal," O'Shea reminded me, reflectively sipping his drink.

"Certainly it was; but am I to assume that the man was walking about London addressing the inquiry. 'Have you seen Comrade Zara?' to every citizen he met?"

"The very point that led me to a solution of the problem," O'Shea returned. "I recalled that we had been sitting by the statue of Peter Pan, and that I had drawn your attention to the presence of 'two London Bridges' in the message. I noted that the double bridges were preceded by a reference to Bond Street —or, rather, by two references to Bond Street —and followed by another. I remembered that the hour was noon.

"Treating the message as a cipher, I assumed, as a basis of investigation, that the various well known spots mentioned represented letters, and that all intervening words might be neglected. Now I had two almost certain clews to work on:

"First, that our German friend clearly expected to meet Zara and someone called Wilson by the statue of Peter Pan. Second, that he expected to meet them there at noon."

"It is clear enough," said I, "now that you point it out to me."

"His handing me a second message in the same cipher," O'Shea went on, "suggested that the first related to the appointment which we, by bounty of the gods, had accidentally kept! I therefore assumed that the first message conveyed something of this sort: 'Be at the statue of Peter Pan at midday.'

"I began to examine it with this idea in mind. Particularly, I was looking for a sequence to fit the name Peter Pan. As you can see"—he spread the original messages on my table before me—"it appears unmistakably at the very beginning. Charing Cross is the first point mentioned; four other London landmarks occur, and then Charing Cross again. I assumed, as a working theory, that Charing Cross stood for the letter P.

"This suggested that British Museum was E, as it occurs next, and is followed by Mansion House, and then occurs again.

"Assuming Mansion House to be T, we get P-e-t-e. Calling Hyde Park R, we get Peter. Charing Cross then crops up in its correct place. Reading Piccadilly as A and Bond Street as N gives Peter Pan."

He laid his cigarette in an ash tray and bent over the writing enthusiastically.

"This enabled me to cross-check, for Bond Street occurs again immediately, with the two London Bridges that first attracted my attention, followed by another Bond Street.

"Bond Street being N, it was reasonable to assume that London Bridge was O, making: Peter Pan, Noon."

"By gad!" I exclaimed. "It's wonderful!"

"On the contrary," O'Shea assured me, "it is elementary. To continue: We now have Mansion House again, or T, followed by British Museum, E, and two Berkeley Squares, hitherto unmentioned. Old Bailey and Crystal Palace crop up next—very defeating—followed by a third Berkeley Square. Then Tower Bridge. This is followed by London Bridge, O, and Bond Street, N. Remembering the name of the comrade for whom you were mistaken, Decies, I very quickly determined that Berkeley Square stood for L and the word following 'noon' was 'tell.' This gave me a pair of blanks for the word following, then L, another blank, and O-N. Wilson was clearly indicated, and I had my complete message. 'Peter Pan, noon, tell Wilson.'"

"I WAS looking for a sequence to fit the name, Peter Pan. As you can see"—he spread out the original messages—"it appears unmistakably at the very beginning."

O'SHEA replaced his cigarette between his lips and turned to me, smiling.

"You mean," said I, "that you have read the second message?"

"Naturally," he replied. "It is childishly easy, once having got the idea of the nature of the cipher. Without bothering you with details, such as the letters implied by Buckingham Palace, Shepherd's Market, and Kingsway —places that don't occur in the first message —I may say that it reads as follows: 'Porchester Terrace 365a'—which I assume to be the number of a house—'midnight.'"

"Good heavens!" I glanced at the clock. "And he said the order was for tonight!"

"Tonight," O'Shea returned, glancing up. "We have two hours."

"We have two hours?"

"Precisely," said he, and his gray eyes surveyed me unblinkingly. "There are certain chances, but there is no game without chances, and we shall be covered by a raid squad from Scotland Yard. Whether Comrade Schmidt is more familiar with the appearance of Comrades Zara and Wilson than his emissary seems to be, I cannot say. But tonight at twelve o'clock I suggest that you and I present our-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[PETER PAN AT NOON
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

selves at number 365a Porchester Terrace, as Comrades Zara and Wilson. It is asking a lot, Decies. Are you game?"

"Good God!" I said, hesitated for one electric moment, and then held out my hand.

O'Shea grasped it.

"NANETTE has gone on to the Kit-Kat," said O'Shea.

"I know." I stared out of the window of the taxi. "I take it that she doesn't know where *we* have gone on to?"

"No."

O'Shea's reply was little more than a whisper; yet it told me that which made me at once glad and sorry. For good or for ill, Nanette was winning.

"Two things are rather worrying me," O'Shea confessed. "It is obvious enough that Zara is afraid to visit any of the known centers of the S Group; hence the appointment at Peter Pan. He probably received the letter—or 'order'—at some post office, under an assumed name. But if he had read it and decoded it before he dropped it in the taxi, where was he at noon today?"

"Unable to approach Peter Pan," I replied promptly, "because we were there, not to mention the man from Scotland Yard who was following the German."

"Yes," O'Shea mused. "Zara's reaction to this check is one of the points I am wondering about. It may prove to be a snag. The second snag—"

But, the taxi having turned into Porchester Terrace and now pulling up, I did not learn what the second snag might be.

We alighted, and I looked up and down the street. Save for O'Shea's assurance, there was nothing to show that our movements were covered by the squad from Scotland Yard. Porchester Terrace proclaimed itself empty from end to end, or for as far as I could see.

Number 365a was a prosperous-looking mansion set back beyond a patch of shrubbery, and approached through a sort of arcade guarded by handsome double doors. What appeared to be a large room on the first floor was brilliantly lighted, but otherwise the house was in darkness.

"Pull over to the other side of the street," O'Shea directed the taxi driver, "and wait. We shall not be long."

O'Shea pressed the bell button. A saturnine foreign butler admitted us. We had shed our dinner kit and were wearing tweeds.

"Comrade Zara and Comrade Wilson," said O'Shea with composure.

The man nodded and stood aside. We entered the arcade, and saw ahead of us some carpeted steps, lighted by a hanging lantern.

As the double doors closed behind us I experienced one of those indescribable moments compounded of panic and exhilaration. Then somewhere, very dimly, I heard a clock striking midnight. We were going upstairs.

"Comrade Zara and Comrade Wilson."

I found myself in a large room, very simply furnished in library fashion, and in the presence of six or seven rather unsavory human specimens, some of whom bowed curtly and some of whom did not bow at all.

Our Peter Pan acquaintance was present, and a short, thickset man who had incredibly long arms and who generally resembled a red baboon.

"Greeting, comrades," said the latter. "You are welcome. My name is Schmidt."

And as he spoke, fixing his piercing glance first upon O'Shea and then upon me, I recognized beneath that uncouth exterior the primitive, formidable force of the man.

He presented the other comrades by names that are not to be found in Debrett, and I reflected that impudence is indispensable to success in this sort of game.

It became evident that, from Comrade Schmidt downward, nobody in the room was familiar with the appearance of either Zara or Wilson!

An appalling-looking bearded creature attached itself to O'Shea.

"WE are anxious, comrade," it said, "to hear your personal account of the state of the work in South Africa."

"I am not too hopeful," O'Shea replied gloomily.

"But," said Schmidt, turning his dreadful little eyes in my direction, "Comrade Wilson brings us news from the United States that will be like new blood in our veins."

Somehow or other, O'Shea managed to shake off the missing link and to secure a word aside with me.

"Very full bag," he murmured. "If we make no mistakes, we shall purge England and America of some unsavory elements. But the second snag that I had foreseen rests on the fact that another steamer from Madeira has reached Southampton since we returned. There is one member of the S Group whom we left behind. He knows us both. He might quite conceivably have been on that steamer! His appearance here would raise the temperature considerably. And—"

He was interrupted. The door of the room was thrown open and the foreign butler entered.

"Comrade Macalister," he announced.

"The snag to which I referred!" said O'Shea.

What happened? The O'Shea and Decies are surrounded by deadly foes. The next moment may be their last. You'll find a thrilling, breath-taking answer when you read The Heart of Nanette, by Sax Rohmer, in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

PARIS Subdues the High Lights in SPRING STYLES

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, April 3.

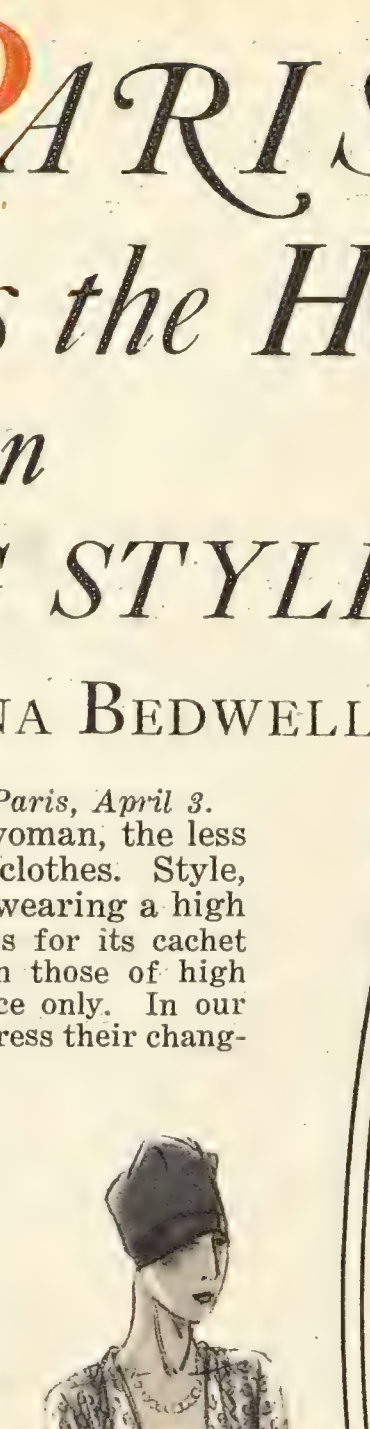
THE more polished the woman, the less sheen she wants to her clothes. Style, like fingernails, is not wearing a high luster this spring. It depends for its cachet upon subtler refinements than those of high lights and brilliance of surface only. In our present civilization women express their changing state in fashions in clothes. The savage with her brilliant beads, the court ladies of the Second Empire with their brocades and laces, would find our extremely unpretentious simplicity incomprehensible.

In fact, even now it is with great difficulty that many women suppress their innate love of glitter in the search for real chic. It takes a considerable amount of education and self-abnegation to choose crepella instead of fulgurante; to avoid the gold-incrusted collar and cuffs for the daytime frock and to substitute simple ties of self-material.

But the rewards are great enough to make the sacrifice worth while. Real chic, like real pearls, hasn't too much shimmer, and when put alongside the too-lustrous phony kind the latter always suffers. For there is no greater chagrin than to realize that your clothes represent the false instead of the true style of the time.

It is a matter of training the eye to perceive that there is as much real beauty in quiet fabrics and unexaggerated lines as there is in the most gorgeous gleaming materials with too much fit or flare. All is not chic that glitters. And clothes need not be dumb when they rest the eyes like a shaded lamp.

The best of the Paris spring styles have this type of charm. If you are young, they give your *jeunesse* a chance to shine; and if you are old, or in the indefinite years, they don't eclipse you by too much contrast.



DŒUILLET places a petticoat of black lace under this rose-printed frock. The blouse has a gilet of black lace.

This absence of display is eloquent evidence of our search for real beauty, which is more often found in the garden than in the grand salon. Two women lunching in the same smart restaurant will reveal their status by what they wear rather than by any other *moyen*. The one wearing a simple suit, like the Chanel

PREMET gives distinction to dark blue serge by a new trimming of spotted kid in rose and white. The shawl-scarf collar and wide sleeves are unusual.

three-piece which Fromenti has sketched, with a short jacket of dark blue crepella, and a jumper and skirt of gray-beige jersey, will be "the real thing." Every detail shows this—the plaited skirt with its band of dark blue for a hem; the jumper with its dark blue leather belt and steel buckle, and its ties of jersey piped in dark blue; the plain beige felt hat banded with dark blue.

The other, if she wears satin, double silver foxes, pearls, and knickknacks of enamel, will simply broadcast her absence of taste or acquaintance with the grand chic. Of course, one will be noticed by all who see her, and the other will bring joy to the eyes of the connoisseur.

To be smart today is to be quietly expert. You can't be an exhibition and be really in style. That is probably one reason for the increasing importance of all black. It simply

A SHORT jacket of dark blue crepella and a two-piece frock of beige jersey make this Chanel sports suit for spring.

THE all-black dress is extremely smart. This Chanel model in crepella has triple ties forming yokes in front and back.

cannot be a loud-speaker. Many women of inimitable taste and smartness are wearing black for the street and for daytime generally—particularly mat black, which has no high lights.

The all-black daytime dress this spring is generally of crepella. It is short, and of an extremely neat fit, of the kind in the Chanel model above at the extreme right. This dress is a masterpiece from the high priestess of the present simplicity mode. The waist has a bolero back, which gives the appearance of a blouse above the fitted double girdle, and the skirt has a subdued circular movement.

Chanel's only trimming on this model consists of three narrow bands of crepella, picoted on both edges, and sewed flat to form a triple yoke at the front of the blouse. They are loose from the shoulders and are loosely knotted in back. Worn with a black hat that follows the hair line, a fox fur, and a single white flower, this costume has no superior in style or charm this spring.

OUR Premet ensemble in dark blue serge is trimmed with Premet's new spotted kid in rose and white. This leather forms the shawl collar that ties in a bow on the right shoulder, the insets in the sleeves, and the bands on the jumper waist. A crepe printed in the same way lines the coat. The skirt is circular in front only.

Dœuillet designed the afternoon frock at the extreme left. It is made of a kind of challis, with small pink flowers on a pale beige ground. This material Dœuillet uses to replace shimmering silks of past seasons. Under a petal skirt, cascaded with ruffles, is a petticoat of black lace. There is a gilet of lace, and ruffles trim the sleeves.

Briefly, the effort of style this spring is to complement, not to outshine, the woman.

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

? ? ?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week, these questions will be republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—What has been the average number of children in the families of the Presidents?

2—Which State of the United States has the most diversified boundary?

3—Who ranks higher in British nobility, an earl or a marquis?

4—What gave rise to the custom that prescribes that a man walking with a woman should take the side of the sidewalk nearer the street?

5—How much paper money is there in the United States?

6—What is the longest bridge span in the world?

7—Which is farther south—the tip of Florida or the tip of Texas?

8—What was the pen name of the famous American humorist, Charles F. Browne?

9—Why is the morris chair so called?

10—What is the largest size, legally, for a parcel-post package?

11—What is the probable origin of the gypsies?

12—What is the fastest time ever made by a sailing ship crossing the Atlantic?

13—What pitcher of the National League pitched in forty games in one season and never started one?

14—What is the average number of thunderstorms daily throughout the world?

15—Which team won the championship of the National Professional Football League in 1926?

16—Is the United States an agricultural or manufacturing country?

17—What is the difference between plate glass and window glass?

18—Does any animal hide its head in the sand when threatened?

19—What are the commonest diseases spread by house flies?

20—What American scientist is known as the father of the Weather Bureau?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—How many Presidents of the United States were not college men?
A.—Nine: Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, Johnson, and Cleveland.

2—Where was the original Dixie Land?
A.—On Manhattan Island, New York City. A slave owner named Dixie was so kind a master that the Negroes used to think of "Dixie's Land" as Paradise. Later the term was applied to the South.

3—Where was the Hesperus supposed to have been wrecked? Was it wrecked?
A.—Off Gloucester, Massachusetts. No.

4—What was the caliber of the Big Bertha gun that bombarded Paris from a distance of seventy-six miles?
A.—According to British and French calculations, it was about 8.5 inches. The gun was destroyed by the Germans in spite of an agreement to turn it over to the Allies, and the secrets of its construction were never disclosed.

5—Who made the first long-distance call from Los Angeles to London? At what cost?
A.—Colleen Moore, screen star, talked one minute from Los Angeles with J. F. Brockliss in London at a cost of eighty-seven dollars.

6—What was the Flying Dutchman?
A.—A specter ship believed to haunt waters around the Cape of Good Hope.

7—What was the greatest marine disaster in the last 100 years?
A.—The sinking of the Titanic, which struck an iceberg in the North Atlantic on April 14-15, 1912; 1,517 lives were lost.

8—Where was the original Bridge of Sighs and why was it so called?
A.—In Venice, Italy. The bridge, built about 1600, was an inclosed passage through which condemned persons were taken from the Doge's palace to the city prisons.

9—What are the names of the Great Lakes?
A.—Superior, Michigan, Erie, Huron, and Ontario.

10—Which American university has the largest endowment?
A.—Harvard, with an endowment of more than $70,000,000.

11—What is the world's typewriting speed record?
A.—136 words a minute, established by Albert Tangora of Cleveland, Ohio.

12—What is our largest national forest?
A.—The Tongassa Forest, Alaska; area, 16,549,093 acres.

13—What is the standard gauge of railways?
A.—Four feet 8½ inches.

14—What is the only single acid that will dissolve gold?
A.—Selenic acid. Aqua regia, the most commonly used solvent, is a mixture of two acids, hydrochloric and nitric.

15—What royal house changed its family name during the late war?
A.—The British, from the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to the House of Windsor, in 1917.

16—What is the oldest city in the United States, and when and by whom was it founded?
A.—St. Augustine, Florida, founded by the Spanish in 1565.

17—Why was March 27, 1927, an important date in the history of music?
A.—It was the hundredth anniversary of the death of Ludwig van Beethoven.

18—What precious metal is formed from the decay of another metal?
A.—Radium is formed by the slow decay of uranium.

19—How many eyes has a bee?
A.—Five. The two largest are on the sides of the head, and three others in the center of the forehead.

20—What major-league baseball player scored three runs in one inning?
A.—Tom Burns, Chicago Nationals, in the seventh inning of a game played September 6, 1883.

Assembling a Successful Wardrobe

By
MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE most important news item I have noted as coming out of Europe this week is that capes are once more *de rigueur*. A French lady of fashion, according to cable advices, has five. There is one of gold lamé, lined with royal blue velvet, for the evenings. All Parisian femininity is rejoicing, not over the value of the cape as a wrap, but as a weapon of coquetry.

How one can shrug it off or draw it round one at caprice! For a wrap to throw around one for short excursions, say from French salons across French courtyards to French dining-rooms, and in furs to throw round one's shoulders in drafty foyers of theaters, they have a practical value sorely missed in these past years when they have been, not dead, but sleeping. To be sure, they have made several attempts to return. But now they are seen on the Riviera, "marrying" the plaited skirt of one color to the brightly tinted blouse of another shading and material, from which item one deduces they may almost read their title clear for a future run as the dominating form of wrap.

The Parisian lady with the five capes has only one coat, and this is of tweed so soft that one might almost mistake it for something silken. In fact, French writers are almost rhapsodizing at present over woolen materials they describe as so soft you could pull them through a ring.

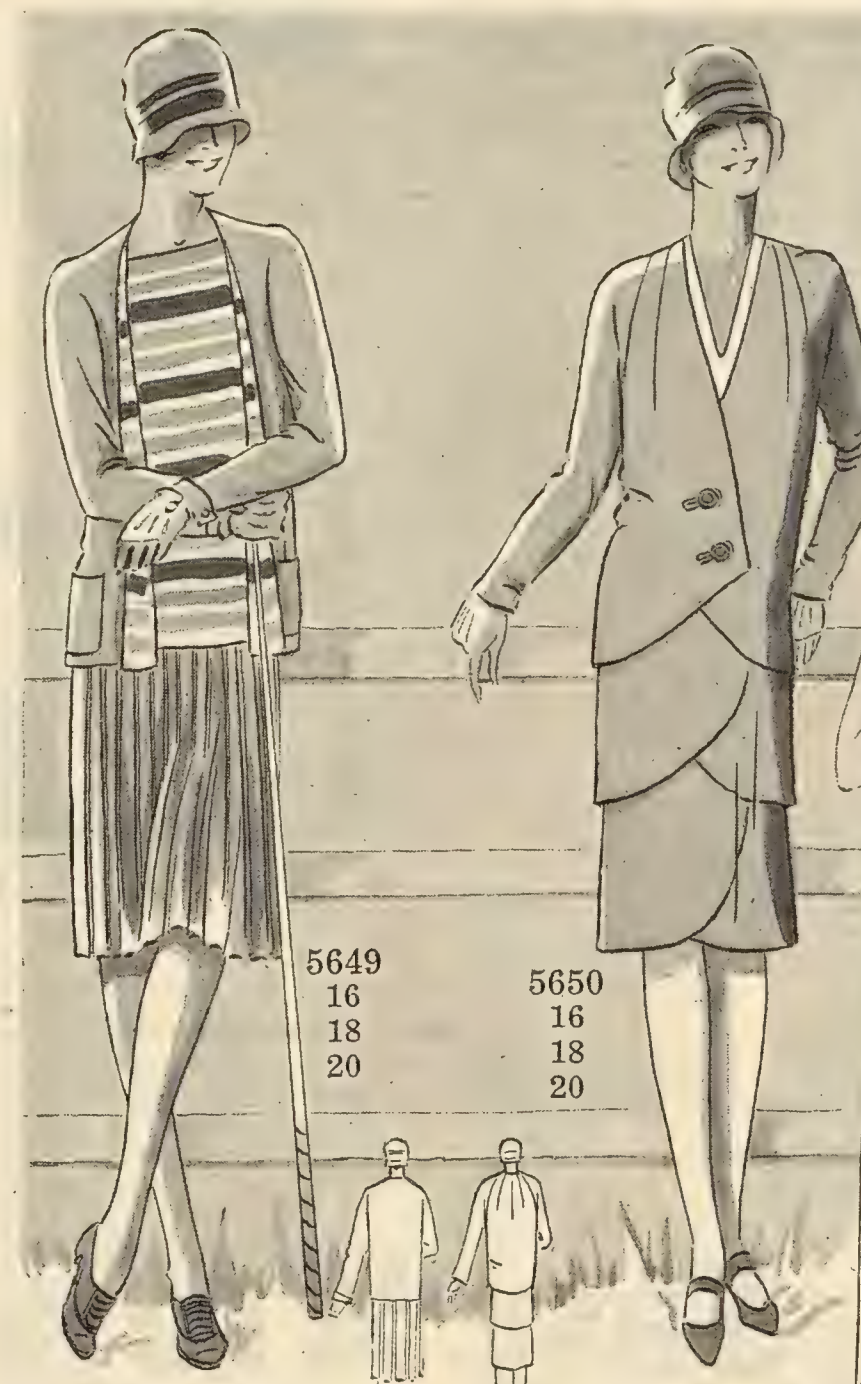
But to reduce some order out of these random statements: Capes in wool, in fur, and in handsome brocades are making a strong stand for favor and gaining hourly. Tweed is the favorite material for coats, which are made collarless and on long lines, with either melon seams or strips of their own material for the only trimming. To answer the most frequent question that comes into this department, unless they are a definite part of an ensemble costume, they should be exactly the length of the skirt.

French woolens are today the most sensational, the most talked-about materials. The manufacturers have taken over some English designs, but are making their adaptations so soft and fine that they are frequently mistaken for silk. I have a coat of one of these in pale blue which everybody in Florida last winter thought was some new silken brocade.

As for sports costumes, let me describe two that are even now disporting themselves on the Riviera, or perhaps have only just returned to the capital of fashion where they were born.

5651
16
18
20

For evening this dress, with its petal-shaped streamers at front and back of the skirt, is very attractive made of black chiffon.



5649
16
18
20

5650
16
18
20

Yellow and blue are the prevailing colors in the lining and composé striped blouse worn with this gray jersey sports suit.

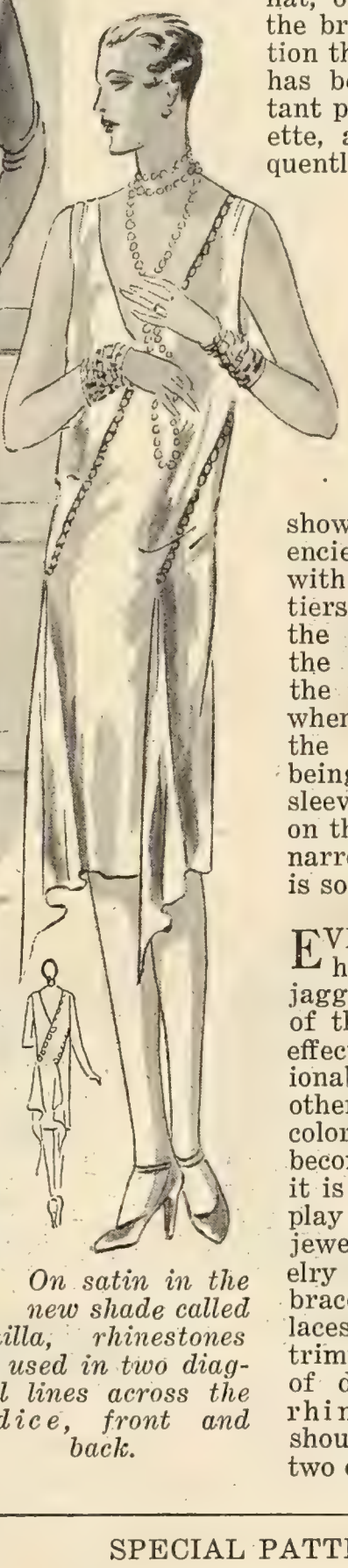
A crepella suit developed in light blue, with a tiered skirt and high set sleeves.

One was a "nothing," a Frenchman says, consisting of a gray crepe de Chine skirt plaited, with a jacket of darker gray crepe de Chine opening over a gilet of the most marvelous of silk jerseys in pale blue.

This suit furnishes the inspiration for another country dress, all of white except for a pale blue jersey gilet. Even for town this costume is followed in a long-lined dress of one color, garnished only with a bright-colored waistcoat. For the country this costume was worn with a scarf of one of the new woolens that are sweeping the world. This one was called mousslikasha and was of gray.

A French artist described the other costume as a masterpiece of color, the skirt being of a yellow that could battle with the Riviera sun, the jacket of rich green velvet, and the gilet of silk jersey of a paler green shot with yellow. There also was a scarf with this costume—only it was more like a fichu—of softest woolen knotted in the apache manner and reuniting all the different tones of the costume.

From the foregoing we are in a position to make an important deduction concerning a part of the spring fashion. Ensembles are fashionable, but are drawn together by the force of contrast in materials and colors instead of by similarity. The present ensemble requires more taste and sophistication to bring together than that old one which could be assembled with a sample and an afternoon of shopping to match it.



5652
34
36
38
40

On satin in the new shade called vanilla, rhinestones are used in two diagonal lines across the bodice, front and back.

The two day models displayed on this page show a total absence of any form of collar, and this, as we have often noted, is an important item of the fashions, giving ample leeway for the use of scarfs and neckpieces. Still, with the advent of the close skullcap or little hat, one is tempted to the broader generalization that the neck itself has become an important part of the silhouette, and is more frequently on display with hair most painstakingly cut in the back, throatline very carefully arranged, and scarf or neckpiece over the arm.

The suit illustrated shows further tendencies of the styles, with its skirt in two tiers that lap over at the front in exactly the same manner as the jacket, which when fastened gives the impression of being a third tier. Its sleeves curve upward on the shoulder in the narrowing effect that is so fashionable.

EVENING dresses have the same old jagged hemline. One of them has a bolero effect and the fashionable hip band. The other is in the vanilla-colored satin that has become so smart, and it is organized to display a great deal of jewelry or near-jewelry as accessories to bracelets and necklaces, as well as dress trimming in the form of diagonal lines of rhinestones from shoulder to hip along two of the seams.

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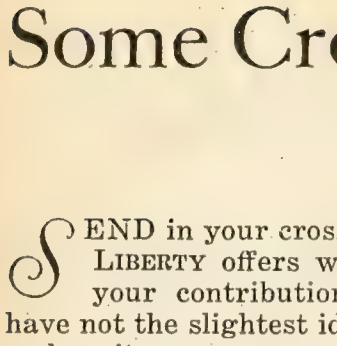
HORIZONTAL

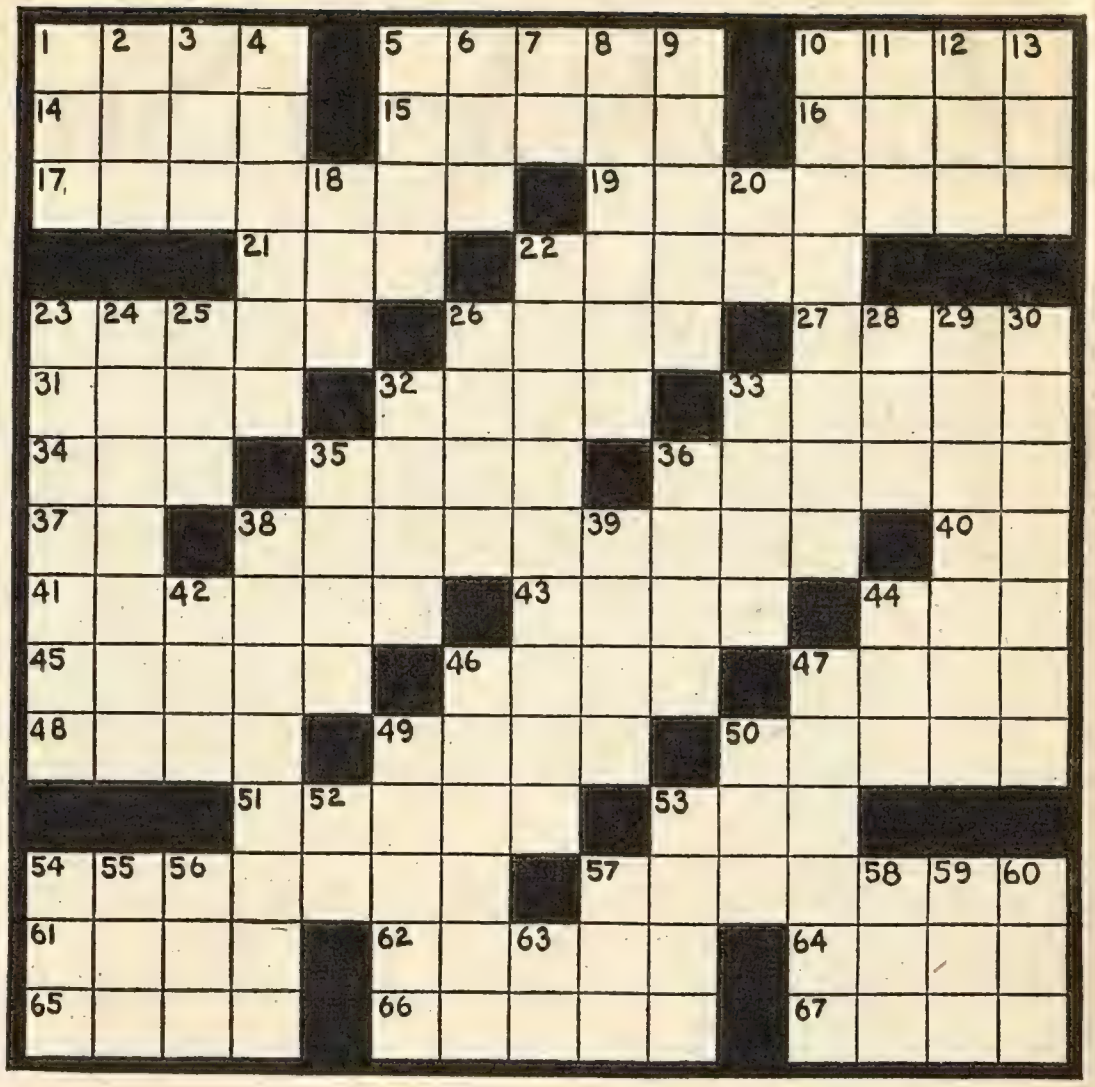
1 A turn or deflection from a straight line
5 Hardly perceptible
10 Situation
14 A city in Pennsylvania
15 To change
16 Supplicate
17 To derogate
19 Rosy
21 Anger
22 A fruit
23 Shovel
26 The first King of Israel
27 Defy
31 A panel
32 A platform
33 On the same footing
34 Craft
35 Revolve
36 Edible grass seeds
37 A pronoun
38 Revolutions
40 Letter of the Greek alphabet
41 Delicacy
43 Feminine proper name
44 Rend
45 Eroded
46 Mulct
47 A part of the eye
48 Fury
49 Inclosures
50 A shelf
51 Tumults
53 Obtain
54 The head of an English college
57 A table-land
61 An assumed part
62 Weird
64 Eject
65 Unequal things or conditions
66 To arrange in folds
67 A regulation

VERTICAL

1 Small plot of cultivated ground
2 Sooner than
3 Egg of an insect
4 Mock
5 Surface show
6 Higher part of the musical scale
7 A pronoun
8 A Biblical name (Rom. xvi. 15)
9 A round, as of a song
10 Squanderers
11 Masculine proper name
12 Coarse cloth made from jute
13 Part of a needle
18 A form of to be
20 For that reason
22 Upholds
23 Mature female fish
24 Root of a South American medicinal plant
25 An insect
26 A feminine proper name
28 Hail!
29 Harvesting
30 An oval plane surface
32 A tax
33 A river in Siberia
35 Carry
36 Fruit of the pine
38 Keeps back
39 Taverns
42 A gear-wheel tooth
44 A primary color
46 Shackle
47 Character representing a sound
49 Assumed a studied attitude
50 A meadow
52 The peacock butterfly
53 Joy
54 In behalf of
55 A wand
56 Aged
57 Seed of certain fruits
58 Australian ostrich
59 To suffer illness
60 An American Indian
63 Egyptian god of the sun



Answer to Puzzle No. 33



Prize Puzzle No. 34

By JAMES MORRISON, York, Pennsylvania

Beg Pardon. The prize-winning puzzle printed in the issue of February 19 was almost an exact duplicate of one published by Simon & Shuster, Inc., in the 1924 edition of their Cross Word Puzzle Book. This puzzle was submitted by H. L. Burmester, P. O. Box 802, Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Mr. Burmester says the duplication was "purely and simply a coincidence."

Save ¼ to ½ Your Gasoline!

Or This Daring Trial is FREE

I Hereby Hurl This Challenge at Every Car Owner in the World. Accept My Offer To Test This Amazing Device on Your Car—The Test To Be Free if Unsuccessful in Your Opinion. Read Below How It Works. Learn How You Can Make Money Full or Spare Time as My Representative. Then Mail Coupon Before Offer Expires. Many Earn

$75 TO $200 IN A WEEK!

HOW would you like to run your car 1,300 miles without buying any gasoline at all? That is what J. R. Wood, of St. Louis, reports. "My Oldsmobile sedan used to average only 17 miles per gallon," he writes, "but since installing the Stransky Vaporizer it has averaged better than 30 miles per gallon for over 3,000 miles."

More evidence. Out of thousands of unsolicited testimonials we have reports of increased gasoline mileage as follows: Ford 20 to 60 miles on a gallon, Star 25 to 31, Chevrolet 30 to 52, Dodge 20 to 40, Hudson 19 to 21, Overland 19 to 31, Nash 19 to 22, Hupmobile 32 to 37, Buick 17 to 32, Studebaker 23 to 27, Cadillac 12 to 18—and so on. The list is endless.

And still more evidence! Out of the over-a-million users, we have many reports from those who have had the Stransky Vaporizer on their cars for as long as three to eight years. Every day they give it the most searching test in actual operation. And still they continue to report increased mileage, more power, less carbon and engine trouble.

Here's My Guarantee to Car Owners...

FREE GASOLINE OFFER

I will send you samples of the Stransky Vaporizer to test in your car. If it does not save you 1-4 to 1-2 of the gasoline you now use; if it does not end carbon and spark trouble; if it does not satisfy and delight you in every way—you may return it and I will refund your deposit. What is more, I will pay a cash forfeit of one-half dollar if the test is unsuccessful. This offer has already been accepted by over a million car owners.

L. G. Stransky, Vice-Pres.
J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co.
Pukwana, So. Dakota
Resources Over $500,000.

J. A. Stransky

How It Works:

J. A. Stransky, former candidate for Governor of South Dakota, is the inventor of this amazing device. It is a simple little piece of metal not much larger than a dollar coin. Anybody can install it in a few minutes. It is automatic and self-regulating. It operates on the sound and well-recognized principle of multiplying the vapor power of the gasoline.

Official tests have shown that most car owners waste 20 to 30% of their gas through improper combustion. But if your saving is less than 25% you need not pay a red cent for the device.

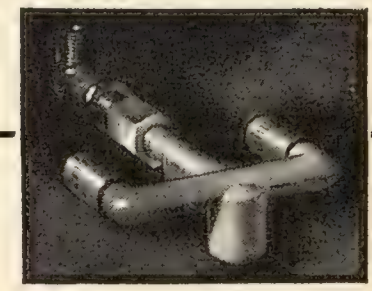
Ends Carbon Troubles

But saving gas isn't the only service performed by this device, according to car owners. They say it has ended carbon and spark plug troubles, "barking" and "spitting," makes the engine start quicker and increases the power. And it provides a third service—a convenient way to remove already-formed carbon, employing the same method used in cleaning out the famous Diesel engine.

How This Test Is *FREE*

Don't send a penny or accept anything until you find out how this device works. The coupon below will bring you full details that answer every question. Mail it now and test this opportunity to cut down the expense of running your car.

If you are interested in making money on the side, or as a full-time proposition, we have a wonderful plan for you. Over 5,000 men have become distributors for this wonderful (and low priced) device. Last year they earned $300,000 in profits. No selling experience is required. Mail the coupon now without obligation.



Drove 1,300 Miles

Without Buying Gasoline

J. R. Wood of St. Louis writes that he increased his gasoline mileage from 17 miles a gallon to 30 miles a gallon on an actual test of 3,000 miles. This amounts to 1,300 miles of free gasoline because of this amazing device. Thousands of car owners report other amazing savings.

Made $48 in Three Hours

J. A. Williams is one of the many big money-makers on the Stransky payroll. He writes that he made $48 in three hours. J. W. Cronk made $51 in an hour. A. S. Herrick made $157 in one day. Learn how you can make big money, too!

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Saves Gasoline

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.

Dept. D-460. Pukwana, So. Dak.
Resources Over $500,000 Established 10 Years

J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co.,
Dept. D-460, Pukwana, South Dakota

Yes, I want to learn full details of your offer to test this way to save me gasoline, and carbon troubles, and increase power. Also send me details of your money-making plan for distributors. This request does not obligate me in any way.

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Address.....
City..... State.....

His WONDERS to Perform

The Story of a Man Who Gambled with Death

By MEIGS O. FROST

Pictures by
BENTON H. CLARK

LEEBORO drowsed in the warm Louisiana morning sun, behind the Mississippi River levee, when John Tarleton arose with the conviction that this was the end of the world. He started his cold tub and looked in his shaving-mirror. It was a peach of a black eye, he had to admit. What a fool he had been!

Nothing but his senior year between him and his medical degree. But that was all past. All hope of a surgeon's career behind him. All hope of marrying Alice Dabney behind him. All hope of any sort behind him, just now. For this was the morning he was to have started out to look for a job. And you couldn't go asking for a job with a black eye that looked like a half-portion of a minstrel-show make-up; even though the only job he thought he could get—he, John Tarleton, son of a surgeon, almost a surgeon himself—was a mechanic's job in a small-town garage. Thank God, it didn't matter what kind of a job he got, as long as he got one.

He didn't need money for himself. Alone, he could have gone to the Tulane University School of Medicine at New Orleans and worked his way through that senior year to the M. D. degree if he hadn't a cent. He knew men who did—men in his own class.

But his mother. She couldn't work. Bedridden. His fingers clutched murderously around his shaving-brush. If it were only the throat of that slick, fancy-talking oil stock salesman who had played on her hopes to help her boy—who had won her shaky signature that had wiped out the pittance his father had left when he died!

But why hadn't he taken the news like a man? It had been rotten of him, sunk in black despair, to go wandering to the outskirts of Leeboro and end up at that rowdy lumberjack dance. Ugh! Picture by picture, the scenes came back. The raw white corn liquor. The blowzy women.

Tom Winship swaggering in—*his* college years completed that spring: son of Big Bill Winship, whose lumber holdings covered a quarter of the State, and who, the old-timers chuckled, "was putting Tom through a hell of a course of sprouts" as a lumberjack in the Four Bayous Camp a few miles below Leeboro. Tom had swaggered in, full of corn, primed for fight or frolic.

It had been fight. As to what they had fought about, John Tarleton hadn't the faintest recollection. But he certainly had landed on the big stiff before he had been ganged and thrown out. He smiled a little ruefully at that "big stiff." He had rather liked Tom Winship.

IT had been fight. As to what they had fought about, John Tarleton hadn't the faintest recollection.

He shivered slightly, as he stropped his razor, at the thought of Alice Dabney hearing of the affair. Of course she'd hear about it—small-town gossip; you couldn't get away from it. It would cook his goose with Alice. No small-town girl could stand that sort of thing. And Alice, beautiful as she was, dear as she was, had been born and reared in Leeboro.

He hadn't told her yet that he was quitting college—looking for a job. Would he get a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HIS WONDERS TO PERFORM
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

chance to tell her before the gossips did if he waited for that black eye to fade? His razor nicked his chin. He growled.

He dressed with the slowness of those who seek to kill time. It would be days before he could go downtown. You couldn't ask for a job with an eye like that, and with a story like that all over town, he repeated to himself with a faint feeling of nausea. Then more nausea came at the thought of facing his mother.

Quietly he slipped downstairs. Thank heaven, old Pearl, the Negro cook, was out in the back yard. He poured himself a cup of black coffee from the pot on the stove. He slipped into the living-room and slumped into a chair.

Into his mind came fragments of his mother's talk when she had told him the bad news of their vanished money.

"Don't worry so, John. We'll work out a way, somehow. Nobody can do everything. Leave a little something for God to do. Remember—don't you?—'God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.'"

Such a mother! And he had gone out and made a star-spangled jackass of himself. How could he explain that eye to her?

A CLASH of metal, a screech of brakes, smote his ears. He got up and looked out the window. In front of his gate a battered, rattling, mud-incrusted flivver had clattered to a stop. Through the gate strode a huge, rough man in overalls and muddy boots, flannel shirt open at the neck. John Tarleton reached the door as the man's great fist banged on the panels.

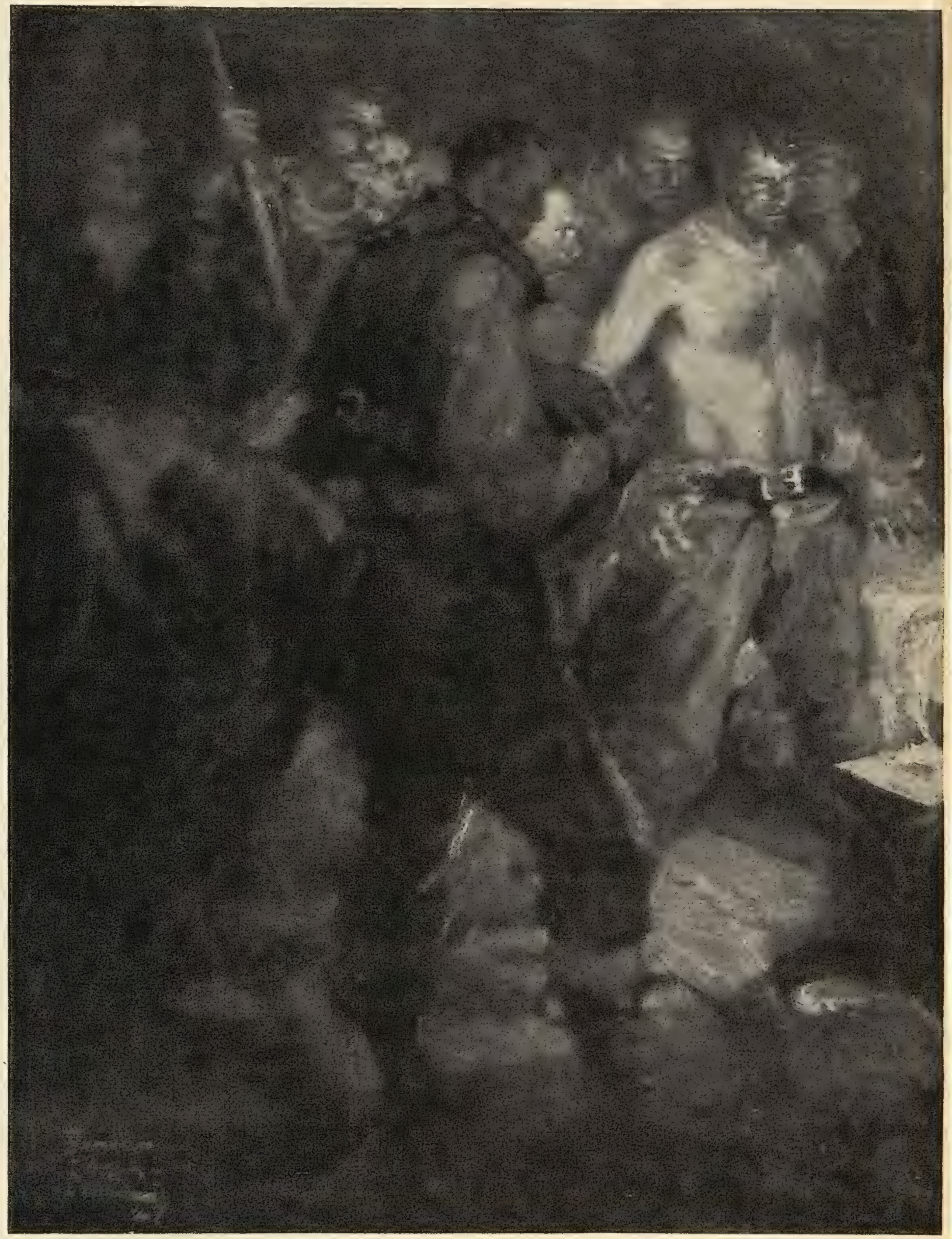
"They tell me downtown you're almost a doctor, if you ain't a doctor," the man was saying. "Can't find old Doc Freeman anywhere. There's a man dam' bad hurt down at Four Bayous Camp. Ax cut in his leg. Goin' to die if we don't get someone to fix him up right now. Come along. I'll take you there."

Afterward John couldn't remember when he got into his coat and hat—when he had grabbed from his room the doctor's bag of gleaming instruments that was his treasured heritage from his father. The first thing he remembered was that he was being driven insanely over rutted country clay roads by a man whose only driving technique was to grip that flivver's wheel with mighty hands, give her all she had, and smash straight ahead.

The lumber camp at last. Raw pine shacks beneath towering trees. An excited darky signaled toward one of the bunk houses.

There, stretched on a camp bed, roughly blanketed, his leg bound by a tourniquet made from a shirt sleeve, lay the injured man. John Tarleton deposited his bag on the floor. He reached for the man's wrist—and as he did so his eyes traveled to the face.

Tom Winship! Yesterday that face had been ruddy with keen color. Now it was white as the dead are white. John's head spun dizzily as if from a blow.



"Don't ask fool questions." Big Bill Winship had torn off coat, shirt, and undershirt.

Gripping himself with a terrific effort, he focused once more on the pulse. It was so fast that the beats were almost indistinguishable. The heart was racing madly, most of its pumping labor gone with the great loss of blood.

John Tarleton straightened up. The face of Big Bill Winship loomed close.

"Has he got a chance?" The agony in the father's voice had slipped the leash of control.

"A blood transfusion is the only chance in the world he has got." All the doctor in John Tarleton was alert, tense, on tiptoes. "There isn't a bit of the necessary laboratory apparatus here to test blood types. You're his father—you're the best bet. Willing to give some blood for him?"

"Don't ask fool questions." Big Bill Winship was tearing off coat, shirt, and undershirt. That torso and those arms told how he had won his name. "Get going, Doc. I'm ready."

SUDDEN dismay smote John Tarleton. Nothing in his bag for a blood transfusion. The nearest apparatus was miles away. Tom Winship would be dead long before he could get it.

He straightened up, running his hand through his hair with a characteristic gesture.

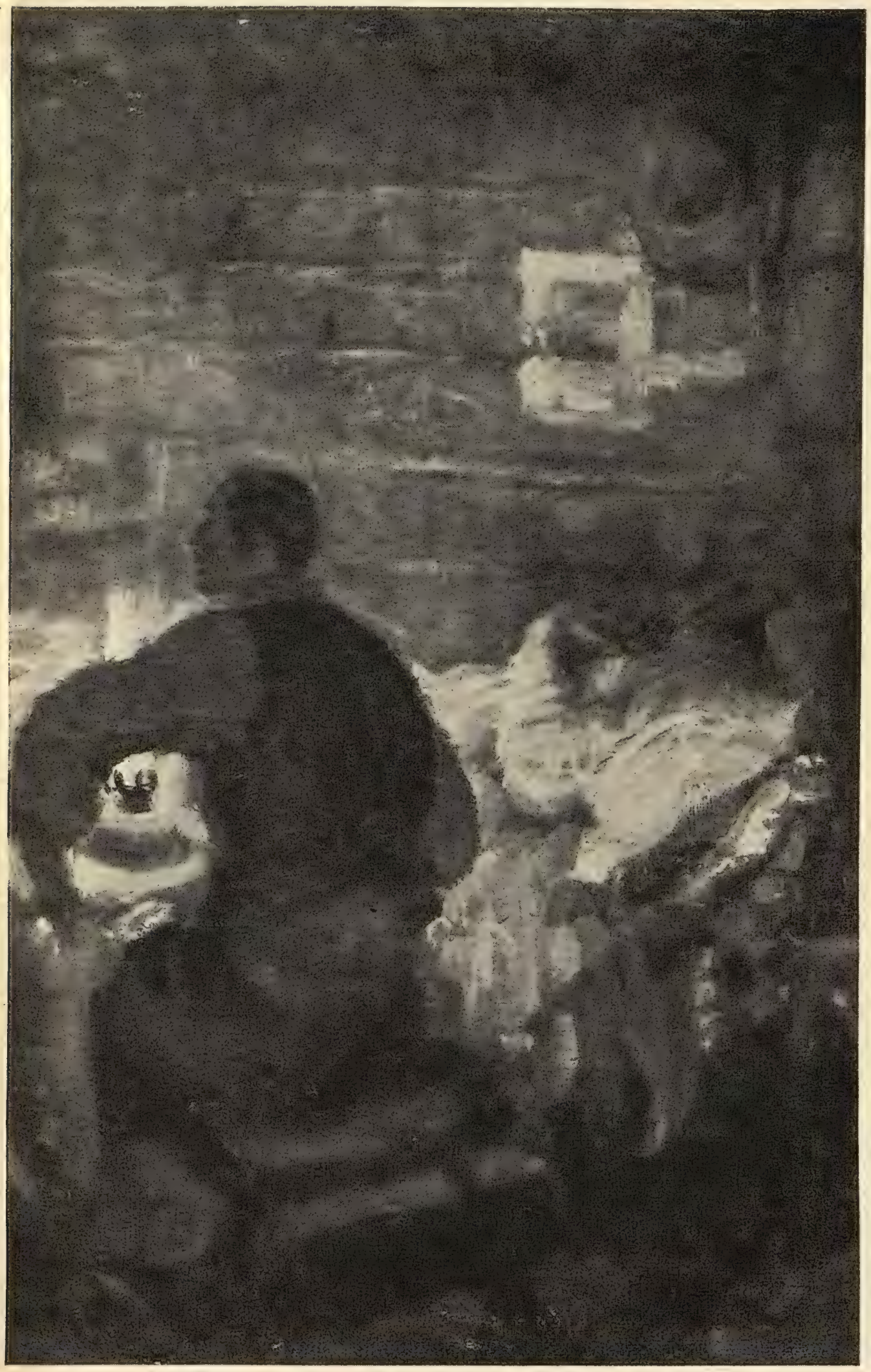
"Just a minute," he growled.

He strode to the door of the shack. What could he substitute for aseptic tubing coated with paraffin so that the blood, passing through, would not coagulate?

He turned, almost expecting to see his mother's face, so clearly he heard her voice in his ears:

"Nobody can do everything. Leave a little something for God to do."

There was a flash of movement among the pine trees across the clearing. Curses in the comic accent of the Negro cook, trying to run down a great fat squawking goose that had escaped from its little wire pen.



That torso and those arms told how he had won his name. "Get going, Doc. I'm ready."

"Get me that goose!" John Tarleton's order rang sharply at Big Bill Winship. "Get me that goose, if it takes your whole lumber camp—and get it quick! Your boy's life depends on that bird."

Wild pursuit. Squawking flight. Then a shotgun crashed. A moment later the goose was in John Tarleton's hands. From it he plucked three of the biggest quills he could find.

"Any tallow candles here?" he demanded. "Yes? Take a pot out of the mess shack and melt them quick as God'll let you."

With a surgeon's knife he fell to work on the quills, trimmed off the feathery edges, cut the ends slantingly. Into the melted candles that were brought him he dipped the tubes, coating them inside with hot tallow.

Then: "Bring the biggest table you've got and get it in here quick!" he ordered.

SIDE by side on the scoured pine boards he laid father and son.

"You're going to be in a mighty uncomfortable position for a long time," he told Big Bill Winship, as with strips of a blanket he bound his arm alongside the arm of his son.

Always, out of some obscure belief that his father would have wished it so, he had kept that surgeon's emergency kit stocked and ready for action. Swiftly he prepared a hypodermic and injected morphine into Big Bill Winship to ease the pain and restlessness from the cramped posture. He splashed iodine on the two arms. It was the best he could do.

GRIPPED in steady fingers, the lancet bit deep into two arms. An end of the tallow-coated quill was inserted in each. Through the tiny tube, with every heartbeat of the father, pulsed the red stream of life.

John Tarleton thrilled as he watched. He saw a tinge of faint color come to cheeks like white wax, to finger nails blue with the blueness of death; felt that racing pulse slow down toward normal as the heart once more took up the task of pumping blood.

An hour later he had given his last orders and climbed into the battered flivver to be driven back to town, to telephone the nearest hospital, ten miles away, for an ambulance.

But, he told himself bitterly, all that those hospital doctors could do was to clean up the battlefield on which he, John Tarleton, barred from his career of fighting death, had fought with death—and won.

"Hell!" said John Tarleton. He fished in his coat pocket for a cigarette, and found the pocket empty.

"Can you lend me a cigarette and a light?" he asked the lumberjack who drove the car.

"Take the pack, Doc," begged the man. "An' if you want my shirt too, Doc, she's yours. That's the greatest job I ever heard of, let alone anything I ever seen."

The tag-end of an old, old verse floated into John Tarleton's memory just then:

The little gift in the doorway,
And the praise no gift can buy—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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and
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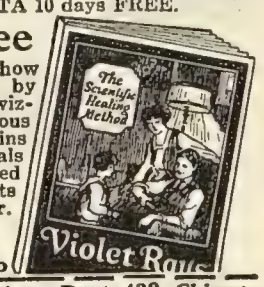

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That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. They are based on many years of scientific research, and they act to correct the cause.

Marmola is the modern, scientific help. It has been used for 19 years. Countless users have told others about its results and its benefits. Now people are using, as a result, a very large amount.

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Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[HIS WONDERS TO PERFORM Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

That was what it meant to be a surgeon. And he was going to look for a job in a garage!

"Don't drive me back to my house," he told the lumberjack, as they neared Leeboro. "Drop me at Clay Treadwell's garage, will you?"

"Clay," he said, ten minutes later, after telephoning for the ambulance, "you kidded me once that I knew more about how to make a motor behave than you do yourself. Said I could have a job any time I wanted it. Well, I need that job, and I need it bad.

"This shiner? Tom Winship handed it to me when we all got drunk at the dance at Lonny O'Malley's dump last night. You've got a right to know that. Anything else is nobody's business. And, Clay, I'd like to sleep on a cot at the garage until this eye gets human again. Drop in up at the house this evening and leave word with mother I'm all right and I'll see her in about a week."

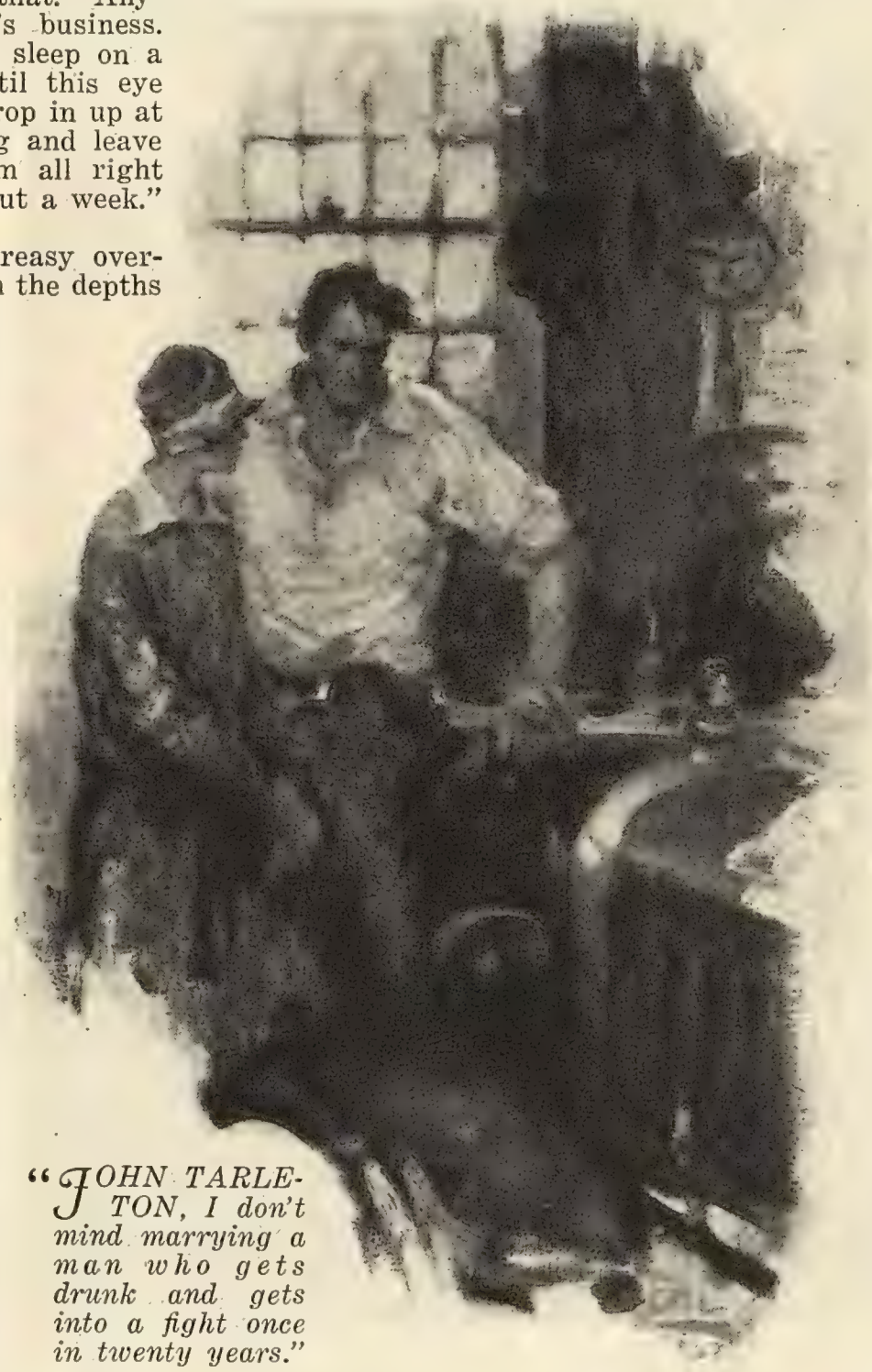
A MECHANIC in greasy overalls looked up from the depths of a motor into which he had been probing, as a hand was laid on his shoulder. The resonant voice of Big Bill Winship boomed in his ears—Big Bill Winship a trifle pale, but as aggressive as ever.

"I'd like to know what you're doing working in this dump!" he said.

"This is no dump," said John Tarleton, garage helper. "It's the best garage in Leeboro."

"Because it's the *only* garage in Leeboro," chuckled Big Bill. "But I didn't come here to debate on garages; I came here to pay my bill. How much do you reckon I owe you?"

"You don't owe me a cent. I'm not an M. D.—I've got no license to practice. And certainly if I can't practice, I can't charge for it. All I did was what anybody would do in an emergency. How's Tom?"



"JOHN TARLETON, I don't mind marrying a man who gets drunk and gets into a fight once in twenty years."

Big Bill Winship looked steadily and gravely into the young man's eyes.

"Tom's going to be as good as he ever was," he said slowly. "All you did was what anybody would do, was it, hey? Well, it might interest what's inside that concrete skull on top of that stiff neck of yours to know that old Doc Freeman here and the house surgeon over at the hospital in Beauregard tell me that goose-quill operation you pulled is the greatest example of surgical daring and courage in an emergency they ever heard of. But that's only part of what I came over here to tell you.

"You young fool, what do you suppose my boy's life is worth to me? You're quitting this job right now. You're going back to medical school. Your mother is going to be taken care of while you finish your senior year and your interneship. Call it a loan if you want. Pay it back when you get ready. But don't make any mistake about it—son, you start for New Orleans tomorrow."

"I'm not taking charity from anybody, Mr. Winship, no matter how well they mean it."

Big Bill Winship exploded.

"You're going to do what I tell you," he roared, in the voice of a man who has had his way among men all his life. "If you don't, you've got me to lick right here and now. Maybe you can do it. I dunno. A lot of fellows have tried, but none of 'em are bragging about it. And if you do lick me, there's fifty flathead lumbermen down at Four Bayous, and I'm sending 'em up here, one a day, to take a crack at you until you listen to reason. Now"—he began to strip off his coat—"are you going to show sense or do I bust you wide open?"

IN through the doorway stepped a slim yet rounded figure, with bronze-gold bobbed hair gleaming beneath her little hat. John Tarleton's back was toward her.

"Before you start this little job of busting me wide open"—John Tarleton's voice was as steady as his eyes—"suppose you tell me how you know so darn much about my affairs. Of course, the whole town knows I got drunk and got into a fight with Tom. That mess cost me my reputation—and my girl, I guess. I haven't seen her since. But I reckon I can repair flivvers without a reputation. My mother's affairs are something else."

The voice of Alice Dabney was clear, even if it was soft and sweet. John Tarleton wheeled.

"How does Mr. Winship know? I told him, stupid! Your mother agreed I could tell him. John Tarleton, I don't mind marrying a man who gets drunk and gets into a fight once in twenty years. But I'd die an old maid before I'd marry a man who was fool enough to kick over his chance to do the work God meant him to do, just because of foolish, stiff-necked pride."

Her voice took on authority:

"John, you shake hands with Mr. Winship and thank him and tell him you're starting for New Orleans on the morning train. And then you come home with me and see your mother."

This was the small-town girl who would have nothing more to do with him, once she heard from the gossips about that drunken fight, was it? Curiously like a small boy apologizing under compulsion for a pantry jam theft, John Tarleton stepped forward toward Big Bill Winship with hand outthrust. The contagious grin of the older man lighted up the face of the younger. Their hands gripped.

"I'LL be around to the house tonight to see you, son," said Big Bill Winship.

A moment later, standing in the garage entrance, he watched two figures walking side by side up Railroad Avenue in the sunlight.

"Goin' to boss the life out of him—and make him like it," he grinned to himself. "If he needed anything to make a man of him, he's got it."

There flashed before him memories of a girl the age of Alice Dabney, who had slept beside him on a mattress on the floor of the raw plank commissary of his first little lumber camp; who had kept the books; who had encouraged and sympathized and loved—and bossed.

"Can't beat these small-town girls," mused Big Bill Winship.

In a shabby little house in Leeboro a bedridden mother was thanking her God and the medium through which her God had worked, "His wonders to perform."

THE END

The Impudence of Dodo

"THEN I saw the sup'rintendint comin' along, like this!"

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A STORY *for* CHILDREN

By
ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

CARLOTTA stood with her hands on her ample hips and poured out floods of very loud Italian. In front of her, dancing on one foot, laughing impudently, rolling her great eyes until the whites were all that could be seen, was Dodo—Dodo, dark and shiny like a coffee berry, in her spick-and-span white uniform.

Dodo's nose turned impudently up, her hair stood impudently on end. Every bone in her little body was impudent. She didn't need to say anything to make Carlotta furious. She could do it simply by looking at her and laughing.

Carlotta snatched up the rolling-pin. Dodo ducked and fled.

"Carlotta's goin' to kill me!" she shrieked as she dashed on, paying no attention to Nicky's amazed and bewildered face.

Emmy seized Carlotta by her plump forearm: "Oh, Carlotta, don't! I wouldn't really *kill* her!" she begged.

Carlotta, with a most disgusted face, returned the rolling-pin to the pastry board.

"Who said I was goin' to kill her? Such a fuss about nothin'!" she grumbled. "I wishta goodness *somebody'd* kill her. But I've got *my* work to do."

Nicky went to the door and called into the hall:

"You can come back now, Dodo! Carlotta's too busy to kill you!"

Carlotta instantly became violent again.

"Don't you call that monkey back here! That girl's crazy, that's what she is. She'd ought to be shut up!"

Dodo's face, peering around the edge of the door and rolling horrified eyes, drove poor Carlotta into a frenzy. She turned on the children, shooed them all out of the kitchen, and closed the door viciously.

Dodo, now behaving as if she had been frightened nearly to death, led the children upstairs, urging them on with terrifying whispers and casting agonized glances back over her shoulder all the way up.

"RUN, now, run!" she gasped under breath as they neared the top. "Run! She's coming! She can catch us easy!"

The children were nearly in hysterics by the time they reached the upper hall. Emmy was the only one who had a grain of sense left.

"But she doesn't *want* to catch us, Dodo," she protested reasonably. "She sent us away."

"Huh! You can never tell about these cooks," explained Dodo. "As soon put a knife into you as not!"

"Put a knife into you *where?*" asked poor Nicky.

But right here I came out of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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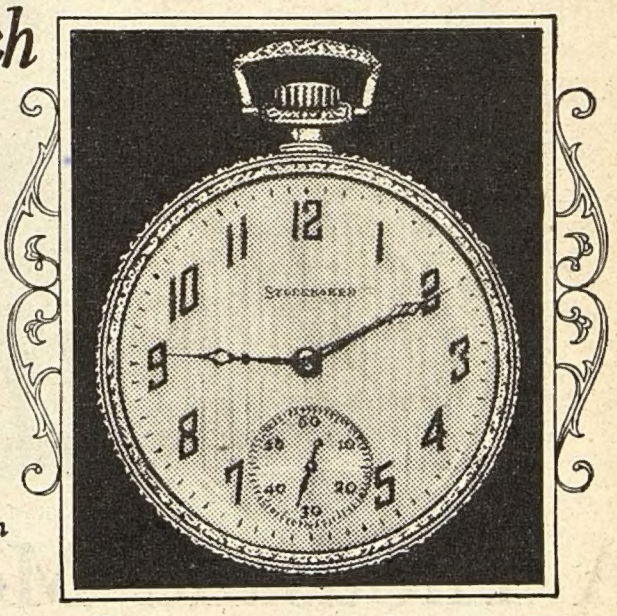

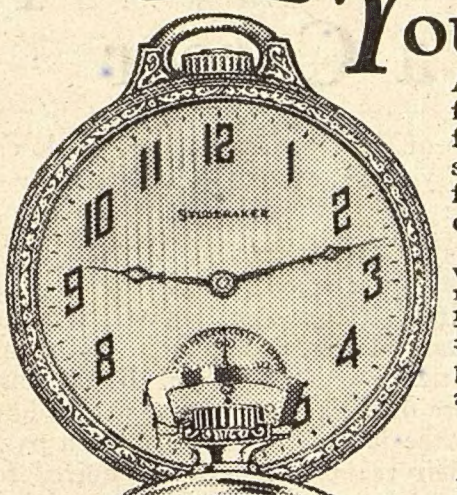

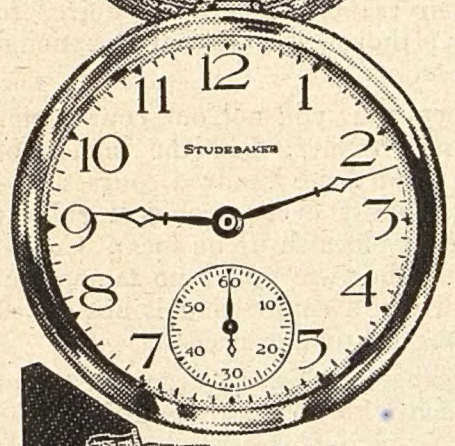

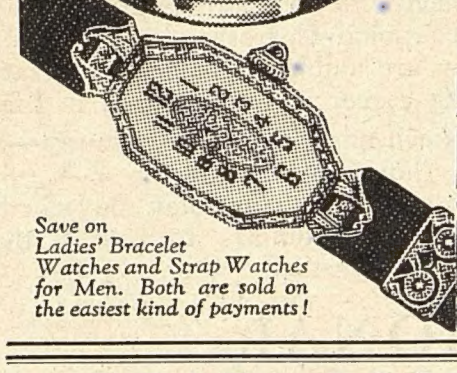

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

my room. Dodo was instantly prim and silent.

"Dodo," I said sternly, "stop talking frightening nonsense like that to the children. Come in here to me."

She followed me into the room, looking as demure as a pussy-cat.

Dodo ducked and fled. "Carlotta's goin' to kill me!"

"Yes, mother," she murmured.

Her voice was really lovely, soft and English. How could I tell her not to call me "mother," when she did it so prettily?

"Dodo," I said firmly but kindly, "I want you to stop teasing Carlotta. You are being very bad indeed."

"But she's so easy teased," Dodo pleaded. "She do tempt me."

"You must stop it. And I won't allow you to frighten the children."

"Yes'm," she murmured, as meek as a lamb. "I'll try to be good."

She walked cat-footedly out of the room and herded the children into the nursery.

As I went downstairs to soothe Carlotta I heard Dodo's soft voice talking to the children. Tony had joined the group. He was humped up in a low chair, listening. Dodo was sitting on the floor by one of the low windows, with Greg's head in her lap. Emmy and Nicky were sitting together in an armchair.

"So I ran as hard as I could, an' then I climbed up in the top of a kinnip tree—"

"What's a kinnip tree?" asked Tony.

"So I climbed up the kinnip tree as fast as I could, an' then I saw—"

"But what's a kinnip tree?"

"Oh, nemmine!" said Dodo impatiently. "Then I saw the sup'rintendint comin' along, walkin' as sollum as a judge or a who'szis. Like this!"

Here she scrambled up from the floor and strutted across the room, head thrown back and hands primly folded across her protruded stomach. "An' I picked a few kinnips an' held 'em in my ap'on —so!"

"But what *are* kinnips?" begged Tony.

"So I thought I'd just drop a kinnip in front of him an' make him jump. But, my lawd! the kinnip landed right on his shirt front an' squushed—"

"But what *are* kinnips? How do you spell it?"

"O-oh! Well, dat's anudder story!" said Dodo firmly.

Dodo was the nurse I had engaged to tame the children!

Do you like to play animals? Then you'll enjoy the fun the children had when they came back from the zoo. Read next week's LIBERTY.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Too Much of a Good Thing

Arline prayed nightly for a baby sister. The prayer was answered, and the much-longed-for baby sister grew into a mischievous little imp, who scattered toys and wrecked playhouses ruthlessly.

In due course of time still another baby sister joined the family, and when the prayerful little girl was shown the newest arrival, she said:

"I'd like to know who prayed for this one! I know I didn't."—Mrs. O. T., Lebanon, Ohio.

No Visit Was Worth that Much!

Jimmie and his dog Spots were frequent callers.

One day Jimmie's shoes and the dog's feet were wet and muddy. I called to him:

"You can't come in today unless you clean your shoes and Spots' feet."

He glanced at the house, looked at Spots, looked at his feet, and then in almost a whisper said:

"Come on, Spots; 'tain't worth it."—Mrs. J. Wissmann, Jackson, Mich.

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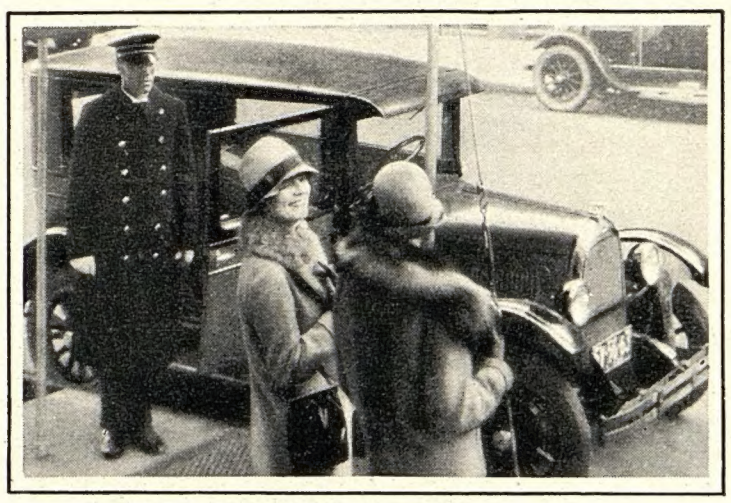
Just imagine what this saving will mean to you in a single year. "30 miles on a gallon of gasoline"—well over 1,000 miles on a gallon of oil, with remarkably low upkeep expense.

And finally you get the necessary safety and protection of 4-wheel brakes. We say necessary advisedly. The whole trend is that way. At the 1925 Automobile Show 44.3% of the chassis were equipped with 4-wheel brakes. In 1926, 63.2%. And in 1927, 86%. Surely, no car is modern without 4-wheel brakes today. A year from now its resale value is bound to suffer.



Low-swung, graceful, distinctive. The Whippet's height and length are in true symmetrical proportion. It will park at a 14-foot curb. Gabriel Snubbers add to your riding and driving ease. Clear vision corner posts enable you to see both sides of the road.

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